MASTERPLOTS

15-Volume Combined Edition

FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND TEN

Plot-Stories and Essay-Reviews from the WORLD'S FINE LITERATURE

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VOLUME THIRTEEN – SCHO-SUNK



SALEM PRESS
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK

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This work also appears under the title of
MASTERPIECES OF WORLD LITERATURE IN DIGEST FORM

Sale of this book restricted to the
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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

Type of work: Drama
Author: Molière (Jean Baptiste Poquelin, 1622-1673)
Type of plot: Social satire
Time of plot: Seventeenth century
Locale: France
First presented: 1662

Principal characters:
ARNOLPHE (M. DE LA SOUCHE), a wealthy man
AGNÈS, his ward
HORACE, Agnès' lover
CHRYSALDE, Arnolphe's friend
ENRIQUE, Chrysalde's brother-in-law
ORONTE, Horace's father

Critique:

The School for Wives (*L'École des Femmes*) was the most successful of Molière's plays during his lifetime. Acted more than any other of his dramas while he lived, it called forth both great praise and acid criticism from his contemporaries. The satire is biting, the irony vicious. But Molière knew exactly when to break the tone and inject humor into the dialogue, as is shown by the roles played by the two servants. Nowhere in his works is his genius more brilliantly displayed. He was indeed a master satirist who has seldom been excelled.

The Story:

As Arnolphe told his friend Chrysalde, if a man's wife were not to make a fool of him he must choose one ignorant of the ways of the world and in no danger of being admired by other men. Arnolphe, famous for his bitter ridicule of other men who were put to shame by the unfaithfulness of their wives, was determined that he would not find himself in a like position. For that reason he proposed to marry Agnès, his young ward, whom he had protected from society. He thought her such an ignorant girl and such a fool that she would make a perfect wife.

Agnès had been put in his care by her widowed foster mother. The girl had her early training in a convent to which Arnolphe sent her. Later she lived in a small cottage on his estate. Her life was secluded, in order that she might be kept safe from learning and from outside influences until she reached an age for marriage. On a whim, Arnolphe had changed his name to Monsieur de la Souche, but Agnès was not aware of this fact. Neither was she aware of Arnolphe's plan to marry her.

Before Arnolphe could inform Agnès of his wishes, Horace, the son of his friend Oronte, told him that he was in love with her. Horace, knowing only that Agnès was the ward of one de la Souche, did not realize that Arnolphe and de la Souche were the same man. Horace asked Arnolphe not to tell anyone of the love affair because it must be kept a secret from both de la Souche and Horace's father. Arnolphe could only smother his rage in silence as he listened to the tale of Agnès' duplicity. Even though she was not aware that Arnolphe planned to make her his wife, he already felt that she was faithless to him and had shamed him. He thought he must accuse her of sinning against him and must also tell her his plans immediately.

But Agnès did not react as he had anticipated. In her innocence she told him of the pleasure she found in Horace's company. Arnolphe was relieved to learn that she had given her lover only kisses, for she was so innocent that she had once asked if babies came from the ear. He ordered her not to see Horace again, even to slam the door in his face or throw stones at him if he attempted to see her. In addi-

tion, he lectured her on the role of women, wives in particular, and gave her a book of maxims to study so that she might be better prepared for marriage. The maxims expressed Arnolphe's ideas exactly since they too saw wives as the complete possessions of their husbands. Arnolphe told Agnès that he intended to marry her, but she misunderstood him and thought he meant to give her in marriage. She was happy because she thought she would be married to Horace.

Arnolphe learned from Horace that Agnès had obeyed orders and thrown a stone at him, but he learned also that she attached a letter to the stone. In the letter she had professed her love for Horace and the young man was delighted. Still not knowing that his supposed friend was in reality Agnès' guardian, Horace asked Arnolphe for help in rescuing her from de la Souche.

Arnolphe decided to marry Agnès at once and sent for the notary. He was doubly miserable; first because he felt betrayed, and secondly because he really loved the girl. Thus he was enraged when he learned of Horace's plan to gain admittance to Agnès' room, and he ordered his servants to set upon Horace with clubs as he tried to climb to Agnès' window. He was horrified, however, when the servants told him that they had beaten Horace too hard and had killed him.

Even though he hated the young man, Arnolphe was relieved to see Horace alive and not seriously injured. Horace told him that he had pretended to be dead so that his attackers would leave him. Agnès, swearing that she was never going back to her prison cottage, had slipped out during the uproar. Horace, with no place to take the girl, asked Arnolphe to help him by hiding the girl until they could be married. Arnolphe hid his face as he met Agnès, and it was not until after Horace had gone that she recognized Arnolphe as de la Souche. Still her innocence made her unafraid, and she told Arnolphe that Horace was more to her liking for a husband than he was. Swearing that she would have no one but Horace, she refused to consider marrying Arnolphe in spite of his alternate threats and promises. At last Arnolphe declared angrily that he would send her to a convent, and he had his servants lock her up until a carriage could be secured.

Horace, ignorant of these developments, went again to his friend Arnolphe, this time in great agitation. His father, Oronte, had arrived for a visit with his friend Enrique, the brother-in-law of Chrysalde. It was Oronte's purpose to marry Horace to Enrique's daughter, and Horace asked Arnolphe to persuade Oronte not to force the marriage. Although he promised to help Horace, Arnolphe did exactly the opposite. He told Oronte that a father should never give in to a son but should make him bow to a parent's wishes. He insisted that Horace and Enrique's daughter be married at once. Then Horace learned that Arnolphe was in reality de la Souche and knew that he had been betrayed.

Arnolphe had Agnès brought in before the gathering because he wanted to witness her grief and Horace's as they were separated forever. But he was disappointed. To his astonishment he learned that Agnès was Enrique's daughter. Enrique, years before, had secretly married the sister of Chrysalde. After her death Enrique, forced to flee the country, had left his small daughter with a country woman. Too poor to provide for the child, the woman had in turn given Agnès to Arnolphe. Enrique had only recently learned of her whereabouts. As soon as he learned that she was with Arnolphe, he had arranged her betrothal to the son of his friend Oronte. Thus the lovers were united with the blessing of everyone but Arnolphe, who could only sputter and wring his hands. He had truly been betrayed.

THE SCORNFUL LADY

Type of work: Drama
Authors: Francis Beaumont (1585?-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625)
Type of plot: Comedy of manners
Time of plot: Early seventeenth century
Locale: London
First presented: 1613-1617

Principal characters:
ELDER LOVELESS, a suitor to the Lady
YOUNG LOVELESS, a prodigal man about town
SAVIL, Elder Loveless' steward
WELFORD, another suitor to the Lady
MORECRAFT, a money-lender
THE LADY, Elder Loveless' beloved
MARTHA, her sister
ABIGAIL (MRS. YOUNGLOVE), the Lady's waiting-woman
THE WIDOW, Morecraft's beloved

Critique:

Of all of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies, *The Scornful Lady* was the most popular during the Restoration period, undoubtedly because it contains just those characters and situations which were most palatable to late seventeenth-century audiences. The play skillfully combines a number of favorite theatrical ingredients. The main plot, the pursuit of the sophisticated and independent Lady by Elder Loveless, has strong overtones of the eternal battle of the sexes; the subplot, the gulling of a usurer by a young prodigal who repairs his ruined fortunes by marriage to a rich and beautiful widow, was later to become one of the heartiest commonplaces of the English comedy of manners. As in other Beaumont and Fletcher plays, there is a fairly careful balancing of characters in the two plots: Elder Loveless is contrasted with his profligate younger brother (these two are, in fact, only different stages in the development of a Jacobean gallant) and Elder Loveless' mistress, the unreceptive Lady, is contrasted not only with the overamorous and aging Abigail but also with the complaisant widow who married Young Loveless. The dialogue is racy and suggestive, and the plot complicated enough to provide the intricate exchanges so dear to the heart of the Jacobean theatergoer. Extremely noticeable is a strong vein of sexuality, but the matter is too artificial to be obscene. On the whole, *The Scornful Lady* is a good play of its kind, particularly interesting because of the preview it offers of the tinsel world of Restoration comedy.

The Story:

Elder Loveless, who had fallen out of favor with his mistress because he forced her to kiss him in public, humbly begged her pardon and urged her for the hundredth time to marry him. She was adamant, however; for penance he must travel for a year abroad. Dejectedly Elder Loveless prepared for his journey, leaving his house and income to the none too tender mercies of his dissolute younger brother, who had already squandered his own lands and rents. Immediately after the door closed on his elder brother, Young Loveless and his four cronies—a Captain, a Traveler, a Poet, and a Tobaccoman—began their carousing. Over the protests of his brother's faithful steward, Savil, Young Loveless surveyed his good fortune and delightedly anticipated the unlimited supply of drink and doxies his brother's estate would buy.

At the same time, a new suitor for the Lady's hand, Welford, arrived at her house. Because of his generosity and good looks, he was warmly received by Sir Roger, the Lady's curate, and Abigail, her aging and lecherous gentlewoman; how-

ever, he got but cold favor from the Lady herself, for in spite of her harsh treatment of Elder Loveless, she had actually given him her heart.

His vows to his mistress notwithstanding, Elder Loveless did not take ship. Instead, he disguised himself and returned in order to test his brother and his sweetheart by reporting his own death. He arrived at his house to find his brother in the midst of another round of debauchery. Young Loveless took the sad news with amazing calmness: he commended his brother's soul to God, filled a bumper, and drank with the company to his elder brother's demise. And as soon as the disguised brother left, Young Loveless rejoiced at the prospect of running through the estate he had just inherited.

Elder Loveless then delivered the news of his death to the Lady. The reception was at first all that he could wish. The Lady burst into tears; but as Elder Loveless continued to berate her for her cruelty to her lover, she penetrated his disguise and retaliated by pretending affection for Welford, who was considerably startled but pleased by the Lady's sudden change in attitude toward him. Exasperated, Elder Loveless threw off his disguise, whereupon the Lady, revealing that she had known him all along, bade him fulfill the task she had set him if he ever expected to enjoy her favor. Elder Loveless retired in confusion. Welford then attempted to press the advantage he believed now offered him, but the Lady, once again drastically altering her tone, ordered him to be on his way. When Abigail offered herself as second choice, Welford, thoroughly disgusted, insulted her and called for his horses.

Meanwhile. Young Loveless had been hard at work disposing of his brother's estate. From Morecraft, the usurer who had bilked him of his own fortune, he obtained £6,000 after promising to consummate the sale later. Morecraft was delighted with the bargain; from its profits he expected to obtain a knighthood and the hand of a wealthy and beautiful widow.

When Morecraft and the Widow met Young Loveless to take possession of Elder Loveless' house, Young Loveless and the Widow were immediately attracted to each other. Before the keys could be delivered to Morecraft, however, Elder Loveless reappeared in his own person. Young Loveless, who was equal to any shift in fortune, greeted his supposedly dead brother with his usual equanimity. Although the usurer declared the sale void, Young Loveless, refusing to return the money, told Morecraft to regard his hard luck as a fair requital for the cozening he had been responsible for in the past. The Widow applauded Young Loveless' shrewdness, whereupon she rejected Morecraft and struck up a match with the clever young wastrel.

Elder Loveless, equally determined not to travel and to win his lady, tried another gambit. Visiting her once more, he adopted a scoffing tone, made light of her former domination of him, and declared that he loved her no longer. The Lady, not so easily tricked, countered with that feminine ruse, a feigned swoon. As the remorseful Elder Loveless rushed to comfort her, she burst into laughter and ridiculed him for attempting such a transparent deception. But she carried her ridicule too far. Elder Loveless, now really angry, left, ignoring her earnest pleas that he return to her.

His love, however, was stronger than his anger. Together with Welford, who was quite as willing to have Martha, the Lady's lovely younger sister, as the Lady herself, Elder Loveless planned a last desperate ruse to win his mistress. Welford was disguised as a woman, and Elder Loveless presented him to the Lady as his future bride. This time the Lady was thoroughly taken in. When Elder Loveless compared her treatment of him with the homely virtues of his new sweetheart, the Lady, believing that she had lost her faithful lover, attempted to save the situation by offering to marry him immediately. Elder Loveless accepted her proposal and Martha, pitying Elder Loveless'

supposedly abandoned sweetheart, took the still disguised Welford to bed with her.

The next morning the men had the last laugh as Elder Loveless revealed the plot to the Lady. Welford and the embarrassed Martha hurried off to church. Young Loveless and his new bride appeared on the scene; Sir Roger and Abigail were united, and Morecraft, transformed from usurer to rake, drank to the general happiness of all and distributed money among the servants.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS

Type of work: Novel
Author: Jane Porter (1776-1850)
Type of plot: Historical romance
Time of plot: 1296-1305
Locale: Scotland, France, England
First published: 1810

Principal characters:
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, a Scottish patriot
EARL OF MAR, a Scottish nobleman
LADY MAR, his wife
LADY HELEN MAR, his daughter
EDWIN RUTHVEN, Wallace's friend
EDWARD I, King of England
ROBERT BRUCE, heir to the Scottish throne
EARL OF GLOUCESTER, an English nobleman

Critique:

Miss Porter's desire in *The Scottish Chiefs, Or, The Life of Sir William Wallace* was to write the story of a great national hero who was also a Christian hero. Today the goodness and nobility of William Wallace may seem overdrawn, but the story moves always with a vigor and momentum which carries the reader along. The effectiveness of the story can be attributed in part to the amount of research Miss Porter did for her novel. The sources she accepted as accurate are not considered so today, yet the story is far more historically correct than are most modern historical novels. *The Scottish Chiefs* has always been a great favorite, largely because the events of the period were in themselves highly exciting and heroic.

The Story:

In the summer of 1296 Scotland was finally at peace, for the Scottish king had submitted to the authority of Edward I, King of England. Sir William Wallace, like many other Scottish lords, had retired to his home at Ellerslie. One night he was asked secretly to meet Sir John Monteith, who gave him a mysterious iron box with instructions that it was not to be opened until Scotland was again free. On his way home with the box, Wallace saw the old Earl of Mar attacked by English soldiers. Wallace saved his old friend and took the wounded man to Ellerslie. There the vengeance of the English governor followed them. The wounded earl was hidden in a well, and Wallace fled to the hills. Lady Wallace was killed by the English governor when she refused to give information concerning her husband's whereabouts or the iron box. Ellerslie was burned. After the English had gone, Mar was rescued and taken to Bothwell Castle. Wallace had the box taken to the Abbot of St. Fillan for safekeeping.

When Wallace heard that his wife had been so cruelly murdered, he swore to free Scotland from the tyrant Edward. Mar promised him aid and men, and in a few weeks Wallace had captured several castles and their English garrisons. After some successful battles Wallace learned that Mar and his family had been captured and jailed in Dumbarton Castle, and he hastened there with his troops to save them.

A young man, Edwin Ruthven, entered the castle by stealth, to learn the strength of its defense. Acting on Ruthven's information, Wallace and his troops captured the castle and saved Mar's family. He escorted the fugitives to Bute, where it was hoped that they would be safe until Scotland was free.

While Wallace was at Bute, he learned that the English had executed many of the great Scottish chiefs in revenge for the victories he had won. Wallace first led his troops to Avr and captured that castle.

Shortly afterward he attacked Berwick Castle and captured its noble commander, the Earl of Gloucester, son-in-law of King Edward. Gloucester realized that Edward's claims to Scotland were weak, and that Wallace had the right and the blessings of God on his side. The two men became fast friends and Gloucester promised never again to raise his sword against Wallace. He planned to return to England and plead with Edward to grant Scotland independence and freedom.

On the same day Wallace received from Lady Helen Mar a letter which said that her father had been betrayed and that he was a prisoner in Stirling Castle. Wallace led his troops to Stirling at once, taking with him Lord de Valence, an English prisoner. As he approached the castle, the English showed Mar on the battlements and threatened to hang him if Wallace did not surrender immediately. Wallace countered this threat with a promise of death to de Valence if Mar were touched. Later Wallace destroyed an English army marching to reinforce the garrison at Stirling. After this defeat Stirling surrendered, and in the ancient hall of Snawdoun the Scottish nobles assembled and named Wallace regent to rule for the king whom Edward held hostage in England. But some of the nobles, jealous of his victories and popularity, could not see what an honest and true Scot Wallace was. When they heard that King Edward himself was leading troops to Scotland to fight Wallace, they planned to betray the regent into English power.

Wallace met the English in the battle of Falkirk. During the battle the false Scottish lords turned their troops against Wallace and tried to defeat him. That night, while reconnoitering the English lines, Wallace met Robert Bruce, the son of the royal claimant who was half friend, half ally of Edward. The young Bruce, convinced of Wallace's virtue and honor, promised to try to persuade his father to join the patriots fighting for Scotland's freedom. In the next day's fighting Mar was wounded and Lady Helen Mar captured. On his deathbed Mar made Wallace promise to save her from Lord de Valence, the English knight who had made her his prisoner. Wallace promised that he would. Edward, meanwhile, had retreated to English soil, and all would have gone well if the nobles had supported Wallace. Dissension broke out in the Scottish Parliament when Lord Cummins declared that Wallace was trying to seize the throne for himself. Wallace, realizing that Scotland would be torn with internal quarrels if he remained regent, resigned his post, much to the sorrow of all true Scots. Insisting that her noble birth would help him to secure the throne, Lady Mar tried to persuade him to marry her after her husband's death. Disgusted, Wallace left her to go to England to save Lady Helen.

Disguised as a minstrel, he made his way to the castle of Durham, where Edward held his court. His voice soon won him the favor of Edward's queen, and he was often called to sing for her. He found his old friends, Gloucester and Robert Bruce. His father having died, Bruce was now the heir to the throne. He declared himself ready to fight beside Wallace for his country's freedom. When Edward became suspicious of the minstrel's identity, it was the Earl of Gloucester who helped Wallace to escape. Bruce promised to join him before long.

Wallace had learned that de Valence had taken Lady Helen to France and had locked her in a castle there. Bruce joined Wallace in Rouen. He and Bruce were well received by the French king. Wearing a suit of royal French armor which the king had given him, Wallace entered the prison of Lady Helen and rescued her. Disguised as a page, she returned to Scotland with Wallace and Bruce.

Wallace again turned his sword against the enemies of Scotland and fought under the new regent, Lord Cummins. One day a knight presented himself to Wallace and asked to be allowed to fight under the anonymous title of the Knight of the Green Plume. Wallace gave his permission, little knowing that the knight was Lady Mar in disguise. Bruce, not wishing

to claim the throne of Scotland until after he had fought for Scottish freedom, had taken the name of the Count de Longueville. He fought bravely in several battles. Then, severely wounded, he was sent to the castle of Huntingtower until he recovered. During his absence Wallace was surprised to discover that the Knight of the Green Plume was really Lady Mar. She revealed herself to him and again begged him to marry her. When he refused, she struck at him with her dagger and wounded him slightly. As she left his tent, she boasted that she would some day see his head rolling beneath the executioner's ax.

A short time later Wallace received word that he had been accused of treason, and he was summoned before the chiefs of Scotland to stand trial. His accuser, he soon learned, was Lady Mar, who tried to prove by false letters that Wallace had betrayed Scotland to the King of France. The council, led by Lord Cummins, decided against him, and in a fury he swore that he would leave Scotland forever. When he learned that his enemies were planning to turn him over to the English, he and his faithful follower, Edwin Ruthven, attempted to flee to France. Sir John Monteith, turning against his old friend, betrayed him to the English. Monteith and his men surrounded the hut where Wallace and Ruthven had stopped for the night. Ruthven was killed defending his leader. Wallace was put in chains and taken to London.

When Robert Bruce learned of this tragedy, he left his sickbed and made a futile attempt to save Wallace. Lady Helen Mar dressed herself in the page's costume in which she had escaped from de Valence with Wallace's help and set out for London. By bribing the guards, she gained entrance to the Tower of London and saw Wallace in prison. The two were discovered by Wallace's old friend, Gloucester, who sent Lady Helen to plead with the king. Her mission was fruitless. With Gloucester's aid she and Wallace were married on the eve of his execution.

The next day Wallace died a shameful traitor's death. Gloucester, however, had the body saved from indignity and brought back to the tower. Robert Bruce, arriving too late to see Wallace alive, helped Lady Helen smuggle the body back to Scotland.

Robert Bruce raised the royal standard in his own name. The Scottish nobles, learning the identity of the Count de Longueville, acclaimed him their rightful monarch. He led his army against Edward's troops in the famous battle of Bannockburn, defeated the English, and won Scotland's freedom.

After the battle, Bruce went to be crowned at the church of St. Fillan. There, with Wallace's body newly placed in a grave, he was crowned and married to Isabella Mar, Lady Helen's younger sister. As the ceremony ended, Lady Helen fell dying on the tomb of Wallace. Then the Abbot of St. Fillan, remembering the box which had been left in his care, brought it forward in the belief that it contained holy relics which would save the dying woman. In the box were the crown and regalia of the King of Scotland. So Wallace, dead, restored to Robert Bruce his rightful crown.

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE

Type of work: Travel sketches and impressions
Author: H. M. Tomlinson (1873-1958)
Time: 1912
Locale: England, at sea, South America
First published: 1912

Principal personages:
THE AUTHOR
THE SKIPPER, captain of the ship
THE SHIP'S DOCTOR

Although the world has changed a great deal since this book was written, *The Sea and the Jungle* is still a classic of its kind, not only because it tells an interesting story of a journey away from the humdrum existence of everyday living, but also because it is an example of travel writing at its best. Tomlinson was working on a newspaper when the opportunity arose for him to make the long journey to South America aboard the *Capella,* a tramp steamer which was to deliver industrial supplies and coal deep in the jungles of Brazil. He made his decision quickly and was signed on the ship as purser.

Tomlinson's narrative is unassuming and straightforward. It tells of the voyage of the *Capella* from Swansea to Para, on the Brazilian coast, and then some two thousand miles up the Amazon River and its tributaries to the small settlement of Porto Velho, thence to the Barbados, and on to Tampa, Florida, where Tomlinson left the ship to take a train to New York and make a fast passage home to England. Despite the simplicity of his method, however, the author is not a simple man, and his perceptions and writing style make this a revealing and exciting book.

As in many travel books, *The Sea and the Jungle* contains four kinds of material: the narrative of the events of the trip; lengthy and detailed descriptions of the things which caught the author's interest; stories that were told to the author by seamen and various unusual men he encountered in South America; and the reflections on life, nature, and mankind that the circumstances of the journey provoked in the author's mind. These elements, skillfully blended, give the book its structure, vividness of detail, and stylistic excellence.

Aside from the bare outline of the major events of the trip—the embarkation, the arrival, the delivery of the cargo—the narrative is filled with the little daily occurrences that give such a book its real life. It is in this part of the writing that Tomlinson best fulfills the purpose implied by his statement: "This is a travel book for honest men." In his full attention to the hardships and discomforts of the trip, Tomlinson makes evident his conviction that escape from dullness may be exciting but seldom comfortable. The insects, the danger, and, perhaps most of all, the incredible heat are the enemies of comfort; and Tomlinson makes the reader acutely, even painfully, aware of them constantly.

The author was, however, gifted with a great interest in practically every aspect of travel without the bent for making didactic judgments of other people and other lands that often irritate readers of travel books. Occasionally, as in his admiration for the rebellion of a black heifer that was being transported upstream to one of the railroad camps, he is moved to comment upon the human qualities of nonhuman things such as animals, insects, and the jungle itself, which Tomlinson saw as a brooding, mysterious giant which silently tolerated the invasion of men but which held a secret that no man could wring from it.

Along with the less inviting aspects of the journey, Tomlinson presents whatever he found beautiful or interesting, matters

which he describes with great sensitivity and a fine technique. Of course, the first step in good description is accurate and imaginative observation; after this comes the expression of this perception so that the reader may share it. In this book the author combines careful observation with artfully expressed, often nearly impressionistic, description. The two main subjects for the description are, naturally, the sea and the jungle. The voyage to Para, which takes up roughly the first third of the book, takes the writer and his shipmates from a cold, wet England to the warmth and brilliant color of equatorial waters.

The main feature of the voyage, from a descriptive standpoint, is the storm which struck the ship shortly after its departure. Tomlinson's description of this event ranks with the best such passages in Conrad. Perhaps the most striking quality is the originality of the comparisons, always an important device of the describer. A wave, for example, seems to Tomlinson's eye "as a heaped mass of polished obsidian, having minor hollows and ridges on its slopes, conchoidal fractures in its glass."

Once arrived at Para, Tomlinson devotes his descriptive attention to the jungle and its inhabitants in an equally detailed but more personal way. Here he had more time to observe and reflect the wider variety of items that engaged his attention. Pages are given over to the mass of green foliage that lines the river's edge. Paragraphs are devoted to one insect. Through it all, without an excess of direct comment but more by the nature of his descriptions, Tomlinson's intense interest in the whole panorama is shown. He is overcome with delight at sighting a morpho butterfly and compares it to a little piece of blue sky flitting about the forest.

Tomlinson's reputation as a stylist is high, and descriptive passages in this book show his writing at a high level. His mixture of long and short sentences and clauses, each compact and full of concrete details and carefully chosen adjectives, is a lesson in writing vivid but highly detailed description without becoming dull and seeming long-winded.

No doubt much easier to write—because their very material is sure to be interesting to the reader—are the several stories that Tomlinson includes at well-spaced intervals. These tales range from the fantastic seamen's yarn about Bill Moffat's encounter with Davy Jones to the chilling story of how Captain Davis' interest in shrunken heads led him to an unfortunate first-hand experience of the phenomenon. Once more, Tomlinson refrains from comment, simply allowing the narrative itself to impress the reader with the strange nature of the teller and the peculiar facets of life to be found in these remote places.

The foregoing kinds of material will delight most readers, but many may be repelled by Tomlinson's too-frequent statements of his view of things that are not really connected with the essence of *The Sea and the Jungle*. Certainly the main idea, and the one which impelled him to leave London and go with the Skipper on the trip, is bound to appeal to many people. The thought of escape to another world, preferably an exotic one, occupies everyone's mind at some time or another, but the reader may well lose sympathy with Tomlinson's repeated statement that the reader has not really eaten, or slept, or appreciated human companionship until he has done so under circumstances similar to those enjoyed by the author. Here Tomlinson comes close to preaching, and it mars the effect of his work.

Several outright homilies castigate the spirit of commercialism that was ruining the beauties of nature along the Amazon and was sending to death or misery brave men who often had no real idea of why they were being so sacrificed. In 1912, Tomlinson's audience had not had so much time as the current reader to become weary of declarations like this one: "I begin to think the usual commercial mind is the most dull, wasteful, and ignorant of all the sad wonders in the pag-

eant of humanity." His admiration for the men who are the victims of this kind of mind is a less disturbing feature of the book, and his statements about the beauty and mystery of the jungle and the life that is lived there are quite fitting. It is really the condemnation of things apart from his direct experience on the trip, but things which this experience causes him to ponder on, that seems out of place or obtrusive, breaking the mood and tonal quality of the whole. Tomlinson's sarcasm on the Poor Law, for instance, weakens the effect of his writing.

These passages—all toward the end of the book—are, however, insignificant in comparison to the rest of *The Sea and the Jungle,* and Tomlinson's achievement is great in spite of them. Few writers, in either travel books or fiction, have been able more skillfully to capture the spirit of a place, its human implications, and to express them in such a well-controlled writing style and with such finely balanced sensitivity.

THE SEA OF GRASS

Type of work: Novel
Author: Conrad Richter (1890-)
Type of plot: Regional romance
Time of plot: 1885-1910
Locale: The Southwest
First published: 1936

Principal characters:
COLONEL JIM BREWTON, a pioneer rancher
LUTIE,, his wife
HAL, his nephew
BRICE CHAMBERLAIN, a lawyer

Critique:

The Sea of Grass conveys within its brief framework the whole atmosphere of space and freedom of the West, the sweeping drama of the cow country at the end of the last century, when cattlemen fought to hold their free range against the homesteader's fence and plow. For a few years an empire was available. Whether the ranchers had a greater right to it than the nesters is open to dispute, but the battle they fought was frontier history in brief passage. In this novel Conrad Richter has reclaimed a dramatic segment of the American past.

The Story:

Hal Brewton never forgot the day he stood on the railroad platform at Salt Fork, where he waited to meet Lutie Cameron, who was arriving from St. Louis to marry his uncle, Colonel Jim Brewton, owner of the vast Cross B Ranch. At present Colonel Brewton was involved in a range war with nesters coming to rip the sod off the grazing lands in order to raise wheat.

On the day of Lutie's arrival two of the colonel's cowhands were being tried for shooting at a homesteader on the Brewton range. Although the colonel's lawyer, Henry McCurtin, won the case, the opposition lawyer, young Brice Chamberlain, protested indignantly that the victory would not be permanent. Colonel Brewton was contemptuous of the lawyer's warnings.

Lutie Cameron was a lovely woman, too lovely for that still-wild territory. When men saw her, she won them completely. Only Hal refused to be moved by her charm. All that winter in an academy at Lexington, Missouri, he thought of her as part of the destruction coming from the East to destroy the sea of grass he loved.

The following summer he returned to a changed ranch house. Lutie had filled it with furniture and flowers and had planted a row of cottonwoods and tamarisks about it. Guests from the whole territory came and went. Officers from the Army posts, officials of the railroad companies, neighboring ranch men—all found ample welcome at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Brewton.

The old-timers who had known the colonel before he had married Lutie hoped she would settle down after her babies came. The babies were born, two boys and a girl; however, Lutie did not settle down. The third baby was scarcely in its cradle before she was dancing with Brice Chamberlain as her favored partner. Colonel Brewton ignored the gossip which was whispered about Lutie.

Local politics shifted with the administration in Washington, for the territory depended upon appointments to its judicial staffs. For a while Brice Chamberlain had influential support from Washington. Then, during another administration, the forces which backed

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Colonel Brewton were in power, and the incoming tide of settlers seemed to be checked. Hal read of the change with great pleasure, but when he returned to Salt Fork he discovered that Chamberlain was still in his law office on the Salt Fork plaza. He learned that hundreds of settlers were waiting nearby for a change in government which would permit them to stake claims upon the miles of land held by men like Colonel Brewton.

Then Lutie calmly announced that she was leaving her husband and children. She explained that she had had enough of the flat grass country and the fighting between ranchers and homesteaders. She claimed she would be able to get possession of her three children, Jimmy, Brock, and Sarah Beth later, by court action.

The town was informed that Mrs. Brewton was leaving for a visit in St. Louis. Most of the people knew better. Their feelings were confirmed when they saw Brice Chamberlain with a bag packed, ready to head east on the same train. But the colonel paced the station platform, a gun belt buckled under his broadcloth coat. Chamberlain did not board the train.

A few days later the colonel sent Hal to Denver, to give Lutie a thousand dollars. He knew that his wife's cowardly lover had no intention of following her But Hal could find no trace of Lutie in Denver. At the same time a new administration appointed Chamberlain a judge of the district court. Back in Salt Fork, Hal saw the white-covered wagons of the emigrant trains moving westward into the range country.

When Colonel Brewton planned tc run the homesteaders off his land, a troop of cavalry from Fort Ewing was sent to guard him until all chances of his stopping the land-grabbers were gone.

Studying for his medical degree, Hal spent three more years away from Salt Fork. When he returned, he discovered that his sea of grass had been hopelessly despoiled. His uncle seemed much older. The Brewton children were growing up wild, for their mother had never sent for them.

One day Hal saw Jimmy and Brock fighting in the dusty Salt Fork street. Then a nester among the onlookers called out that he was betting on the Chamber lain brat. So Hal heard for the first time the rumor that Brock was not his uncle's son. Hal fired at the nester but missed. When Colonel Brewton appeared, the crowd, even the jeering nesters, grew quiet.

As young Brock grew older, he became the image of Brice Chamberlain. It was obvious that he realized the truth and resented it. He took to gambling, drinking, and barroom brawling. At last he was caught cheating in a card game. For that disgrace Colonel Brewton could not forgive him, but he continued to indulge the boy and pay his debts.

By that time Hal was practicing medicine in Salt Fork. He was glad when Sarah Beth, who had been away at school, returned and began to look after her father.

One day Brock shot and killed Dutch Charley, who had accused Brock of using a woman to help him cheat at cards. Brock was locked up, but Brice Chamberlain soon got him out of jail. When Brock returned home, he defied Colonel Brewton and said he was leaving the Brewton ranch to go to work for Brice Chamberlain's interests. This last blow to the colonel's pride permanently wrecked his health.

Brock now took the name of Chamberlain, an act which cut the old colonel still more. Brock began to ride wild, shooting up towns and staging reckless holdups. He became the talk of the Southwest for his daring lawlessness. At last he was trapped by a posse of homesteaders and held at bay in a cabin by twenty or thirty vigilantes.

That same day Lutie Brewton unexpectedly returned. She was fifteen years older, but she still carried herself

with quiet self-possession. Lutie immediately assumed her place in her household as though she had been away fifteen days, not fifteen years.

Meanwhile the colonel rode out to the cabin where Brock was holding off the sheriff and the armed and angry nesters. With Hal, who had been summoned to attend a wounded deputy, he broke through to Brock, who lay dying from a bullet wound in his lung. They brought his body back across desolate country scorching in raw sunlight, with nesters' families huddled about sagging shacks and plows rusting in fields where wheat would not grow in hot, rainless summers. Sand was beginning to drift among dugouts and rotting fence posts.

Brock was buried on the Brewton ranch. The stone inscribed with the name "Brock Brewton" was the old colonel's challenge to all gossip and speculation around Salt Fork. He and Lutie took up their life where she had broken it off years before, and no one ever dared ask either the colonel or his wife where she had been. It seemed to Hal that the colonel had found peace at last.

THE SEA WOLF

Type of work: Novel
Author: Jack London (1876-1916)
Type of plot: Adventure romance
Time of plot: 1904
Locale: Pacific Ocean, Bering Sea
First published: 1904

Principal characters:

HUMPHREY VAN WEYDEN (HUMP), an unwilling sailor aboard the *Ghost*
WOLF LARSEN, captain of the *Ghost*
MUGRIDGE, ship's cook
MAUD BREWSTER, a survivor picked up at sea

Critique:

Jack London began his career as a sailor, and on shipboard he observed the sea life that he later described. A teller of two-fisted yarns, he wrote brilliant description to go with tailor-made plots. Enormously popular with American readers, many of his books have been filmed and many of them republished year after year. In *The Sea Wolf* London told an impossible story with such gusto and fervor that he created reality all his own within his limited, specialized world of violent action and masculine interests.

The Story:

When the ship in which he was a passenger sank in a collision off the coast of California, Humphrey Van Weyden was picked up by the crew of Wolf Larsen's ship, the *Ghost*, a sailing vessel headed for seal hunting ranges in the Bering Sea. Wolf Larsen was a brute. Van Weyden witnessed the inhuman treatment of a sick mate who died shortly afterward. He saw a cabin boy badly beaten. In his own interview with the captain, he fared little better. Instead of promising to help him return to San Francisco, Wolf demanded that Van Weyden sign as cabin boy and stay with his ship.

The crew set to work taking in the topsails and jibs. From that moment Hump, as the crew called Van Weyden, learned life the hard way. He had to get his sea legs and he had to learn the stoical indifference to pain and suffering which the sailors seemed to have mastered already. As cabin boy, he peeled potatoes and washed greasy pots and pans. Mugridge, the cook, abused him and robbed him of his money.

Only one man, Louis, seemed to share Hump's feelings about the captain and his ship. Louis predicted many deaths would result from this voyage. He said that Wolf Larsen was a violent, dangerous man, that the crew and seal hunters were vicious outcasts. Wolf did seem mad. He varied from moods of wild exultation to spells of extreme depression. In his cabin were classic books of literature, and when he spoke he chose either to use excellent English or the lingo of the sailors. Sometimes he amused himself by arguing with Hump. He claimed that life was without meaning.

During a southeaster Hump badly dislocated his knee, and Wolf unexpectedly allowed Hump to rest for three days while he talked to him about philosophy and literature. When Hump returned to the galley, the cook was whetting his knife. In return, Hump obtained a knife and began whetting it also. His actions so frightened the cowardly cook that Hump was no longer the victim of his abuse.

Louis talked of the coming season with the seals. Moreover, he hinted that trouble would come if the *Macedonia*, a sealing steamer, came near. Captained by Death Larsen, the brother and enemy of Wolf, the *Macedonia* was a certain

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menace. As a prelude to things to come, an outbreak of fury took place aboard the *Ghost*. First, Wolf Larsen and the mate beat a seaman named Johnson to a pulp because he complained of ill treatment; then Leach, the former cabin boy, beat the cook. Later two hunters exchanged shots, severely wounding each other, and Wolf beat them because they had crippled themselves before the hunting season began. Afterward Wolf suffered from one of his periodic headaches. To Hump, life on shipboard was a tremendous experience in human cruelty and viciousness.

A few days later the men tried to mutiny. In the row which followed, Johansen, the mate, was drowned and Wolf was nearly killed. While Hump dressed Wolf's wounds, Wolf promoted him to mate in Johansen's place. Both Leach and Johnson would have killed Wolf in a second, but he remained too wary for them.

At the seal hunting grounds a terrific storm cost them the lives of four men. The ship itself was beaten, its sails torn to shreds and portions of the deck swept into the sea.

When Leach and Johnson deserted in a small skiff, Wolf started out in pursuit. On the morning of the third day an open boat was sighted. The boat contained a young woman and four men, survivors from a sinking steamer. Wolf took them aboard, planning to make sailors of the men as he had of Hump. Shortly afterward the *Ghost* overtook Johnson and Leach. Refusing to pick them up, Wolf let them struggle to get aboard until their small craft capsized. He watched them drown without comment and then ordered the ship's course set for a return to the seal hunting grounds.

The woman survivor was Maud Brewster, a rich woman and a poet, as weak physically for a woman as Hump had been for a man. Wolf resented the intimacy which sprang up at once between Maud Brewster and Hump, but he took out his resentment by deciding to give the cook the first bath the cook had ever been known to take.

At his orders Mugridge was thrown into the water with a tow rope slung about his middle. First, however, the cook fled madly about the ship, causing one man to break a leg and another to be injured in a fall. Before Wolf was ready to bring Mugridge back aboard ship, a shark bit off the cook's right foot at the ankle. Dragged aboard, Mugridge in his fury tried to bite Wolf's leg, and the captain almost strangled him. Then Hump bandaged the wounded man's leg. Maud Brewster looked on, nearly fainting.

The *Macedonia* appeared one day and robbed Wolf's hunters of their day's catch of seals by cutting off the line of approach to the *Ghost*. In revenge, Wolf set his men to work capturing hunters from the *Macedonia*. When the *Macedonia* gave chase, Wolf sailed his ship into a fog bank.

That night Wolf tried to seize Maud, but Hump, awakening, ran his knife into Wolf's shoulder. At the same time, Wolf was overcome by one of his headaches, this seizure accompanied by blindness. Hump helped him to his bunk and under cover of darkness he and Maud made their escape in an open boat. After days of tossing they came to a small island. Using supplies they had taken from the *Ghost*, they set about making themselves houses and gathering food for the coming winter.

One morning Hump saw the wreck of the *Ghost* lying offshore. Going aboard, he discovered Wolf alone, his crew having deserted him to go aboard Death Larsen's ship. Wolf seemed nearly insane, and had only a sick man's desire to sleep. Hump stole some pistols and food which he took to the island.

Hump, planning to repair the masts of the *Ghost*, began work on the crippled ship. That night Wolf undid all Hump's work, and cast the masts off the vessel.

Hump and Maud began anew to refit

the ship. One day Wolf attempted to murder Hump, but during the struggle he had one of his spasms and fainted. While he was still unconscious, they handcuffed him and shut him in the hold.

Then they moved aboard the *Ghost* and the work of refitting the vessel went forward. Wolf became more than a prisoner. He had a stroke which paralyzed the right side of his body.

Hump continued to repair the vessel. At last it was able to sail. Wolf Larsen finally lost the use of his muscles and lay in a coma. When he died, Hump and Maud buried him at sea. By that time they were deeply in love. When a United States revenue cutter discovered them one day, they felt that their dangerous odyssey was at an end. But they were about to begin another, less perilous journey, together.

THE SEAGULL

Type of work: Drama
Author: Anton Chekhov (1860-1904)
Type of plot: Impressionistic realism
Time of plot: Nineteenth century
Locale: Russia
First presented: 1896

Principal characters:
IRINA ARKADIN, an actress
KONSTANTIN TREPLEV, her son
PYOTR SORIN, her brother
ILYA SHAMRAEV, manager of his estate
POLINA, his wife
MASHA, their daughter
NINA ZARETCHYN, a young actress
BORIS TRIGORIN, an author
YEVGENY DORN, a doctor
SEMYON MEDVEDENKO, a schoolmaster

Critique:

The Seagull was based on an apparently trifling event in Chekhov's life. One afternoon, while he was taking a walk with his friend, Ilya Levitan, the landscape painter, he saw Levitan shoot a seagull which was flying over the river. Later, the moody painter, feeling he was scorned by the woman he loved, threw the dead seagull at her feet and threatened to kill himself. The play Chekhov made from this incident is perhaps the most elaborate and realistic analysis of the life of the artist ever presented in dramatic form, but all that almost any other dramatist would have selected as the material for his play takes place in Moscow between the third and fourth acts. What we see is the effect of what has taken place, and in this lies the essence of what Chekhov has contributed to the art of the theater.

The Story:

One day Konstantin Treplev killed a seagull and laid it at the feet of Nina, the beautiful young actress with whom he was hopelessly in love. He told her that unless she could love him, he too would be lying dead at her feet. But Nina was not in love with Konstantin; she was infatuated with Trigorin, the famous novelist, who in turn was in love with Irina Arkadin, the actress, Konstantin's mother.

Konstantin hated Trigorin, looking upon him as a purveyor of empty phrases, a writer entirely different from what he himself hoped to become. Konstantin's ambition was to create new and more expressive literary forms, and he had written a play in which Nina had consented to appear.

The performance, which was staged in the open air on the estate of Pyotr Sorin, Konstantin s uncle, was not exactly a success, although it possessed unquestioned literary merit. Madame Arkadin and Trigorin, who were present, refused to take the production seriously. Trigorin was most impressed by the performance of nineteen-year-old Nina in the principal role.

Madame Arkadin's behavior at her son's play was typical of her attitude toward Konstantin in every aspect of their relationship. As a famous actress, whose popularity depended upon her keeping her youth and good looks, she naturally was not overjoyed at the constant reminder that she was the mother of a twenty-five-year-old son. Consequently, she kept Konstantin in the country where he would not be seen and thus be associated with her in the public mind.

THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov. By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1912, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Renewed.

Moreover, she gave him little or no money to spend, so that he was forced to wear the same suit for years until it was threadbare. Her brother, Pyotr Sorin, had taken his sister to task on several occasions for her stinginess, but she had pleaded poverty, meaning, of course, that she preferred to spend her money on herself.

In spite of the way she treated him, Konstantin was greatly attached to his mother, so much so that he developed a morbid, unhealthy attitude toward his work and life in general. Occasionally he would lose his temper and quarrel violently with his mother. When he did so, she would burst into tears, and Konstantin would be overcome promptly by feelings of remorse.

Konstantin was not the only unbalanced individual on the Sorin estate. Another was Masha, the daughter of Pyotr Sorin's manager, who was as hopelessly in love with Konstantin as he was with Nina. Although she was only a young girl, she dressed habitually in black —in mourning, as she said, for her chronic unhappiness. Semyon Medvedenko, the schoolmaster, was in love with her, but he had only twenty-three roubles a month on which to support his mother, two sisters, and a brother. After two years, giving up all hope that Konstantin would ever notice her, Masha decided to marry Semyon. She bore him a child, but she was so indifferent to it that the schoolmaster had to take care of the baby in addition to his other responsibilities.

Konstantin, like most young writers, knew many people who were willing to offer him advice on how he should write, and what he should write about. Among these advisers was Yevgeny Dorn, the local doctor, who had never written a line in his life, but who had theories about how it should be done. His idea was that Konstantin spent entirely too much time worrying about literary form, whereas literature was not a matter of form, good or bad, but of spontaneous ideas. Another dispenser of advice was the old man, Pyotr Sorin. He suggested that his nephew write a story called *The Man Who Wished,* based on Sorin's own life. He maintained that when he was young he had wished to become an author, but had failed. Then he wanted to become an orator, but he spoke abominably. Finally he wanted to marry, but he never did. When Sorin was reminded that he also wished to become State Councilor and succeeded, he roared with laughter, claiming that he had achieved the post without any effort of his own.

But the most complete analysis of the writer's art was made by the novelist, Trigorin. One day, while he was taking notes on the personal habits of the neurotic Masha, he was interrupted by Nina, who expressed the view that a writer's life must be a very fascinating one. He told her that writing was merely a violent obsession which lays hold of a man and places him on a treadmill from which there is no escape. Against his will, almost, the writer of fiction was compelled to utilize everything in his experience for his next story. Even the seemingly trivial incident of the seagull which Konstantin had shot, Trigorin viewed as material for a story. He began to see Nina herself as the seagull and himself as the hunter. He realized that Madame Arkadin would be furiously jealous of his interest in the younger woman. Fate played into his hands when Nina promised to run away from home and join him in Moscow.

For nearly a year Nina was Trigorin's mistress in Moscow. After she bore him a child that died, Trigorin deserted her. Even her acting career was unsuccessful, consisting largely of a tour of country towns. All that time Konstantin followed Nina about, but the only encouragement he got was an occasional letter which showed that Nina's spirit was near the breaking point.

At last, worn out and hungry, she came to the Sorin estate, which awakened in her memories of her happy girlhood. Konstantin urged her to stay with him or to allow him to go away with her, but she refused. She had accepted an engagement for the winter with a second-rate repertory

company at Eltz, and there she intended to go as the next step in her career as an actress. Out of her suffering she had realized that in any art it was not the honor and glory which mattered—it was perseverance. But Konstantin did not have that kind of strength, and when Nina, the seagull, flew out of his life forever he locked himself in his room and put a bullet through his head.

A SEASON IN HELL

Type of work: Prose poem
Author: Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891)
First published: 1873

Still a matter of controversy and interpretation, *A Season in Hell (Une Saison en Enfer)* is perhaps best described by the critic Wallace Fowlie as "the poem of a confession." Historically, Rimbaud's central work is somewhat in the spirit of Saint Augustine's *Confessions* or Dante's *Vita Nuova,* but more in the form of Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil.* This poet, who wrote no more after composing this work in his nineteenth year, was in certain respects a literary precursor of Hart Crane and Henry Miller in America, T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden in England, Rainer Maria Rilke in Germany, and the Existentialists in France, especially so in that he wrote not only brilliantly of himself but also prophetically of the modern world. He has been called the Villon of his day, an *enfant terrible* who, like Lucifer, plunged into the depths and like Faust was at last redeemed.

This strange and compelling poem begins with an unmarked introduction of the images and symbols used so brilliantly later, a preview of his odyssey downward which includes moments from innocence to depravity in his short life. He tells of the childhood of himself and the race, "a feast where all hearts opened and all wines flowed," from which he and we have departed. Once he took Beauty on his knee—perhaps normal love which he never knew but fleetingly—and found her anathema, a figure offering a possible explanation of his own homosexuality. From that time on he was pursued by the Furies of poetry, exile, and hate in his search of a lost innocence. "Misfortune was my God," he declared as he invited all suffering, and he found the "key to the ancient feast" was charity. The devil, who welcomed this inverted Dante without a Vergil, called him a hyena, that horribly laughing outcast or satirist of society, and told him, "Attain death with all your appetites, your selfishness and all the capital sins!" For him, then, the poet tore "these few, hideous pages from my notebook of one of the damned."

"Bad Blood," the longest of the several books of the seasons (from the springtime youth of mankind until the dread present winter of civilization) describes ancestral recollections, the Gallic days, pagan rites, magnificent lusts, and especially ineptness in the sheer mechanics of living. This blood wars with that of Christianity, which has acted as a weakening rather than a strengthening transfusion. The poet sees himself as a visionary who remains pagan: "I cannot see myself at the councils of Christ; nor at the councils of Nobles—representatives of Christ." The inferior race has overrun everything in these last centuries of reason, nationalism, and especially our age of science, "the viaticum" which he so despises, verbal, analytic, and statistical. He frighteningly foretells of his own destruction through perversion, his erotic flights into Africa, and finally his miserable death preceded by a leg amputation to stave off a cancer.

The poet is an outcast who cannot be judged as other men; this is the theme which inspired him originally to call his long poem *Livre nègre,* for his skin is deeper and he is more primitive. He sees all saints as outcasts, even convicts, who destroy only to save; but he learns that in persecution the strong do not cry out against their fate. Yet he, the poet, is no different from others, the ones in power, who "have drunk of the untaxed liquor of Satan's still," and in this realization

A SEASON IN HELL by Arthur Rimbaud. Translated by Louise Varèse. Excerpts reprinted by permission of the publishers, New Directions. Copyright, 1945, 1947, by New Directions.

he finds comfort or even escape. He will live, bless life, love his brothers, find God. From depravity to hope he goes in search of his lost innocence, but like the fierce Saints, "anchorites, artists such as are not wanted anymore."

"Night of Hell" describes the eternal punishment as the fires of desire for salvation. This is not the inferno the poet's catechism taught him, the errors of his elders transplanted to the innocents. Here his symbolism moves toward surrealism:

> . . . Satan, Old Nick, runs with the wild grain . . . Jesus walks on the purple briars and they do not bend . . . Jesus walked on the troubled waters. The lantern showed him to us, erect, white, with long brown hair, on the flank of an emerald wave. . . .

He then goes on to ask for separate hells of pride, anger, laziness—a whole symphony. But this exquisite suffering is not to be; he knows only a slow deterioration during which the sinner is intact, observing himself unhidden and alone.

In the next two parts, "Delirium I" and "Delirium II," the poet goes on a pilgrimage to view his own carnal love and visionary love. The first part describes with uncomfortable intimacy the older Verlaine and the insatiable Rimbaud, the former the foolish virgin and the latter the demonic bridegroom: the meetings, the raptures, the quarrels, the youth's sadistic torturing of the older man, the latter's rejection of marital relations, the drunkenness and disorder, the final disruption through violence. Symbolically, this unholy alliance is almost a literal hell on earth in response to the uncontrollable. Escape is not possible, though the relationship is sterile, and yet there is a sense of rapture which is spoiled only by the lack of perfection, the absence of a higher, more intellectual realization which both sought. "Hunger," a poem within "Delirium II," suggests that through love we may get a brief glimpse of truth, of eternity; the poet sees himself as part of a "fabulous opera" containing all these contradictions. Carnal man creates life; visionary man creates art—or, rather, both re-create from the substance of God. Profundity can now be expressed only as a comic opera by that buffoon, the poet.

In "The Impossible," the attempt to bend time backward, the poet is seen running on a treadmill. In the "Occidental swamps" we are mired down and catch only a glimpse of the old Orient, "the first and eternal wisdom." Instead, we cling to the pompous platitudes of M. Prudhomme, the self-righteous man whom Rimbaud thought was born of Christianity. But we can move in our theology to the vigor of Eden where "Through the spirit we go to God!" "Lightning Flash" is a brief section on the false hopes of human toil, busy work, a pretended life which must be denied. Modern man is made of such disguises as "mountebank, beggar, artist, scoundrel . . . priest!" But he will strike out against poses; otherwise eternity would be lost to us all.

Having now worked himself through the many snares of hell, the poet gets a glimpse of "Morning." He returns to his opening theme before he was cast out in the desert (like the hyena), before his pagan voice was lost in Christian dogma. Yet he sees hope in an attainable "Christmas on the earth" where we must be the Magi, the "Kings of life" singing the songs of heaven without cursing life. Hell has no meaning unless salvation is present, unless the "doors were opened by the son of man."

The last section, "Farewell," begins: "Autumn already!—But why regret an eternal sun if we are embarked on the discovery of divine light." This completes the cycle, if Christmas is really the festival of lights, our last hope in an old world which was begun in the childhood of pagan spring or Oriental wisdom. The poet's autumn vision, after the hot season of summer hell and memories of the cool spring of creation, is apocalyptic:

> Sometimes in the sky I see endless beaches, covered with white nations

full of joy. Above me a great golden ship waves its multi colored pennants in the breezes of the morning. I created all fetes, all triumphs, all dramas. I tried to invent new flowers, new stars, new flesh, new tongues.

But yet Rimbaud could not be an angel or seer, "exempt from all morality." He found himself both man and artist, peasant and angel, for there can be no separation of body and soul in this new Jerusalem. We must enter the city in "vigor and real tenderness," where all "shall be free *to possess truth in one soul and one body.*"

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY

Type of work: Drama
Author: Arthur Wing Pinero (1855-1934)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: The 1890's
Locale: London and Surrey, England
First presented: 1893

Principal characters:
AUBREY TANQUERAY, a London socialite
CAYLEY DRUMMLE, his friend
PAULA, Aubrey's second wife
ELLEAN, Aubrey's daughter by a former marriage
CAPTAIN HUGH ARDALE, Ellean's suitor
MRS. ALICE CORTELYON, the Tanquerays' neighbor in Surrey

Critique:

Because of Pinero's departure from certain aspects of the "well-made" play of that period, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is considered by many to be the first truly modern English play. Presenting a genuine social problem, this drama pictures people as they really are by reason of their social prejudices and the difficulties arising from those biases. Other contributions which this play made to realistic English drama were the dramatist's use of actual place names in London and Surrey, the more logically motivated action, and the exactness of stage directions and sets.

The Story:

Aubrey Tanqueray, a wealthy widower, was to be married to Paula Ray, a woman younger than he and of questionable character. Aubrey's first wife had not contributed a great deal to his happiness. A child had been born to the Tanquerays shortly before the first Mrs. Tanqueray died of a fever, the only warmth, in the opinion of one of Aubrey's friends, ever to have come to the woman's body. The child, nineteen-year-old Ellean had spent most of her life in a convent and was planning to take final vows.

Cayley Drummle, a friend, discussed with Aubrey the inadvisability of marriage between different social classes; but Aubrey, intent upon having warmth and companionship in his home life, was resolute in his determination to marry Paula.

Aubrey had momentary misgivings, however, when Paula appeared late at night at his apartment. Such conduct did not become a lady, Aubrey charged; it would cause talk among the servants. Paula's opinion, indicative of her treatment of domestics, was that servants were merely machines to do chores and to appear for testimony in the divorce courts. But despite her glib pretenses, Paula, too, felt somewhat unsure about the social abyss which she and Aubrey were attempting to bridge. While she went to put on her cloak, Aubrey, reminded by his servant that he had not opened the day's mail, read a letter from Ellean in which she told him that she had communed with the spirit of her mother, who had admonished her to return to Aubrey in his loneliness. Perplexed, he was unable to foresee happiness between his daughter and his wife-to-be.

Two months after their marriage the unhappiness of the Tanquerays in their domestic life was apparent to all their friends. Paula was bored with the inactivity of country life at Aubrey's house in Surrey. He was apprehensive over Ellean's and Paula's incompatibility. Both wondered why their neighbors did not call on them.

Ellean, after her arrival, became a barrier between her father and stepmother because of her life in the convent. Although Aubrey tried to throw the two women together, they soon showed that they had nothing in common. When Cayley Drummle, visiting on an adjoining

estate, came for a call, he was the confidant of both Paula, who expressed her wishes for the life she had known before her marriage, and of Aubrey, in his expressions of keen disappointment over Ellean's lack of interest in meeting eligible young men.

Benevolent Drummle encouraged Mrs. Cortelyon, his hostess and Aubrey's longtime friend, to call on Paula. Although Aubrey saw through Drummle's efforts, he appreciated Mrs. Cortelyon's visit and her invitation to have Ellean as her guest in Paris during the Easter vacation.

Paula resented Mrs. Cortelyon's attentions to Ellean, who made no attempt to conceal her preference for a member of her father's social set. Mrs. Cortelyon made the situation more awkward when she courteously and straightforwardly told Paula that her memories of Aubrey's first wife could never be erased by the presence of another woman in the Tanqueray house.

Feeling excluded from her husband's life, Paula spitefully sent a letter to Sir George and Lady Orreyed, the latter a friend of Paula's in her former way of life. Aubrey had earlier forbidden an invitation to the Orreyeds because he did not wish to have Ellean associating with people as boisterous and unconventional as they were.

Ellean went to Paris with Mrs. Cortelyon, and the Orreyeds came to visit the Tanquerays. During their visit they insulted their host and hostess because of the limited supply of liquors, broke furniture in the heat of a marital squabble, and lolled about in unbecoming positions. Their crudeness was offensive to Paula, but having invited them she could not, under the circumstances, ask them to leave; she could only hate them.

Although Aubrey's purpose in marrying Paula had been partly to show her kindness, he was unable to do so because Paula, always on the defensive, would not accept his attentions. Drummle, having known Paula in her former situation, was seemingly capable of mellowing her. It was he who, on learning that Paula had intercepted letters from Mrs. Cortelyon and Ellean to Aubrey, convinced her that such conduct was only breeding much of the unhappiness that she was enduring.

Paula gave the letters to Aubrey, who forgave her maliciousness in keeping the correspondence from him. After Aubrey told her of his disappointment and frequent embarrassment because of her common jokes and paltry cynicism, Paula admitted that she had not been fair to him and Ellean, and she asked for another chance to prove herself when Ellean should return from Paris and London.

Mrs. Cortelyon and Ellean returned soon afterward, the older woman anxious because she had not heard from Aubrey regarding his reaction to Ellean's romance with Captain Hugh Ardale. The courtship had been the subject of the letters Paula had intercepted.

Deeply in love with Ardale, a British soldier stationed in India, Ellean approached Paula to share the story of her good fortune. Paula repulsed Ellean at first, saying that the girl was being kind only because she was soon to be married. Then, after confessing her bitter jealousy, Paula and Ellean were reconciled, and Paula was happy in Ellean's new-found happiness.

Ardale, who had accompanied Ellean and Mrs. Cortelyon home from Paris, came to the Tanqueray house from a nearby hotel. Paula, after telling Ellean that she and Ardale had met before, said that she wanted to talk with him about Ellean. Alone, Paula and Ardale recalled the time when she had been his mistress. When Paula told him that Aubrey must be informed of Ardale's past, Ardale threatened suicide if Paula interfered to prevent his marriage to Ellean.

Told of Paula and Ardale's past relations, Aubrey would not allow Ellean to see Ardale again. Shocked by her father's attitude, Ellean guessed that Paula had influenced Aubrey against Ardale. When Ellean pressed Paula for an explanation, Paula could not bring

herself to divulge her past life to her stepdaughter. Ellean then told Paula that she could surmise what Paula had told Aubrey and that she had known from their first meeting that Paula was not a good woman.

Ardale sent a note to Paula, telling her that he was going back to Paris to await any word that she or Aubrey would want him to have, and asking that they explain the situation to Ellean. After Aubrey had read the note, at Paula's request, they discussed philosophically what the future might hold for them together. Paula said that the only great distances in the world were those that people carry within themselves, the distances that separate husbands and wives, and she predicted that Aubrey would tire of her in the future.

Drummle returned to discuss with Aubrey the affair of Ellean and Ardale. As the men talked, Ellean appeared and asked her father to go quickly to Paula. The girl told Drummle that when she had gone to Paula's room to apologize for her unkind remarks, she had heard a body falling. Entering the room, she had found Paula dying. Ellean said that she, in her unkindness, had helped to kill Paula.

THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY

Type of work: Drama
Author: Unknown
Type of plot: Social satire and devotional mysticism
Time of plot: The Nativity
Locale: Bethlehem and surrounding country
First transcribed: Fifteenth century manuscript

Principal characters:
FIRST SHEPHERD
SECOND SHEPHERD
THIRD SHEPHERD
MAK, a rascal
GILL, Mak's wife
AN ANGEL
MARY

Critique:

The Second Shepherds' Play belongs to that group of mystery plays which make up the Wakefield cycle. This cycle of religious dramas, presented on Corpus Christi Day in Wakefield during the Middle Ages, is also known as the Towneley cycle, from the name of the family in whose library the manuscripts were found. Within the cycle is a group of extraordinarily fine plays which were probably written in the fifteenth century by one unknown dramatist. In his plays, notable for their excellent craftsmanship, satirical dialogue, boisterous humor, and sheer exuberance are mixed neatly with serious situations. *The Second Shepherds' Play,* which contains a short scene of adoration but more rough comedy than anything else, is an excellent example of the curious juxtaposition of the serious and the comic which the unknown playwright carried off so well, with no regard for propriety or theatrical convention.

The Story:

On the night of Christ's birth a cold and lonely shepherd stood in the countryside near Bethlehem watching his flocks and bemoaning his lot in life. He was joined by another shepherd, who added his lamentations to those of the first and pointed out that his lot was worse because he was married. The second shepherd complained that his wife, a fat, shrewish person, had once been a sweet and charming girl, but that marriage had changed her.

While they grumbled, a third shepherd joined them. His chief complaint was the weather, for he thought that never, since Noah's flood, had the season been so bad. To ease their unhappy lot, the three began to sing a song.

After they had sung, Mak came into the field to join them. Mak was not very welcome, for he had a reputation as a thief and the shepherds were somewhat fearful that he would steal something from them. But Mak, begging them to let him stay, told a sad story of being hungry and unwelcome at home, even though he worked hard to give his wife what she wanted. The three shepherds gave in and bade him lie down and spend the night with them.

After the three shepherds had fallen asleep, Mak arose and made ready to steal a sheep, first casting a spell over the shepherds to keep them from awakening. He went to the fold, selected a fat ewe, and made off with it to his house. Not daring to kill the sheep, lest the noise make the theft known, Mak and his wife Gill decided to hide the sheep in the cradle if anyone came. In the meantime Mak went back to finish out his night's sleep with the shepherds, thus trying to hide his own guilt.

The next morning Mak awakened with the shepherds, made them note that he was taking nothing with him, and started off toward his home. Not long

after he arrived there the shepherds, who had missed their ewe, went to Mak's house to see if he or his wife had stolen the animal. According to plan, Mak and Gill hid the sheep in the cradle, and Gill pretended to have given birth to a son the night before. Although the accusers hunted all over the house, they found no sign of the sheep, not even a morsel of meat. After asking Mak's pardon and bidding good health to the new child in the cradle, the shepherds left. Scarcely had they gone when they remembered they had left no gifts for the baby. They returned to the house to offer a little gift and, when they looked in the cradle, discovered their stolen sheep. Mak and Gill tried to explain the presence of the sheep by telling how an evil spirit had taken their child and replaced it with the ewe. The shepherds, not taken in by the story, tossed Mak in a sheet for punishment and then departed with their sheep.

When the shepherds returned to the fields, an angel appeared to them and told them of the birth of the Saviour, who would overthrow the devil and restore the glory which had been lost to man through Adam's fall. The shepherds, following the commands of the angel, made ready to visit the Christ child as it lay in a manger in Bethlehem, only a short distance away. They considered themselves lucky to have an opportunity to see the Messiah, prophesied in ages past.

Upon their arrival in Bethlehem, having been led by the star, the three shepherds went to the stable where Mary and the Child were housed. The first shepherd, after greeting both the Mother and the Child, offered his gift of a bob of cherries. The second shepherd, not to be outdone as a giver of gifts, made a little speech filled with respect and gave the Child a little bird to play with. The third shepherd also made a little speech of reverence and then gave his gift, a ball. He urged the Child to grow up and play at tennis.

After they had given their gifts, the shepherds were thanked by Mary for the presents they had brought and the reverence they had done. She also bade them spread the news of the Christ when they left. The three shepherds then departed to sing the good tidings to the world.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR

Type of work: History
Author: Winston S. Churchill (1874-)
Time: 1919-1945
Locale: Europe, North Africa, the Pacific Area
First published: 1948-1954

Principal personages:
SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
JOSEPH STALIN
ADOLF HITLER
NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
ANTHONY EDEN
GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL
GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
FIELD-MARSHAL ERWIN ROMMEL

Contemporary accounts by actual participants in great, climactic, or catastrophic events in world history often achieve tremendous popularity for a brief period. They are widely discussed in the light of other circumstances, but are then permitted to fall into the anomalous category of "source books" for infrequent reference on obscure detail. Because of the circumstances of authorship, the insights given, and the dramatic drive of the narrative itself, it is safe to say, however, that Sir Winston Churchill's history of World War II will not soon fall into the category of forgotten books by the participant in the making of history.

Churchill brought to his monumental undertaking not only his intimate knowledge of military affairs and strategy dating back to the beginning of the present century, but also half a century of activity in parliamentary and international affairs. To these qualifications he added also the skill of a seasoned lecturer on world problems and the invaluable experience of an accomplished author of more than a dozen significant books. Moreover, as Churchill notes in the preface to the first volume, this history is intended as a continuation of the three books he wrote on World War I: *The World Crisis, The Eastern Front,* and *The Aftermath.* Together, the early three books and the six on World War II comprise an account of what might be called another Thirty Years' War.

Within no more than six or seven years, Sir Winston Churchill produced the historical work which he calls simply *The Second World War.* The scope of the enterprise is suggested by the fact that it extends through a half dozen volumes averaging well over eight hundred pages each, and that it encompasses most of the significant occurrences from the close of World War I in 1919 until July 26, 1945—approximately a quarter of a century. Geographically, this history is global, since it concerns the far-reaching exploits of armed forces whenever there was conflict in both hemispheres.

Following the method employed in his history of the first world war, Churchill takes the personal-experience approach that Defoe used in his *Memoirs of a Cavalier.* Concerning the second global war, Churchill writes with greater authority, since he was chief of His Majesty's Government for more than five years. Despite the complexity of action and counteraction, the multitude of events and personages and decisions to be carried out, Churchill's main purpose in his history is simply to show that the inevitability of war stemmed from the lack of a consistent and resolute policy among the democracies.

The first volume, titled *The Gathering*

Storm, begins with a swift appraisal of the twenty-year period from 1919 to 1939, termed in retrospect, "From War to War." In this account Churchill decides that the principal folly of the victors in World War I was their failure to keep Germany disarmed. The victors pursued their universal hope that peace would reign, and their designation of the first conflict as "the war to end wars" reveals their ideal. But the scheme of reparations did not work; the League of Nations was rendered impotent; and world-wide economic dislocation followed the collapse of the American stock market in 1929. Meanwhile, General von Seeckt was secretly rebuilding the armed might of Germany and almost unnoticed by war-weary European nations, Adolf Hitler was emerging with his grandiose notions of German superiority and destiny. Soon Austria was taken, the Saar united with the Fatherland; then the fateful Munich conference provided Hitler with a year of breathing space to ready his forces. Next, Churchill recounts how war was declared on September 3, 1939. Poland was taken; Norway was occupied; and Belgium and Holland were invaded. When the Chamberlain government fell, Churchill took over as Prime Minister.

In this volume, as in the five succeeding parts, Churchill deals not only with events political, strategic, diplomatic, and military; he also sketches in significant background fact, characterizes major personages in the struggles that take place, and pauses to assess the importance of civilian activities. For this is the whole story as Churchill sees it. He views it not dispassionately but with all the understanding and insight of one who was forced to weigh conditions; to bully and build and negotiate; to cope with crisis, catastrophe, and, ultimately, a bewildering array of problems of allied joint action.

Volume II, *Their Finest Hour,* covers the grim days from May, 1940, until early January, 1941. During those momentous months, the battle of France was joined and lost; Dunkirk was evacuated; and home defense of Britain became a shocking necessity. Next, the German air assault attempted to paralyze London and the entire island. President Roosevelt worked to provide the means of assistance through the Lend-Lease Bill, passed by Congress in March, 1941. In the meantime Hitler turned his thoughts to the subjugation of Russia. London and England were saved for the time being, but the conflict grew more and more extensive as German might exerted itself in several directions.

In the third volume, *The Grand Alliance,* the horror that Churchill once decried as "the unnecessary war" became truly world-wide. The year 1941 presented shocking and tragic events which culminated in the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. As the toll of merchant shipping continued to rise in the Atlantic, war grew in intensity on land. Rommel began his counterattack in the desert. Hitler planned to bomb and starve the English and to invade Russia. Meanwhile, the Germans turned their attention to the Balkans, and Yugoslavia, Greece, and Albania fell. However, not all the news was completely disheartening: German sea power was drastically limited by the destruction of the *Bismarck;* Hitler's attack on Russia brought the Soviets into the war; and the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor forced American participation in the struggle.

Volume IV, *The Hinge of Fate,* covers the next year and a half, from January, 1942, to the end of May, 1943. During this period material losses continued mountainous and casualty lists were long, but the "hinge of Fate" had turned in favor of the Allies, as Churchill sees it. With the defeat of Rommel and the American landings in Morocco, threats in the Mediterranean abated. Japanese forces swept southward, but United States victories in the Coral Sea and at Midway Island foretold the turning point of war in the Pacific. Moreover, Operation Torch put the Allied forces in position to achieve the fall of Italy. As German and Japanese

power was committed to a last effort, the Allied potential continued to grow.

Volumes V, *Closing the Ring,* (June, 1943-June, 1944), and VI, *Triumph and Tragedy,* (June, 1944-July 26, 1945), deal with the final twenty-six months of the struggle. During a single year following June, 1943, Japan was put on the defensive, the invasion of Italy moved as far as Rome, the Germans were in retreat before Russian power, and preparations for a cross-Channel landing were complete. In spite of postponement and the danger of bad weather, D-day became a reality on June 6, 1944. With relentless force, during the succeeding fourteen months, victory followed victory in France and Italy, the Pacific, Germany, and finally Japan itself.

These are the broad outlines of history's greatest military undertaking. But Churchill concerns himself also with high-level conferences, hard-won decisions on strategy, agonizing losses, and finally the terms of surrender in Europe. He refers to this account as his "personal narrative" of the war period. So it is; but it is, in addition, a magnificent retelling of the events of consequence during eight of the most tempestuous years of modern time.

To some academic historians or partisans with a reluctance to accept Churchill's point of view and judgments, he may appear to slight or neglect particular causes, conditions, and effects which were perhaps of considerable importance at the time. None the less, in the appropriateness of style to circumstance and subject matter, in the selection and interweaving of significant detail with major occurrence, in scope and sweep and conception, Churchill's *The Second World War* is a truly memorable piece of writing.

THE SECRET AGENT

Type of work: Novel
Author: Joseph Conrad (Teodor Józef Konrad Korzeniowski, 1857-1924)
Type of plot: Psychological realism
Time of plot: 1880's
Locale: London
First published: 1907

Principal characters:
MR. VERLOC, a foreign secret agent
WINNIE, his English wife
STEVIE, her weak-minded brother
THE ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER, a London police official
CHIEF INSPECTOR HEAT
MR. VLADIMIR, First Secretary of an unnamed embassy
MICHAELIS, and
OSSIPON, anarchists

Critique:

Produced about the middle of his writing career, *The Secret Agent* is one of Joseph Conrad's acknowledged masterpieces, and it yields to none in the effectiveness of its characterization and in the authenticity of its atmosphere. In this novel, in a side street of Soho, Conrad has gathered some of his most interesting and unusual figures. Realistically presented, these figures are surveyed through a veil of irony which enhances rather than mars the total effect; here Conrad displays his ironical touch at its surest, delicate but probing, and quite impersonal. In addition, the novel is notable for the character of Winnie Verloc, one of the best presented of Conrad's women victimized by circumstance and fate.

The Story:

Mr. Verloc was on his way to a certain foreign embassy, summoned there, to his astonishment and unease, at the unseemly hour of eleven in the morning. Ambling down the street, bulky and stolid, Mr. Verloc did not look very much like the agent provocateur that he was supposed to be. He kept a little shop, obscure and ill-patronized, behind which were quarters for his family. There he often entertained a group of London anarchists from whom he had carefully kept the secret that he was an embassy agent. Thinking how awkward it would be if any of his anarchist friends were to detect him in the act of entering such a place, he grumbled inwardly as he approached the embassy.

His appointment with Mr. Vladimir did nothing to improve his mood. In fact, his discontent had deepened almost to a state of terror by the time of his departure. Mr. Verloc, who had let himself get comfortable, if not lazy, in the years since he had settled in England as the agent of a foreign power, had never contemplated the possibility that he might lose his job. Now he found himself being roundly abused and insulted for what First Secretary Vladimir was pleased to call his fatness, his slothfulness, his general inefficiency. He had even been threatened with dismissal if he did not promptly promote some incident to upset English complacency. In short, Mr. Vladimir demanded a dynamite outrage within a month. Furthermore, it must be directed against some monument of learning and science—preferably the Greenwich Observatory.

Badly shaken, Mr. Verloc made his way back to his shop in Soho. Rejoining his household in the rooms behind it, he managed to reassume his usual demeanor

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of stolid reserve. When, soon after, his anarchist friends paid one of their calls, he betrayed nothing to them of the frustration and fear that lurked behind his impassivity. He was not so successful with his wife. She was able to keep her own counsel, but she missed very little of what went on about her.

Younger than her husband, Winnie Verloc had married him for security rather than for love. Nor was it even her own security that she was concerned about, but that of her unfortunate brother, whose passionate protector she had been ever since the days of their childhood. Stevie, now physically mature, had remained childlike in other ways; he was easily excited and inarticulate, though generally soft-hearted and trusting. One of the people he trusted most was Mr. Verloc. His sister had done a great deal to bring this state of affairs about; and his mother, who was also being supported by Mr. Verloc, had assisted Winnie in impressing upon Stevie the idea that Mr. Verloc was good, that his wishes must be instantly carried out, and that he must be spared the slightest annoyance. Mr. Verloc, meanwhile, serenely went his own way; insensitive to this anxious maneuvering to keep Stevie in his good graces, he largely ignored his brother-in-law even while tolerating his presence in the Verloc household.

To consolidate her son's position still further, the mother of Stevie and Winnie decided that before Mr. Verloc could tire of supporting both of his wife's relatives, she would move to an almshouse. Stevie missed her and fell to moping. Winnie, seeking a remedy for her brother's moodiness, seized upon what seemed to her a happy expedient. The long walks of her husband, mysterious of purpose and destination, gave Winnie an idea. Finding the right moment to make her request, she persuaded her husband to take Stevie with him. Soon, to Winnie's gratification, this experiment became an established practice. With things apparently going so well, she saw no reason to object when Mr. Verloc made a rather unexpected proposal regarding Stevie. Since Stevie was fond of Michaelis, an elderly anarchist who frequently visited the house, why not let the brother spend a few days with Michaelis at his retreat in the country?

Apparently pleased with this development, Stevie left to visit Michaelis and the next few days passed without incident in the Verloc household. Late one afternoon, however, Mr. Verloc came home from one of his walks more upset than Winnie had ever seen him. He had withdrawn all of their money from the bank, and he mumbled vaguely about the necessity of leaving the country. Winnie tossed her head at this—he would go without her, she declared tartly. Mr. Verloc morosely ignored her wifely urgings that he eat his supper and change his slippers. He did not ignore, however, a distinguished-looking stranger who turned up presently and took Mr. Verloc away. Winnie failed to recognize this caller as the Assistant Commissioner of London Police.

During their absence, a second stranger arrived. Winnie became more and more apprehensive upon learning that he was Chief Inspector Heat. Heat, on learning that he had been forestalled by his superior, showed Winnie a cloth label bearing Stevie's name and address. Recognizing it as an identification tag placed in her brother's coat, she asked wildly where Heat had found it. The return of Mr. Verloc, alone, interrupted their conversation. After Heat had taken Mr. Verloc into another room, Winnie tried to overhear what they were saying. Almost mad with grief, she heard her husband tell how he had trained Stevie to take part in a bombing attempt upon the Greenwich Observatory. But Stevie had stumbled in the fog, exploding the bomb prematurely and blowing himself to bits.

After Heat left, Winnie faced her husband. White-faced and rigid, she hardly listened to his faltering explanation or his plan to turn state's evidence on the promise of a lighter penalty. When, exhausted, he finally dropped on the couch,

she seized the carving knife and stabbed him in the heart.

Running aimlessly out into the dark, Winnie stumbled upon Comrade Ossipon, one of her husband's anarchist associates who had eyed her from time to time with admiration. After promising to help her he discovered, with consternation, what had occurred and that he might be implicated in the affair. Coaxing her onto a boat train, Ossipon waited until it started to move; then he leaped off. With him he took the money which Winnie had entrusted to his care.

A week passed. Ossipon did not enjoy his possession of Winnie's money; he felt heavily burdened by gloom and guilt. The feeling deepened as he read a newspaper report of the suicide of a female passenger from a cross-channel boat. He was convinced that the last words of the dispatch would always haunt him since he alone knew the truth about Winnie Verloc's death, a deed which the newspaper called a mystery of madness or despair.

SEJANUS

Type of work: Drama
Author: Ben Jonson (1573?-1637)
Type of plot: Political tragedy
Time of plot: First century
Locale: Ancient Rome
First presented: 1603

Principal characters:
EMPEROR TIBERIUS
SEJANUS, his corrupt favorite
EUDEMUS, a physician and beautician
LIVIA, Tiberius' daughter-in-law
ARRUNTIUS, a righteous and indignant Roman citizen
SILIUS,
SABINUS,
CORDUS, and
LEPIDUS, noble Romans hostile to Tiberius' corrupt government
MACRO, a fiendish tool of the emperor

Critique:

Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are not among his popular plays; nor have they received profuse praise from literary critics. Yet *Catiline* was Jonson's expressed favorite among his plays; and, according to the Oxford editors of Jonson, *Sejanus* marks the turning point of his work, leading to his mature masterpieces. Both Roman tragedies display Jonson's ability to create an illusion of living history; both are well constructed; both have strong characterization; both are written in firm, powerful verse. Where they fall short of Shakespeare's and many lesser dramatists' work is in the fact that they have a certain hardness and lack of warmth. Horror is sometimes stirred, pity perhaps; but love and gentleness are missing. Although these tragedies are often treated together, they are independent creations. *Sejanus* is perhaps more consistent in tone. The world of *Sejanus* is evil and terrifying: although good men open and close the play, wickedness is in power from beginning to end. In Jonson, as in Shakespeare, the alchemy of dramatic art has wrought something new and original out of historical source material.

The Story:

Silius and Sabinus, respectable Roman citizens of the old stamp, met and discussed the corruption of Tiberius' court. Both admired Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus. Though conscious of the prevalence of spies controlled by the emperor's loathsome favorite Sejanus, they showed no personal fear. Arruntius and the historian Cordus, men of their kind, joined them. Two of Sejanus' spies watched and planned to entrap these men devoted to freedom. Sejanus entered with a group of hangers-on and suitors. Arruntius and his friends observed the favorite with scorn. One of Sejanus' followers presented a suit from Eudemus, the physician of Livia, wife of the emperor's son Drusus. Sejanus sent for Eudemus privately, and laid plans with him for the seduction of Livia.

When Tiberius, followed by Drusus, made a public appearance, Sejanus bathed him in fulsome flattery, to the disgust of Arruntius and his friends. The emperor answered with a devious, hypocritical speech. After his departure, Drusus and Sejanus clashed, and Drusus struck him. Sejanus remained alone, promising himself to add revenge to his ambitious motives for the destruction of Drusus. Having found Livia a willing victim of corruption, Sejanus plotted with her and Eudemus to poison Drusus. Sejanus worked on the fears of Tiberius to persuade him to destroy Agrippina and the

sons of Germanicus, who after Drusus were heirs to the Empire; he also warned the emperor of the danger of Silius, Sabinus, and others. Tiberius consented to call the Senate and to allow Sejanus to handle the destruction of Silius, his wife Sosia, and Cordus, leaving Sabinus and Arruntius for the future.

Arruntius and his friends, hearing that Drusus was dying, recalled the public blow given to Sejanus. Later, the Senate convened, with Drusus' death on all lips. Tiberius entered, to the amazement of the senators, who had assumed grief would keep him from a political function. Tiberius delivered one of his hypocritical orations, punctuated by low-voiced comments from the undeceived Arruntius and his friends. Suddenly, without preliminary warning, Sejanus' puppets accused Silius of treason. Recognizing the tyrant's trap and his own hopeless situation, Silius recalled his important services to Rome in peace and war, formally accused Tiberius of fraudulent conduct, and, mocking the tyrant's power, stabbed himself. Tiberius hypocritically expressed regret that he was thus deprived of an opportunity to show mercy to an erring subject. Cordus was next accused and sentenced to prison. His books, histories of the Roman Republic, were sentenced to be burned. Arruntius growled at the Senate's "brainless diligence" in attempting to destroy truth by book-burning.

At the conclusion of the Senate meeting, Tiberius and Sejanus planned future moves to strengthen their hands; but, flushed with power and triumph, Sejanus made a major mistake by asking to be allowed to marry Livia. Startled into suspicion, the emperor grunted ominously, then launched into a devious speech pointing out the dangers of such a match. Sejanus hastily withdrew his request but, still blinded by overconfidence, he urged Tiberius' retirement to Capri. Alone, he gloated over past successes and looked toward future triumphs, including the overthrow of the emperor himself. But Tiberius, thoroughly aroused, began to work with a new tool, the villainous Macro, to undermine Sejanus. While the emperor retired to Capri, Macro began his work by advising Caligula, one of the sons of Germanicus, to go and surrender himself to Tiberius, saying that he feared the plots of the powerful Sejanus.

The next victim of Sejanus was Sabinus. Arruntius was moved to wonder why Jove did not strike down the impious and ruthless favorite. Sejanus, having reached a dangerous state of intoxication with his own greatness, thought himself superior not only to men but also to gods. Ominous events occurred, but Sejanus scorned superstition and remained confident of success in his march to absolute power. Macro, with authority from Tiberius, caused the Senate to convene again, apparently to confer new honors on Sejanus. Macro himself remained in the background, but assumed control of the guards. As the senators gathered for the session, Arruntius and Lepidus, a good old Roman unspotted by corruption, stood aside to observe the flatterers eager to get close enough to Sejanus to fly-blow his ears with confidential whispers. Great rivalry followed to see who could sit close to him during the proceedings. When the senators were seated, a letter from the emperor was read aloud to them. Bit by bit this masterpiece of political deviousness shifted the majority of the hearers from fulsome support of Sejanus to suspicion, fear, and hostility. Flatterers who had clamored to get near the favorite hastily shifted their seats, all but a gouty one who struggled in vain to rise, much to the delight of Arruntius at seeing gout keep the flatterer "miserably constant." Macro entered, supported by the guards, and dragged Sejanus from his seat, heaping violent personal indignities on him. Sejanus was hurried away to execution. Later reports told of his body's being torn to pieces by the mob. Most horrible of all, the children of Sejanus were torn from his divorced wife Apicata and were killed. In agony and fury, Apicata accused Livia and Eudemus of poisoning Drusus. Their death sentences were fore-

told.

Arruntius and Lepidus knew that Rome had but exchanged one instrument of evil for another, as Macro was no improvement on Sejanus, and the venomous, reptilian emperor remained untouched. Arruntius, however, delivered a valedictory prophecy to all tyrants and, using the fall of Sejanus as example, warned of the inevitability and terror of their destruction.

SELECTED POEMS

Type of work: Poetry
Author: John Crowe Ransom (1888-
First published: 1945

John Crowe Ransom, recognized as poet, social critic, and literary critic, has in this book published forty of his best poems. The slender volume has been culled principally from two earlier volumes, *Chills and Fever* (1924) and *Two Gentlemen in Bonds* (1927), with the last five poems having appeared previously only in periodicals. No poems have been included from his earliest volume, *Poems About God* (1919). The arrangement is chronological.

Though neither a prolific nor a popular poet, Ransom, through his variety, freshness, and elegance, has won a distinguished place in American poetry. In the few poems of this volume there is ample evidence of distinction in his sensitive lyricism, his adept narratives and character portraits, and his skillful use of wit and irony.

Ransom the scholar is apparent in nearly all of the poems. The polysyllabic vocabulary and occasional use of archaisms such as "thole," the remote allusions, and the use of ellipses and slant rhyme are characteristic of a poet writing for mature readers, unwilling to condescend to popular taste. At times the stumbling blocks seem unwarranted, like playful, mocking jokes on the reader, and the charge of obscurity, particularly in some of the later poems, is justified. However, in the majority of the poems the obstacles are not insurmountable and the reader's effort is well rewarded.

Conclusions are never explicitly stated by Ransom; morals are never obvious. He states his theory of modern poetry and the moral, so well exemplified in his own poetry, in the essay "Poets Without Laurels":

> Pure or obscure, the modern poet manages not to slip into the old-fashioned moral-beautiful compound . . . he may take the subject nearest his own humanity, a subject perhaps of terrifying import; but in treating it will stop short of all moral or theoretical conclusions, and confuse his detail to the point where it leaves no positive implications.

Ransom's is a poetry of understatement, in which irony is an important means of showing the implications of a situation, implications which may vary with interpretation. In "Here Lies a Lady," for example, the surface situation is made to seem ludicrous, with the picture of husband, aunt, infant of three, and medicos hovering over the lady who burned, then froze, and finally died, "After six little spaces of chill, and six of burning." But the irony is forceful, for this is a "lady of beauty and high degree," like the "sweet ladies" whom the poet addresses in the last stanza, and her life appears pitifully ignominious at the end. Though her fingers fly and her eyes are confident, she makes nothing out of the maze of old lace scraps about her. Even her death lacks dignity, despite the "flowers and lace and mourning." It is the old theme of the transience of beauty, but here presented freshly, more forceful because it is under cover.

The same theme appears in several of the other poems, most notably in the sonnet, "Piazza Piece," in which Death, an old gentleman in a dustcoat, comes to claim the beautiful lady, and in "Blue Girls," a *carpe diem* piece which combines the same gentle mocking and underlying seriousness found in "Here Lies a Lady."

The theme of death is not always interwoven with that of transient beauty. Two of the poems, for example, deal

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with the death of children. "Dead Boy" does not spare satire in contrasting the glorified feeling for the dead boy with the realities of his character in life, "A pig with a pasty face, so I had said," but the hurt is apparent, too, and even the poet recognizes in the now dead lad the nobility of his forebears. More pathetic is "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter." Here the contrast is between the very active life of the little girl as she played in the orchard and chased the lazy geese ("Who cried in goose, 'Alas' ") to the pond, and the complete stillness of her body in death. The emotion is perfectly controlled—yet evident—as the poet states the effect of the quiet little body:

> But now go the bells, and we are ready,
> In one house we are sternly stopped
> To say we are vexed at her brown study
> Lying so primly propped.

Another of the poems about death, "Janet Waking," deals with a child's first knowledge of death, the death of old Chucky, a hen. Again, the balance between humor and pathos is perfectly achieved. Through the use of exaggeration the poem even touches on the mock-heroic: The agent of death is a "transmogrifying bee" which

> Came droning down on Chucky's old bald head
> And sat and put the poison. It scarcely bled,
> But how exceedingly
>
> And purply did the knot
> Swell with the venom and communicate
> Its rigor! Now the poor comb stood up straight
> But Chucky did not.

The exaggeration here is not merely for humorous effect, however. To young Janet this is an event of tremendous seriousness, and the contrast between the cause and the effect serves to point up, not play down, the pathos of the situation.

This characteristic mingling of humor and emotion may be traced through a great number of the poems. Even in the love poem, "Winter Remembered," some of the imagery is humorous: The lonely man's fingers, away from his love's touch, are like "Ten frozen parsnips hanging in the weather." Then, the humor may at times become biting, satiric, as in "Parting, Without a Sequel," serving to make even stronger the underlying emotion.

Ransom's fine character portraits and short narratives at times suggest Edwin Arlington Robinson and one of Ransom's chief influences, Thomas Hardy. In "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" we have a dreamer related to Miniver Cheevy. "Captain Carpenter" is a forcefully satiric piece about an unteachable idealist who suffers one reverse after another and yet never gives up. "Miriam Tazewell," whose world was her flowers, went about sullen for weeks after they were destroyed in a storm.

The tragedy of many of Ransom's characters is that they are not able to communicate. One major reason for this inability is that they live in a world of convention, which only the very young and the very old can break through. The grandfather in "Old Man Playing with Children" speaks thus to the middle-aged who make fun of him for playing Indian with the boys:

> "It is you the elder to these and younger to me
> Who are penned as slaves by properties and causes
> And never walk from your shaped insupportable houses
> And shamefully, when boys shout, go in and flee.
>
> "May God forgive me, I know your middling ways,
> Having taken care and performed ignominies unreckoned
> Between the first brief childhood and the brief second,
> But I will be the more honourable in these days."

In "Eclogue," innocent, carefree youth is contrasted with selfish adulthood, when love is no longer freely given. Fear, also, is given here as a reason for the lack of love: The dream of Death comes suddenly, "Then metamorphosis." "Spectral Lovers" and "The Equilibrists" describe lovers who fear showing their passion because of conventional feelings about honor:

> Predicament indeed, which thus discovers
> Honor among thieves, Honor between lovers.
> O such a little word is Honor, they feel!
> But the grey word is between them cold as steel.

In "Two in August," the poet, characteristically understating, tells how a husband and wife one night "did something strange" and suddenly attacked each other "with silences and words." Similarly, though less clearly stated, the troubled tension of a domestic situation appears in "Prelude to an Evening."

These are problems posed, not solved. "The Equilibrists," for example, questions, half whimsically, whether it would be better to go bodiless to Heaven or to go honorless to Hell, where there is no end to kissing. And with the half-hope of Hardy in "The Darkling Thrush" or "The Oxen," the poet says in "Somewhere is Such a Kingdom" that when even the birds start quarreling and croaking—

> My dull heart I must take elsewhere;
> For I will see if God has made
> Otherwhere another shade
> Where the men or beasts or birds
> Exchange few words and pleasant words.
> And dare I think it is absurd
> If no such beast were, no such bird?

It is impossible to deal adequately with the variety of Ransom's poetry, ranging from allusion-packed poems such as "Philomela" to light, whimsical verse such as "Dog" and "Survey of Literature." Though his poetic output has been relatively small, this poet has well proved his versatility and his particular talent of combining wit and irony, sometimes gentle, sometimes biting, with emotion and serious meanings.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Type of work: Drama
Author: Terence (Publius Terentius Afer, c. 190-159 B.C.)
Type of plot: Social comedy
Time of plot: Fourteenth century B.C.
Locale: The countryside near Athens
First presented: 163 B.C.

Principal characters:
CHREMES, an old man
SOSTRATA, his wife
ANTIPHILA, his daughter
CLITIPHO, his son
CLINIA, a youth
MENEDEMUS, his father
SYRUS, Clitipho's servant
BACCHIS, a courtesan, Clitipho's mistress

Critique:

Although *The Self-Tormentor* (*Heautontimorumenos*), based on an earlier play by Menander, takes its primary force from its intricate plot, it is, like several of Terence's comedies, in some sense a problem play. The issues are not as clearly presented here as in *The Brothers,* for example, but the conflict is much the same. The problem is whether undeviating strictness or affectionate tolerance is the best mode of rearing children. Menedemus begins by finding the apparent excesses of his son intolerable. Since his uncompromisingly uprighteous reaction results in the loss of his son, his is clearly not the way Terence would recommend. Neither, however, is the old man's swing to the opposite extreme after his son leaves home. Chremes' advice to the contrite Menedemus when the latter is contemplating putting his son in complete control of the entire estate is too full of common sense to be ignored, and the same thing is to be said of the reform imposed on Chremes' own son. Terence seems to imply here some sort of mean between the two extremes: strictness without severity, tolerance without anarchy.

The Story:

While Chremes' wife Sostrata was pregnant, Chremes had told her that if the child should be a girl she was to destroy it. Sostrata agreed, but when the baby did turn out to be a daughter the poor woman did not have the heart to carry out her husband's command by herself. Instead, she gave the child to a poverty-stricken Corinthian woman then living in Athens to be exposed. Out of superstition, she also gave the woman a ring for her finger to accompany the child when it was left out to die.

The old Corinthian woman failed to carry out her instructions. Naming the child Antiphila, she reared the girl as her own. Antiphila grew up, well-mannered and comely, and she was believed by everyone to be the old woman's own daughter.

Clinia, the son of Menedemus, saw Antiphila and fell desperately in love with her. Fearing the disapproval of his strict father, Clinia began living with her in secret as though she were his wife. But Menedemus at last discovered the affair, and by constantly chiding his son and accusing him of unmanly indolence, he finally caused the young man to go to Asia and serve in the wars under the Persian king.

Shortly after Clinia had left Athens, Menedemus came to realize that he had been unjust and cruel in his severity. To punish himself he sold all his possessions in Athens, purchased a farm in the country, and began working both himself

and his servants almost beyond endurance.

Three months after his departure, Clinia returned, no longer able to tolerate his separation from Antiphila. Unaware of his father's change of heart, he kept his return secret from Menedemus and was entertained by Clitipho, a boyhood friend and the son of Chremes. As soon as Clinia had arrived, Clitipho sent his two slaves, Dromo and Syrus, into Athens to bring Antiphila to her lover. On the same day Chremes had learned from Menedemus how much he wanted his son to return and how generous he was determined to be to the young man when the opportunity did finally present itself. In fear of making Clinia audacious in his demands on Menedemus, however, Chremes refrained from telling the young man about his father's change of feeling.

That evening Syrus returned, bringing both Antiphila and a high-priced courtesan, Bacchis, as well. Clitipho, unknown to his father, had previously become deeply infatuated with Bacchis, and the cunning and bold Syrus had decided that the youth's desire to see his mistress could be satisfied if Bacchis were introduced to Chremes as Clinia's mistress and Antiphila were to pretend to be a member of the courtesan's retinue.

Early the next day, Chremes went to Menedemus and told him of Clinia's arrival. The old man, overjoyed at the news, wanted immediately to give his son full control over all his possessions. Chremes, however, counseled against such a move on the same grounds that he had refrained from telling Clinia of his father's change of heart. Morever, Chremes believed Bacchis to be Clinia's mistress, and he knew that her extravagant mode of living would quickly drain any admirer of all his possessions. The festivities of the night before alone had cost Chremes dearly. What he did advise was that Menedemus should receive Clinia warmly, pretend to be ignorant of his affair with Bacchis, and allow himself to be tricked out of relatively small sums from time to time. This procedure, Chremes thought, would both keep Clinia at home and forestall the ruin of Menedemus.

Meanwhile, Syrus was hatching a plot to trick Chremes out of the ten minae that Bacchis had demanded as the price of her sojourn with Clitipho. The servant was gratified and amused when Chremes gave him apparent sanction for his deception by asking Syrus to contrive a way to deceive Menedemus into believing that Bacchis was not Clinia's mistress. Syrus, agreeing, cunningly proceeded with his own plot by telling Chremes that Antiphila's mother had borrowed ten minae from Bacchis, leaving Antiphila as a pledge for the money. The old woman having presumably died, Antiphila needed the money to purchase her freedom.

At that moment, however, Sostrata, Chremes' wife, was discovering by means of the ring that Antiphila was her abandoned daughter. When this fact was revealed to Chremes, his first reaction was to chide his wife; but he was really pleased to recover his daughter now that his condition had improved financially.

At last Syrus hit upon a plan for deceiving both fathers by telling them the truth. He proposed that Bacchis and her retinue should be moved to Menedemus' house on the pretext that she was Clitipho's mistress and that her affair with Clitipho must be concealed from Chremes. In addition, Antiphila was to be passed off as Clinia's mistress, and Clinia was to ask his father for ten minae to provide for the wedding. Chremes refused to allow another to ransom his daughter for him, however, and gave Clitipho the ten minae. The rest of the plot proved acceptable as well, and Bacchis and her servants were moved to Menedemus' house.

Menedemus assumed that what he was told regarding Bacchis and Clitipho was designed to deceive him, but when he saw the two entering a bedchamber together without a word of protest from the observing Clinia, he grew troubled and told Chremes what he had seen. He also pointed out that Clinia had made no effort to get money out of his father

and had seemed highly pleased when Menedemus agreed to his marriage with Antiphila. Thus, the whole truth came out. Chremes, infuriated at first, threatened to settle the whole of his property on Antiphila. The sudden prospect of being left penniless led Clitipho to reflect seriously on his mode of life, and he promised to abandon all courtesans and marry a virtuous woman. Under the gentle persuasion of Menedemus and Sostrata, Chremes finally agreed to let Antiphila marry Clinia, and in the end he promised to forgive even Syrus.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

Type of work: Novel
Author: Jane Austen (1775-1817)
Type of plot: Comedy of manners
Time of plot: Nineteenth century
Locale: England
First published: 1811

Principal characters:
ELINOR DASHWOOD, a young woman of sense
MARIANNE DASHWOOD, her sister
JOHN DASHWOOD, her brother
FANNY DASHWOOD, his wife
EDWARD FERRARS, Fanny's brother
SIR JOHN MIDDLETON, a Dashwood relation
COLONEL BRANDON, Sir John's friend
JOHN WILLOUGHBY, loved by Marianne
LUCY STEELE, in love with Edward
ROBERT FERRARS, Edward's brother

Critique:

To Jane Austen, there were people of sense and people of fine sensibilities but little sense. In this novel of nineteenth-century English life she makes it quite clear that she admires men and women of sense. The story and setting are typical of Jane Austen, with the heroine having to overcome many difficulties in order to achieve happiness and success. Although the dialogue of this early novel may seem stilted at times and the characters overdrawn, they combine to give a clear picture of the manners of upper and middle-class English society of that period.

The Story:

When Mr. John Dashwood inherited his father's estate, it was his intention to provide comfortably for his stepmother and his half-sisters. His wife Fanny, however, had other ideas, and even though she was independently wealthy she cleverly prevented her husband from helping his relatives. When Fanny's brother, Edward Ferrars, began to show interest in John's half-sister Elinor, Fanny, determined to prevent any alliance between them, made life so uncomfortable for the older Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters that those ladies accepted the offer of their relative, Sir John Middleton, to occupy a cottage on his estate.

Mrs. Dashwood, Elinor, and Marianne were happy in the cottage at Barton Park. There they met Colonel Brandon, Sir John's friend, who was immediately attracted to Marianne. She, considering him old at the age of thirty-five, rejected his suit and fell in love with John Willoughby, a young man visiting wealthy relatives on a neighboring estate.

Once, while all the friends were preparing for an outing, Colonel Brandon was called away in a mysterious fashion. Elinor and Marianne were surprised later to hear that he had a daughter; at least that was the rumor they heard. Willoughby seemed determined to give Marianne a bad impression of Colonel Brandon, a fact which did not make Elinor happy. Shortly after the colonel's sudden departure, Willoughby himself left very suddenly, without giving Marianne a satisfactory explanation. Elinor could not help being concerned about the manner of his departure, particularly since he had not made a definite engagement with Marianne.

A week later Edward Ferrars appeared at the cottage for a visit. In spite of Elinor's attraction to him, Edward seemed no more than mildly interested in her. After a short stay he left the cottage without saying anything to give Elinor hope.

Meanwhile Sir John had invited to his

home Miss Lucy Steele and her sister, two young ladies whom Elinor thought vulgar and ignorant. She was therefore stunned when Lucy told her that she was secretly engaged to Edward Ferrars, whom she had met while he was a pupil of Lucy's uncle. According to Lucy's story, they had been engaged for four years, but Edward's mother would not permit him to marry. Since Edward had no money of his own and no occupation, they were forced to wait for Mrs. Ferrars' consent before they could announce their engagement. Elinor, concealing her unhappiness at this news, told Lucy that she would help in any way she could.

A short time later Elinor and Marianne were invited to London to visit friends. Marianne immediately wrote to Willoughby that she was near. Although she wrote two or three times, she had no reply. One day she met him at a party. He was with another young lady and treated Marianne courteously but coolly. The next morning Marianne received a letter from him telling her that he was sorry if she had misunderstood his intentions and that he had long been engaged to another girl. All of her friends and relatives were furious with Willoughby. Even though she was heartbroken, Marianne continued to defend him and to believe that he was blameless. She was comforted by Colonel Brandon, who was also in London.

Privately, the colonel told Elinor Willoughby's story. The colonel had a ward, the young girl believed by some to be his daughter, who was in reality the daughter of his brother's divorced wife. When the colonel had had to leave Barton Park so suddenly, he had learned that his ward had been seduced and then abandoned by Willoughby. Elinor gave this news to Marianne, who received it with such sorrow that Elinor feared for her health. Colonel Brandon continued to be kind to Marianne, and it was obvious to everyone that he loved her.

The girls continued their stay in London, and a little later their brother John and his wife Fanny took a house there. When the Misses Steele also arrived in town for a visit, Edward's mother learned at last that he and Lucy were engaged. Angry, she settled what would have been Edward's inheritance on her other son, Robert, and Edward and Lucy were left with no means of support. He planned to study for the ministry, and Elinor arranged with Colonel Brandon for Edward to become a curate on his estate so that Edward and Lucy could be married.

Before Elinor and Marianne returned home, they visited Cleveland, an estate between London and Barton Park. There Marianne became ill with a heavy cold. Because she was anxious to see her mother, Colonel Brandon went for Mrs. Dashwood. Before they returned, Willoughby, having heard of Marianne's illness, called at the house. He told Elinor that he had treated Marianne shamefully because he had no money of his own and because his wealthy relative had learned of his treatment of Colonel Brandon's ward and as a result had refused to give him an allowance. Consequently, he had married a wealthy girl and renounced Marianne. He said that he still loved Marianne and wished her to know his story so that she would not think harshly of him.

Marianne recovered from her illness and returned home with her mother and Elinor. There Elinor told her Willoughby's story. Marianne continued to sorrow for him, but she no longer loved him.

After their return Elinor learned from a servant that Edward and Lucy had been married. Soon Edward appeared at the cottage and told the Dashwoods that the unscrupulous Lucy had married his brother instead, after their mother had disinherited Edward in favor of Robert. Edward had come to ask Elinor to marry him, and he had no trouble in gaining her consent, as well as that of her mother. It remained only for him to secure a living. He went to London to seek his mother's forgiveness. Because Mrs. Ferrars also had

scorned her son Robert after his marriage to Lucy, she felt a need for affection from one of her children. After much weeping and pleading, which failed to move Edward in his determination to marry Elinor, Mrs. Ferrars gave her consent to the wedding. After their marriage they moved into the parsonage promised Edward by Colonel Brandon some months before.

The colonel continued his quiet and friendly courtship of Marianne. At last she recognized his gentleness and kindness and they were married. When they moved to his estate, the two sisters were near each other once more. Fanny and John were so pleased to be related to the colonel that Fanny even forgave Edward for marrying Elinor. Mrs. Dashwood was delighted at the good fortune of her children, and the families lived in peace and contentment for all of their lives.

A SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION

Type of work: Novel
Author: Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880)
Type of plot: Naturalism
Time of plot: Nineteenth century
Locale: France
First published: 1869

Principal characters:
FREDERIC MOREAU, a young student
M. ARNOUX, a businessman
MME. ARNOUX, his wife
M. DAMBREUSE, a banker
MME. DAMBREUSE, his wife
ROSANETTE, mistress of many
DESLAURIERS, Frederic's friend
LOUISE ROQUE, Frederic's neighbor

Critique:

This novel by Flaubert illustrates well his style. Flaubert's writing is always exact, concise, and detailed. His fame rests on a rather small number of works, of which the best known are *Madame Bovary* and *Salammbô*, all of them exhibiting the careful, labored work of a superb craftsman. *A Sentimental Education*, like the others, is a careful piece of work. Although the plot interest is slight, there are many impressive analyses of French character.

The Story:

In 1840 the boat down the Seine to Nogent had among its passengers Frederic Moreau, who was returning home after finishing his course at the College de Sens. Frederic, with the prospect of a long vacation before beginning his law studies, saw on the boat an older man whose conversation was eagerly followed by a group of admirers.

Frederic drew closer to hear what was being said. M. Arnoux was holding forth on the subject of women; his remarks were worldly in the extreme. Noticing Frederic in the circle, he made the young man's acquaintance and the two promenaded for some time. Arnoux invited Frederic to call when he arrived in Paris. Frederic went up to the first-class deck to sit and reflect on his homecoming. There he saw a woman knitting. Frederic thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She was a little older than he and demure of manner; she never once looked directly at him.

They were alone on the deck. Frederic moved several times to see her from different angles. Finally she dropped her ball of yarn. When Frederic retrieved it, her murmur of thanks was pleasant to hear. A few minutes later a little girl came up, and he knew the child was her daughter.. Then Arnoux appeared on deck, and Frederic learned that the woman was his wife. When the boat docked, he watched them drive away.

Mme. Moreau, a widow, was glad to see her son, for all her hopes were in his future career in diplomacy. As soon as he decently could, Frederic went out to meet his friend Deslauriers, an older boy also planning a legal career. The two friends discussed at great length their plans for Paris in the fall.

A neighbor of the Moreaus, M. Roque, gave Frederic a letter for M. Dambreuse, a rich banker in Paris. Mme. Moreau advised her son to call on Dambreuse as soon as he could; the banker could be of great help to a young lawyer. Bidding goodbye to his relatives and Louise Roque, a girl who had become his special friend during the summer, Frederic left

for Paris and his studies at the university.

Deslauriers and Frederic took an apartment together and began to attend lectures in law. Frederic, however, found great difficulty in keeping his mind on his studies, for he thought most of the time of Mme. Arnoux. He finally received an invitation to the Arnoux store, a big establishment dealing in paintings and other works of art. He was patient enough to become intimate with Arnoux, and he lived in hopes of meeting his wife.

One night Arnoux invited Frederic to a ball. At the masquerade Arnoux introduced him to Rosanette, an attractive woman called la Maréchale by her friends. Frederic was sure that Rosanette was Arnoux's mistress. He was glad to learn about the liaison; he had more hopes of becoming friendly with Mme. Arnoux.

When Frederic was finally invited to dine at the Arnoux home, he was happy to learn that Mme. Arnoux remembered him perfectly. She was a friendly woman, but as time went on Frederic saw little chance of ever becoming more intimate with her. Even when he was regularly included in gatherings at their country house, he made no progress. At last Frederic had to conclude that his friends were right; Mme. Arnoux was an honest woman.

So great was his preoccupation with the pursuit of Mme. Arnoux that Frederic failed his examinations that spring. Before he left for home he called at the Dambreuse home, where he was well received. He vowed to study hard, to forget about Mme. Arnoux, and to try his luck in public life under the sponsorship of M. Dambreuse. For a time Frederic studied diligently, cultivated the Dambreuse family, and went only occasionally to see Mme. Arnoux. Having passed his examinations, he was admitted to the bar.

Before leaving Paris, he was included in a picnic in honor of Mme. Arnoux's birthday. During the party she seemed put out with her husband. Arnoux shrugged off his wife's pique and sent her back to the city with Frederic. As they left, Arnoux gave his wife a bouquet which she surreptitiously threw away. Thinking she had dropped it, Frederic picked it up and gave it to her in the carriage. As soon as they had started the trip, she begged him to throw the flowers out the window. Frederic had never felt so close to her.

At Nogent Frederic had bad news. His mother's income had dwindled considerably because of the troubled politics of monarchial France, and she had been forced to sell some of her lands. Henceforth she would have only enough for a frugal living. A worse blow fell when Frederic's rich uncle in Le Havre announced that he would not leave his wealth to Frederic. Feeling that he was ruined, with no income and no expectations, Frederic resigned himself to a dull life in Nogent and spent three years in almost complete idleness. His only friend was Louise Roque, who had grown into an attractive woman.

At last a telegram came. The uncle in Le Havre had died intestate and Frederic was his only heir. Hastily Frederic prepared to return to Paris, in spite of his mother's remonstrances. He declared his love for Louise before he left, but all the while he was thinking of Mme. Arnoux.

In Paris, Frederic took a fashionable apartment and settled down to a life of ease. He became an intimate of the Arnoux household and renewed his friendship with Deslauriers. He agreed to furnish the money to found a journal of political opinion, his intention being to give employment to Deslauriers and at the same time control a paper that would support his own future career in politics. But when he learned that Arnoux was pressed financially, he lent money to him on Arnoux's promise of repayment in a few days. But Arnoux never repaid the money, and in disappointment Deslauriers broke off their friendship. Frederic consoled himself by

his increasing intimacy with Mme. Arnoux.

Little by little Arnoux lost most of his money, and an oil company he had founded went bankrupt. He began to spend less time at home and more with various mistresses. His wife, becoming aware of his many affairs, turned to Frederic for sympathy. At last she agreed to meet him and spend the afternoon in his company.

With high hopes Frederic rented a room for their rendezvous and filled it with expensive trinkets. He was to meet Mme. Arnoux between two and four, and on the appointed day he went to the meeting place at one-thirty. He waited until six-thirty, but she did not appear. In despair he went to see Rosanette, for to him it seemed a just retaliation to make Arnoux's mistress his own.

Mme. Arnoux had not kept the appointment because her son was ill. Taking his illness as a sign from heaven, she was much ashamed of her interest in Frederic.

During the riots which attended the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of the republic, Frederic spent the time agreeably enough in the country with Rosanette. He returned to Paris only after he received word that one of his friends had been wounded. Louise Roque went to Paris with her father, chiefly to see what had happened to Frederic. When she finally met him, she understood that he no longer was interested in her.

In spite of his affair with Rosanette, Frederic took another mistress, Mme. Dambreuse. When the banker died, Frederic decided to marry his widow. But in his will, canny Dambreuse had left his money to his niece. Frederic gave up all thought of the proposed marriage.

Although Frederic had many loves, none was permanent. When he was nearly fifty, Mme. Arnoux went to see him. They agreed that they had been right not to love carnally. Deslauriers had been for twenty-five years a lawyer in Nogent. He came to visit Frederic, and they talked over the past. Deslauriers had married Louise Roque, but she had run away with a singer. To the old friends it seemed that love was fickle, selfish, unhappy — like life itself.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Type of work: Novel
Author: Laurence Sterne (1713-1768)
Type of plot: Novelized autobiography
Time of plot: 1760's
Locale: France
First published: 1768

Principal characters:
MR. YORICK, a sentimental traveler
MADAME DE L—, a fellow traveler
MADAME DE R—, Madame de L—'s friend
COUNT DE B—, an admirer of Englishmen
LA FLEUR, a servant
MARIA, a country girl

Critique:

Sterne called his book *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy*, but the title of this unconventional mixture of autobiography, travel impressions, and fiction is misleading. Sterne told of his travels through France, but he died of tuberculosis before he had written the Italian section of his narrative. Sentimental, as the title implies, outrageous and eccentric in its humorous effects, the novel entertains the reader with delightful accounts and observations of whatever came into the author's mind. Like *Tristram Shandy*, the book broadened the scope of prose fiction for later writers by demonstrating that form and unified plot are not necessary for a successful novel.

The Story:

With all the different kinds of travelers, the Idle Travelers, the Inquisitive Travelers, the Travelers of Necessity, the Simple Travelers, and the rest, Mr. Yorick felt no kinship. He was a Sentimental Traveler. As such, he collected sentimental adventures as other tourists collected postcards of the points of interest they visited. Mr. Yorick had started his journey because a man had asked him, with a sneer, if he had ever been in France. Yorick had just made some statement on the French and did not like being answered so tartly merely because he did not have first-hand experience. The same evening he packed some clothes and left by boat for Calais.

While he was having supper at an inn in Calais, a poor monk approached him and begged alms for his monastery. Yorick rebuffed him with caustic and witty remarks. A little later Yorick saw the monk talking with an attractive woman who was also staying at the inn. Afraid the monk might tell her how rudely he had behaved, Yorick approached the couple, apologized to the monk, and offered his shell snuffbox to him as a peace offering. Having made friends with the monk and the lady, Yorick planned to ask the lady to travel with him to Paris. Her name, he learned, was Madame de L—.

Proposing to make the trip to Paris in a private carriage, Yorick invited the lady to go with him to look over some of the vehicles for sale in a nearby courtyard. Their admiration of each other grew with unusual rapidity. Before Yorick had a chance to ask her to travel with him, however, she was called away by a message that her brother, Count L—, had arrived. He had come to take her back to Belgium with him. Yorick was brokenhearted.

In parting, Madame de L— asked Yorick to visit her in Belgium if he passed through that country. She also gave him a letter of introduction to a good friend in Paris, Madame de R—.

The next day Yorick set off in a small carriage for Paris. His baggage fell out of the chaise several times, and he had a most uncomfortable trip to Montriul. There an innkeeper suggested he needed

a servant, and Yorick saw that the man was quite right. He hired a young boy named La Fleur, whose greatest accomplishments were playing the flute and making love to the girls. La Fleur was delighted at the prospect of traveling around Europe with a generous and unpredictable English milord; his only sadness on leaving home was the necessity to say goodbye to all his village sweethearts. Yorick was pleased with the lad's quickness and wit, as he was sure that the young Frenchman would be equal to any emergency arising along the way.

The first problem the travelers met on their journey was a dead ass lying in the middle of the road. The horses refused to pass the carcass, and La Fleur's horse threw him and ran away. Proceeding to the next town, they met and talked with the owner of the poor dead beast. He had taken the ass with him from Germany to Italy, and was very unhappy at its death, not so much because the beast had been a help to him, but because he felt sure that the ass had loved him dearly and had been a good friend to him for many years.

In Paris, Yorick went to the opera. A quotation from Shakespeare popping into his mind, he suddenly decided to go and buy the works of that writer. He went into a bookstore and found a set on the counter. Unfortunately they were not for sale, but had been sent to be rebound for Count de B—, a great lover of English authors and Englishmen. In the shop Yorick saw a most attractive young girl who, he decided, must be a chambermaid. When she left the shop, he followed her and began a conversation about the book she had bought. Yorick was surprised and pleased to discover that the young girl belonged to the household of Madame de R—. He told her to inform her mistress that he would call the next day.

On returning to his rooms, Yorick learned from La Fleur that the police wanted to see him. In his rush out of England he had forgotten to get a passport, and he had overlooked completely the fact that England and France were at war. Since he did not wish to be put in jail, he decided that he would have to get a passport. But he did not know how these matters were arranged in France. Madame de R— was the only person in Paris to whom he carried a letter of introduction, and he did not want to bother the lady about the matter. The only other chance of help was from Count de B—, who at least liked Englishmen.

It took Yorick some time to get in to see the count, but when he did the count was most polite. As an amusing way to introduce himself, Yorick opened one of the volumes of Shakespeare, which had just been sent from the bookseller's. Turning to *The Tragedy of Hamlet* and pointing to the passage about the jester Yorick, he said that was his name. The count was overcome with pleasure at meeting so famous a person, and Yorick could say nothing that would change the count's mind. The count left the room and did not return for a long while. When he did, he presented Mr. Yorick with a passport which called him the King's Jester. Realizing that he could not correct the mistake without losing his passport, Yorick thanked the count and returned to his rooms.

The next day Madame de R—'s chambermaid called to see why Mr. Yorick had not visited her mistress as he had promised. Yorick explained about the passport and asked her to present his apology. Some hours later, after the girl had gone, the manager of the hotel came in and objected to Yorick's having young ladies in his room. In order to keep from being evicted from the hotel, Yorick had to buy some lace from a young woman. He suspected that the manager pocketed most of the profits from such sales.

On Sunday La Fleur appeared in a fine suit of clothes which he had bought second-hand. He asked if he might be allowed to have the day off, as he had been able to make friends with a young woman he would like to see again that day. Yorick asked him to bring some food before he left for the day. Wrapped

about the butter, which La Fleur brought with Yorick's dinner, was a piece of paper which bore on it some old printing. Yorick became interested in the story it told and spent the whole day translating the faded characters to read the story of a luckless notary. But he was never to know the ending of the tale, for La Fleur had used the rest of the paper to wrap up a bouquet for his new ladylove.

Yorick had a fine time at parties to which he was invited by Count de B— and the count's friends. He agreed with everyone to whom he talked, and made no remarks of his own, and so he was thought the finest wit in Paris. After several minor sentimental adventures, Yorick and La Fleur set out to travel through southern France. At Moulines, Yorick stopped to see Maria, a poor unhappy girl who wandered about the country grieving for her dead father. He had heard of the girl from his old friend, Mr. Toby Shandy, who had met her several years before. Yorick sat down on a rock with Maria and, moved by her purity and sadness, shed a few tears with her.

Before ascending Mount Taurira, Yorick stopped and had dinner with a pleasant peasant family. That night he was forced to stay in a roadside inn. There was only one room in the inn, and Yorick had to share it with a French lady and her maid. In the room there were two large beds standing beside each other and, in a closet connected to the room, a cot. After much deliberation, the lady and Yorick took the big beds and sent the maid into the closet. Yorick had to promise to stay in his bed all night, and not to say a word. Unable to sleep, both Yorick and the lady began talking. Afraid that something untoward might occur, the maid come out of the closet and, unseen, stood between the two beds. Yorick stretched out his hand. With this sentimental gesture Sterne ended abrupt ly the story of his sentimental journey.

SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

Type of work: Drama
Author: Aeschylus (525-456 B.C.)
Type of plot: Classical tragedy
Time of plot: Remote antiquity
Locale: Thebes in Boeotia
First presented: 467 B.C.

Principal characters:
ETEOCLES, King of Thebes
POLYNICES, his brother
ANTIGONE, and
ISMENE, their sisters
A SPY
THEBAN WOMEN, the chorus

Critique:

In this severely simple drama, in which all the action is described by messengers, Aeschylus presented the third and closing episode in the tragic legend of the royal house of Thebes. The plays dealing with the fate of Laius and of his son Oedipus, have, unfortunately, not come down to us, but in the surviving drama the deaths of Eteocles and his brother Polynices, sons of Oedipus and grandsons of Laius, culminated three generations of violence, bloodshed, and agony which arose from Laius' ingratitude to Pelops. The delineation of the character of Eteocles in this play marked in Greek tragedy a new departure which was to be perfected by Sophocles and Euripides.

The Story:

After the ruin and exile of Oedipus, King of Thebes, his sons, Eteocles and Polynices, fell into open dispute, each brother claiming supreme authority in the city. The quarrel led to a bloody civil war, in which Eteocles was victorious. Banished from Thebes, Polynices went to Argos. There he mustered an army, led by six famous Argive heroes, for the purpose of returning and recapturing the city, which was restless under his brother's rule.

Thebes was besieged with the Argive warriors camped about its walls. Eteocles, consulting a seer, learned that his brother's army was planning to make a surprise night attack and under cover of darkness scale the walls and overwhelm the defenders. Eteocles exhorted all Theban men, young and old, to stand bravely at their posts and to repel the attackers.

While he was speaking, a spy reported to Eteocles that Polynices and his Argives had sworn to raze the city, their vows made with clasps of hands stained by blood dripping from the head of an ox sacrificed in solemn ritual. The spy also brought word that Polynices and the six Argive heroes had drawn lots to determine the city gates against which each of the seven would lead his band of attackers.

Upon hearing the spy's report, the Theban women called upon the gods and goddesses to protect Cadmus' sacred city from the onslaught of the besiegers. Eteocles rebuked the frightened women and declared that they were wasting their time with appeals to the gods at a time of imminent peril. He asserted that the Thebans must depend on their own courage and strength, not upon the unpredictable gods. Angrily he dismissed the women to attend to their children and weaving; they were to leave all other matters to their husbands and fathers.

Eteocles then chose the six outstanding warriors of Thebes who would, with himself, defend the seven gates of the city against the seven Achaean warriors who had sworn each to take a gate of the city by storm. The king chose the defending heroes carefully. Theban Melanippus

would oppose Argive Tydeus; Polyphontes, Capaneus; Megareus, Eteocles of Argos; Hyperbius, Hippomedon; Actor, Parthenopaeus, and Lasthenes, Amphiaraus. Because Polynices himself was to be the seventh hero leading the attack against the seventh gate, Eteocles announced that he would stand as his brother's opponent. Their combat, prince against prince, brother against brother, would determine for all time the destiny of their ill-fated house.

Hearing his heated words, the Theban women again began their wailing lament and warned him against the sin of fratricide. But Eteocles, well aware of the blood bath that his family had already suffered because of the curse of Pelops on Laius, his grandfather, ignored the city matrons. Defying the fickle gods, he declared that he was determined to remain King of Thebes, even if his brother's death must be the price of his crown.

At Etiocles' mention of the curse upon his house, the Theban women deplored the sad story of Laius. Already cursed by Pelops, whose hospitality he had desecrated, Laius had been warned by Apollo that he would prosper only if he sired no child. In spite of the warning, however, he had fathered a son, Oedipus. Later the child was abandoned in the wilderness, where he was saved from death by the intervention of an old household servant and reared to manhood by a good shepherd. Oedipus, in turn, defied prophecies of disaster and doom when he, unaware of his true identity, murdered Laius, his father, and subsequently married Jocasta, his mother. Two of the children of their ill-starred union were Eteocles and Polynices, whose rivalry had caused untold suffering in Thebes. The women wept when they recalled the years of strife and trouble that had been brought upon their city by the doomed line of Cadmus.

Meanwhile the brazen clamor of arms and the shouts of men sounded in the distance; the attack had begun. While the women waited to learn the outcome of the assault, a messenger brought word that the defenders had beaten back the Argive warriors at six of the seven gates. The city had been saved, he announced, but in the fighting at the seventh gate Eteocles and Polynices had both been slain.

At the height of the attack, when the battle was fiercest, the brothers had killed each other, thus fulfilling the prophecy of Oedipus that his sons would share glory by iron, that is to say, by the sword, not by gold. The only land over which they would rule would be the grave, and the soil that had called them masters was now red with their blood.

The bodies of Eteocles and Polynices were carried into the city in preparation for their burial. Antigone and Ismene, sisters of the dead princes, mourned their violent deaths, while the Theban women sang a mournful dirge for the tragic ending of a great family, cursed by the gods but defiant of the doom forecast years ago and now unhappily fulfilled.

In the midst of their laments a herald appeared to announce the decision of the Theban senate. Eteocles, the city fathers had decreed, had been his country's friend; as such, his body was to receive final burial rites and to be interred within the royal tomb. Men would remember him as his city's champion and savior. Polynices, on the other hand, had sowed dissension and civil strife. Demanding fit punishment for his crimes against the state, the senate had proclaimed that his body should be thrown outside the city gates, where dogs and ravens could feast upon his flesh.

Antigone imperiously defied the city fathers. If no one else would give her brother a burial befitting his rank, she declared, she herself would bury him. It was her opinion, since he was the older son and therefore rightful heir to the throne, that he had been no more right and no more wrong than Eteocles had been in his beliefs and deeds.

Her brave defiance brought many sympathizing citizens to her side. Some declared that laws often changed and what is one day right is often wrong tomorrow.

The others, surrounding the corpse of Eteocles, maintained that they would obey the decree of the senate. In that division of public opinion more troubles were forecast for the unhappy city.

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES

Type of work: Short stories
Author: Isak Dinesen (Baroness Karen Blixen-Finecke, 1885-1962)
Time: Nineteenth century
Locale: Mostly northern Europe
First published: 1934

Principal characters:
Miss Malin Nat-og-Dag, an old aristocrat
Countess Calypso von Platen Hallermund, her godchild
Cardinal Hamilcar von Sehestedt
Kasparson, his servant
Jonathan Maersk, a young noble
Baron von Brackel, an old gallant
The Prioress of Closter Seven
Boris, her nephew
Athena, the girl Boris loved
Count Augustus von Schimmelmann, a young Danish nobleman
Donna Rosina di Gampocorta, a Pisan lady
Morten De Coninck, a sailor
Eliza, and
Fanny, his sisters
Lincoln Forsner, an English adventurer
Mathiesen, a town councilor
Anders Kube, a clerk and poet
Mme. Fransine Lerche, a beauty

When Isak Dinesen's *Seven Gothic Tales* first appeared in 1934, their old-world atmosphere, their romantic style of writing, and their aura of mystery made them highly popular. Particularly in America, these tales of the supernatural and of nineteenth-century aristocratic life found a wide audience of people tired of the vast amount of realistic and naturalistic fiction of the age. At that time, few Americans knew Isak Dinesen's real identity (she is a Danish Baroness, Karen Blixen-Finecke). In fact, Dorothy Canfield, who wrote the introduction to the first American edition of *Seven Gothic Tales*, did not know whether the author was a man or a woman and only ventured the guess that the author was a northern European of aristocratic background. These tales, and Isak Dinesen's subsequent work, have held a loyal audience ever since, although for many readers the enthusiasm that originally greeted the *Seven Gothic Tales* has been tempered by an awareness of the overwriting and the tricks frequently used to bring the plots together.

Many of the plots involved in the *Seven Gothic Tales* deal with a vanishing aristocracy in Europe in the early or middle years of the nineteenth century. The aristocracy, concerned with passing its blood down from generation to generation, finds the lines of breeding corrupted by illegitimacy. The uncovering of illegitimacy, or sometimes of legitimacy, is one of the major plot devices in Isak Dinesen's work. In "The Deluge at Norderney," for example, Jonathan Maersk is trying to escape the knowledge that he is really a baron's son instead of the son of a simple seaman. The knowledge that he is the baron's son makes Miss Malin Nat-og-Dag arrange a marriage between him and her godchild while they are all waiting in a hayloft for a rescue boat during a flood. The plot hinges on Jonathan's disclosure of his origin, no matter how melancholy this revelation makes him, for melancholy is fashionable among the aristocracy of the time. The question of legitimacy also plays a strong part in the working out of several of the other tales.

Most of the stories also contain a strong element of the supernatural. People assume the identities of others, as the servant Kasparson assumes the identity of Cardinal Hamilcar von Sehestedt, after he has killed the cardinal, in "The Deluge at Norderney"; or people's lives strangely follow the pattern of long-dead historical figures as in "The Poet," in which the situation repeats the pattern of a royal triangle that had led to tragedy in the same town half a century before. It is as if men are not the agents that control their destinies; rather, they are pushed by powers greater than they, powers that are never explained or described in any rationally comprehensible manner. Mysterious transformations also take place in this northern and supernatural world, as the prioress is transformed inexplicably in "The Monkey." Along this gloomy northern shore, men are haunted by ghosts of history and their own past actions. The supernatural is not always inexplicable; it is sometimes, in Isak Dinesen's work, used as the symbol for the past of the character influencing his present. Morten De Coninck's return to the sea, in "The Supper at Elsinore," is at least as much a reaction against his sisters and his boyhood memories as it is a mysterious "call" from powers stronger than he. In other stories, like "The Monkey," both Athena's and the prioress' actions seem attributable only to supernatural causes.

These stories are full of heroic and aristocratic action. For example, in "The Roads Round Pisa," a young Danish nobleman who helps an old lady after a road accident finds himself led into a complex of events that eventually causes him to become involved in a duel. The stories have floods and storms, long voyages and tragic deaths, a constant kind of romantic derring-do. If the characters are expected to maintain strength and heroism in the face of adversity, if they do avoid self-pity (although not melancholy), they still become involved in incidents like duels for love or honor, in raging storms or floods, that recall the romantic tradition. The only element in Miss Dinesen's work that distinguishes it from the supernatural, romantic tale is the need of the characters to meet their fate without wailing, with bravery and often stoicism, as an aristocratic old woman faces the decay of her class and her own possible death during a furious storm in "The Deluge at Norderney." At its best, Isak Dinesen's work shows the courage involved in facing the unpredictable, the romantic defeat, the powerful supernatural force.

Some of the tales, like "The Poet" and "The Supper at Elsinore," have more simple and domestic settings. Instead of dealing with bizarre aristocrats considering blood lines and legitimacy, these stories deal with simple townspeople or seafaring families. But these people also become involved in strange events that they cannot control, and they find the romantic promptings of their souls unfulfilled in the quiet ways of life they are expected to lead. "The Poet" deals with the love triangle of the town councilor, the poet, and the beautiful lady who has just come to town. Their romantic urges, their characters, and their fates make a conflict inevitable, despite their awareness of a historical warning concerning the same kind of triangle. Two sisters, who have unwillingly become old maids because their brother ran away from his intended bride at the altar, wait faithfully for the brother in "The Supper at Elsinore." He returns, but again runs away, for the pathetic and romantic sisters have come to represent exactly what he fled in the first place. Isak Dinesen is able to look at her characters clearly in these stories, analyze the motives that impel them, sympathize with their romantic dreams, and yet treat their defeats without falling into mawkish excess.

One of Isak Dinesen's stories is more glibly ironic than are the rest. In "The Old Chevalier" an old baron who has been successful with the ladies for many years is approached by a lovely young girl in Paris. He takes her to his room, invests her with all the characteristics of

the enigmatic and romantic waif, makes love to her, and feels he has found something pure, ideal, and beautiful. Then, as she is leaving, she asks him for her standard fee. Like Isak Dinesen's other aristocratic heroes, he takes his defeat with good grace but with knowledge of the ironic situation in which he finds himself. Although obvious similar devices of plot are frequent in *Seven Gothic Tales*, the bizarre details and the supernatural aura of stories such as "The Monkey" and "The Deluge at Norderney" make them far more interesting for most readers than is "The Old Chevalier."

The frequent use of both the bizarre and the supernatural is paralleled by Isak Dinesen's rich and provocative style. Although often repetitious, the prose is full of gloomy images of the northern seas, a full use of comparisons, and great ease of manner. Isak Dinesen is a true storyteller, able to evoke a mood with richness, ease, and power. Her prose is also distinguished by touches of humor which, without disrupting the thread of the narrative, are apparent in all her work. These frequent injections of humor do much to relieve the fullness and the supernatural aura of the ornate prose.

Despite the humor and despite an awareness of psychological motive, Isak Dinesen is not essentially a twentieth-century writer. Her adroit, easy style, her fondness for the bizarre and the supernatural, her construction of elaborate plots based on a trick, a mistaken identity, a sudden inexplicable transformation—all these make her tales far more characteristic of nineteenth-century rather than twentieth-century writing. Because she writes out of allegiance to the earlier Gothic tradition and with consciously contrived artistry, it does not seem likely that she will be celebrated as one of our greatest, most profound, or most interesting writers. At the same time her deliberate adherence to a past literary tradition and an earlier style and point of view makes her work an interesting example of the diversity of contemporary literature and provides her with a loyal and enthusiastic group of readers.

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

Type of work: History
Author: T. E. Lawrence (1888-1935)
Time: 1916-1918
Locale: The Middle East
First published: 1926

Principal personages:
T. E. LAWRENCE, the author
SHERIF FEISAL IBN HUSSEIN
FIELD MARSHAL EDMUND H. H. ALLENBY
SIR HENRY MCMAHON, High Commissioner in Egypt
JEMAL PASHA, of Syria
SHERIF HUSSEIN, Emir of Mecca

Unless the forces and countercurrents of world history change abruptly or virtually reverse themselves, it is unlikely that an Englishman will ever again have the opportunity to approximate the exploits and terrors, the sense of achievement and frustration which T. E. Lawrence experienced and described in his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. This work is, in a very real sense, autobiographical history, lived by a most extraordinary and strangely gifted man.

The unusual qualities manifest in the author of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* developed early. His boyhood interest in archaeology and adventure resulted in one book, *Crusader Castles*, written while he was still an undergraduate. His field of special study at Oxford brought about his travels as a professional archaeologist in exploratory rambles through Syria, Egypt, and Northern Mesopotamia. When war broke out in 1914, it was only to be expected that Lawrence would serve in British Intelligence in Egypt. But in 1916, Captain Lawrence sought leave from these duties to try to bring about unity among the Arab chieftains in order to counteract the military and political activities of Turkey. With these extraordinary years *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is concerned.

Following World War I, Lawrence's life fell into unusual patterns. Granted many military distinctions and special recognition for his achievements during the war years, he refused nearly every honor. For a time he served as Arab consultant at peace conferences and as a political adviser to the Colonial office of his government. By 1921, however, his secretive nature had asserted itself. He enlisted as an aircraftman under the name of Ross; he saw duty as Private T. E. Shaw in the Tank Corps; and he enlisted again as T. E. Shaw in the Air Force. Upon completion of this last tour of duty, he returned to England, only to lose his life in a motorcycle crash. His was a strange and unusual life, filled with adventure, heroic achievement, planned self-effacement, and accidental conclusion.

Just as extraordinary were the events culminating in the final publication of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Working from his own detailed notes, which he destroyed as he completed each major section of the book, Lawrence lost almost the entire first draft. Again he set about his task, this time writing from memory alone. The work appeared first in the limited edition of 1926. In the following year he issued an abridgement, *Revolt in the Desert*, for the general public. Following his death in 1935, the full text of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* was released. Comparison of the complete work with *Revolt in the Desert* affords no good explanation for the author's insistence upon the delay in releasing of the full text.

Strange, even quixotic, as some of the

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM by T. E. Lawrence. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday & Co., Inc. Copyright, 1926, 1935, by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

incidents of Lawrence's life and the fortunes of his principal publication may seem, the book itself is far more extraordinary and revealing: a detailed and absorbing recital of two years of striving. of attack and maneuver, of persuasion and rebuff, of privation and intense strain, which culminated in a large measure of success with partial victory of Arab forces over the common enemy, Turkey.

The title of this account is to some extent indicative of the complex mind of the author. Some years before he had selected the phrase from the first verse of the ninth chapter of the Book of Proverbs: "Wisdom hath builded a house: she hath hewn out her seven pillars." At the time he planned to use the title for a projected book about seven cities; later he transferred the title to the present work "as a memento" of his early literary enterprise; finally he added the subtitle, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom: a Triumph.* In essence, the full title suggests the transition from Lawrence the youthful archaeologist to Lawrence the expert in Arab affairs and in military plans and strategy.

This record of a two-year campaign is long, compact, and explicit, though set down from memory. It consists of 122 closely written chapters, comprising an introduction, ten books, and an epilogue, totaling more than six hundred pages.

In the first seven chapters Lawrence sketched what he termed "The Foundations of Revolt." He described the Arab lands and their troubled peoples, the animosity between Turks and the other loosely knit groups, the lack of trust among various Arab clans, and the absence of fundamental understanding of all these conflicting circumstances on the part of the British Foreign Office and key military leaders. Lawrence was convinced that the Arab Revolt could succeed if the Arab leaders were properly advised.

After securing detachment from his Foreign Office assignment, he took off to interview Arab chieftains and leaders. He traveled far, on camelback and in Arab dress, to confer with Feisal and other prominent Arab chiefs in an effort to gather first-hand impressions of physical conditions, supplies, and military strength. With this information, Lawrence returned to his superior officers and reported that a tribal war would be feasible if adequately supplied logistically. His estimate of the situation was accepted, somewhat surprisingly, and preparations began for an attack on the Turks. A frontal assault soon proved foolhardy, however, because of the preponderant forces of the enemy. Thereafter, the Arabs under Feisal served often as an integral part of the British force and were successful in taking Medina, Akaba; in harassing the enemy by cutting railway communications; and finally in aiding in the capture of Damascus. By this time the Turkish armies were scattered and the Eastern war drew to its end. Lawrence's efforts were expended. He departed as soon as possible in order not to become involved in the stalemate of establishing authority.

As an account by one intimately acquainted with a successful military endeavor of great significance, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* merits recognition and thorough study, for it is an excellent treatise of war conducted under extremely difficult conditions. But Lawrence's book offers much more than mere history; in reality, the military story is little more than the framework upon which the author built a deeply absorbing analysis of this part of the Arab world. its people and leaders, its weaknesses, and its hopes for the future. As a professional student of the past history of those areas, Lawrence had chosen to live among the people, to learn their ways, and to share their hardships. With this profoundly sympathetic background, Lawrence was singularly equipped to understand, to reconcile Arab psychology with Allied purpose, to gain the confidence of justifiably suspicious Arab leaders. In the course of his account, Lawrence constantly describes, explains, and interprets. His style, though at times archaic or difficult, enables him to picture desert scenes, oases, and the teeming Arab cities with consummate skill. His portraits

of his associates, his junior colleagues and senior officers among the Allies, and his valued and capable friends among the Arabs are vivid word pictures. Lawrence had an eye for human qualities and human character, and he could record them memorably. As few Europeans have ever been able to do, Lawrence became one of the people he was working with, and the most understanding and intelligent of them realized this phenomenon and valued his efforts.

Perhaps the most puzzling and stimulating feature of this extraordinary book is almost coincidental: the picture of Lawrence himself which gradually emerges. T. E. Lawrence was indeed an amazing person. He was capable of intense absorption in the task at hand, that of mounting a successful military operation to conquer the Turks. But at the same time he was appreciating the stark beauties of barren lands and ancient cities; he was evaluating human beings and their ways, judging, adapting their strength to the immediate purpose, and enjoying their companionship. He was also subjecting his own way of life and his own people to a very critical appraisal. In the end, he evidently found his own institutions strangely lacking and disappointing. Hence, Lawrence apparently decided to refuse the honors heaped upon him, to cut himself off from the leaders of his own kind, and to submerge himself in obscurity. His was a lofty, powerful mind, honest but stern and implacable. When that mind could not reconcile itself to the English present, he simply chose anonymity. Like Gulliver, his travels among strange peoples and regions left Lawrence far from satisfied with the ideals and practices in his homeland.

SEVEN SHORT PLAYS

Type of work: Drama
Author: Lady Gregory (Isabella Augusta Persse Gregory, 1852-1932)
Time: The nineteenth and early twentieth centuries
Locale: Ireland
First published: 1909

These fine plays, the best and most popular short plays by the influential writer-director of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, were dedicated to the moving spirit of the group, William Butler Yeats.

The plays, produced in the years 1903 to 1909, are capsule representatives of the entire theater movement during the Irish Renaissance. They contain something of Yeats' own poetic imagery, Synge's mystical lyricism, and O'Casey's critical though often comic realism.

In this collection Lady Gregory, careful scholar and folklorist, included notes and music, production dates, and names of actors which also serve to document her literary career and her activities in the theater. The notes explain the source of inspiration, name those who gave information, and define Irish terms and expressions. The music is folk in origin, though carefully transcribed and adapted, perhaps, to the demands of the theater. The production dates and casts are, of course, history.

The first short play, "Spreading the News," began as a tragedy of the unhappy results of rumor. In 1903 what was needed, Lady Gregory says, was comedy to offset heavier pieces, and so she designed a farce of errors, the errors of false reports which involved the whole henny-penny Irish countryside. A new magistrate, very zealous to uncover law violations, followed a report of violence from the time an unexplained act of friendship—returning a pitchfork—became the ditching of an instrument used to kill the husband of a faithless spouse. The entire population of a country fair becomes radically partisan, to the extreme discomfiture of the unlucky "murderer," who swears he will commit the rumored murder should his "victim" be put in jail with him.

"Hyacinth Halvey," the title name of the hero, now stands as a byword for the unlucky man about whom nothing evil can be said. This play, often anthologized since its first production and printing in 1906, contrasts Halvey with Fardy Farrell, the good-natured lout about whom nothing good is said. Lady Gregory suggests that respectability can be a great burden, for young Hyacinth arrives in a small, gossipy village, where he is preceded by fulsome "characters," recommendations from his relatives and friends. The satire is resolved when Halvey's honest attempts to be wicked become in one instance the saving of a butcher who deals in spoiled meat and in another a covering-up of the alleged crime of poor Farrell. Hyacinth Halvey finally goes off to the courthouse to deliver a temperance lecture—sent there by the absentee speaker—on the shoulders of the townspeople, who proclaim him a kind of messiah.

Also produced in 1906, "The Gaol Gate" holds something of quiet tragedy, a keening of the wife and the mother of a man who died for a crime he did not commit, without informing on those who did. This misfortune becomes a solace to the two women who had traveled to the jail thinking the man an informer—again, village rumor. Though the symbolism is not insisted upon, the two women are both named Mary. And they leave in exaltation, knowing that Denis died for his neighbor.

In 1907 two other plays were produced. "The Jackdaw" shows the Irish temperament to be at once quixotic and rigidly practical. An improvident shopkeeper has been hailed into court for nonpayment of debt, but her brother wants to get her off and yet remain anonymous, not for reasons of modesty but to prevent

her from bleeding him. A friend invents the fiction of the jackdaw which sells for ten pounds, the amount of the fine. Everyone in town then goes on a jackdaw hunt, not excluding the benefactor.

"The Rising of the Moon" is a melodrama which on production aroused some controversy among extreme Nationalists and Unionists alike. The story tells of a ragged young ballad singer, a political refugee, who makes his escape with the help of a magical song, a folksong from his native county, which proves to be the birthplace of the policeman who allows him, even helps him, to escape.

"It is better to be quarreling than alone" is the proverb upon which "The Workhouse Ward" is based. First written as the scenario of a play to further the national theater movement, this work was in 1908 expanded into a lively farce in which opposition attracts. Into a scene of violent argument beween two old men in a poorhouse comes the sister of one, offering to take him to her home. The other man, a childhood friend to them both, begs to be taken too. The sister feels that his request is unreasonable, especially when her brother refuses to go without his favorite enemy, and she leaves them. The play closes on a scene of violence more devastating than that with which it opens.

The final play, for which no production date is given, is based on an international folk-tale type known as "The Greedy Peasant Woman." "The Travelling Man" of the title is Christ, who many years ago led a homeless young girl to the lonely house of a widower, asking only that she not shut her heart upon him when he returns. Each year, the woman explains to her young daughter, she and her husband make a special cake commemorating the day (the feast day) when they were brought together. While the mother is out, the young girl invites in a tramp who plays with her and asks only a bit of food from the mother upon her return. She refuses him and reviles him, only to discover a flowering branch left behind as a sign that he was the "King of the World."

Such versatility as Lady Gregory displayed in her long association with the Abbey Theatre is very well presented in this volume, the plays ranging as they do from farce to fantasy. She was one of the great Irish writers of one-act plays who, along with Dunsany, Synge, and Yeats, made the one-act play an art form. They have had many imitators, but no peers.

THE SEVEN WHO FLED

Type of work: Novel
Author: Frederic Prokosch (1909-
Type of plot: Exotic romance
Time of plot: c. 1935
Locale: China
First published: 1937

Principal characters:
LAYEVILLE, an English explorer
SERAFIMOV, a Russian exile
GOUPILLIÈRE, a Belgian criminal
HUGO WILDENBRUCH, a German geologist
JOACHIM VON WALD, an Austrian geologist
MONSIEUR DE LA SCAZE, a wealthy Frenchman
OLIVIA DE LA SCAZE, his Spanish wife
DR. LIU, a Chinese merchant

Critique:

The mystery of the Orient floods the pages of *The Seven Who Fled:* its resignation, its cruelty, its passive strength, and its subtle lure for the Occidental. Starting at the extreme western edge of China, the scenes of the novel are wide in range. Seven Europeans, assembled by chance at Kashgar, are set adrift to brave an alien East. Prokosch sketches their adventures in seven separate stories, giving his narrative a degree of unity by the use of a prologue and an epilogue. These Europeans are fleeing more than a revolutionary disturbance when they join a Chinese caravan for their flight across central Asia. Purposeless and disillusioned, they are running away, not only from themselves but from Europe itself, the shaper of their barren and frustrated lives. Their personal fates dramatize the fates of their different countries, and their common doom hints at the death of a continent. This vivid contrast between the ancient Asiatic landscape and the bewildered, frightened modern man gives Prokosch's novel a quality of thoughtfulness and significance which only deepens its verbal beauty.

The Story:

Late one September night, a caravan crossed a dried river bed and approached Aqsu from the direction of Kashgar. The members of the party were Dr. Liu, a wealthy and cultured Chinese merchant who had hired the caravan; seven Europeans, including one woman, whom he had permitted to join it, and a dozen or more Turki porters. The Europeans had been forced to leave Kashgar because of disturbances in Sinkiang Province. Before them lay an arduous, danger-filled journey of two thousand miles eastward to Shanghai.

Their troubles started early, at Aqsu. Local authorities mysteriously imprisoned the two young geologists, Wildenbruch and von Wald, the German and the Austrian. Two others were detained as hostages, the huge Russian Serafimov and the scarred, wiry Belgian, Goupillière. The remaining three were permitted to move on with Dr. Liu, but wealthy de la Scaze developed a fever and also stayed behind. His young and beautiful Spanish wife went on with the caravan, as did Layeville, the handsome English explorer. Layeville, inured to hardship, withstood imperturbably the rigors of desert heat and distance. The camels were less enduring; and finally, with only four of them left, the party was forced to halt. Fortunately, two caravans soon came into view, one headed eastward and the other toward Tibet. Dr. Liu and Olivia de la Scaze joined the former; but Layeville, to their astonishment, turned back toward Tibet.

THE SEVEN WHO FLED by Frederic Prokosch. By permission of the author and the publishers, Doubleday & Co., Inc. Copyright, 1937, by Harper & Brothers.

After weeks of travel his caravan, misled by a treacherous Tibetan, became hopelessly lost. Among the icy peaks which symbolized something remotely beckoning and unattainable, Layeville awaited calmly the experience he had been half-consciously seeking—death.

Back in Aqsu, the hulking Russian exile began his interminable wait in the crowded *caravanserai*. Patient at first, Serafimov soon began to be tortured by physical desire. Hearing of a Russian prostitute who was supposed to possess wit and elegance, he went to her apartment, but she rejected him. Emotional and impulsive, Serafimov daily sank deeper into melancholy brooding. Soon his frustration found an outlet in hatred and jealousy of his cleverer fellow-hostage. Eventually he realized what he had to do—and one dark night, after Goupillière had slipped out to visit Madame Tastin, Serafimov awoke and followed him.

Goupillière had had an unsavory past. Scheming and unscrupulous, his unusual beauty had allowed him to prey on women, robbing them of their virtue and jewels. Murder was added to the dark pattern of his crimes when, in blind fury, he strangled a Parisian grisette who had split his cheek with a pair of scissors. In new-found fear he fled to Saigon—where he met de la Scaze and his wife—and thence to Kashgar and Aqsu. At Aqsu his ability to torment the clumsy Russian had afforded Goupillière malicious pleasure. Now, however, the discovery of the menace lurking in Serafimov's eyes was turning the Belgian's amusement into fright. One night, coming from Madame Tastin's, Goupillière found the Russian waiting. A short flight, a game of frantic hide-and-seek in the dark, and he felt vast hands closing upon his throat.

Meanwhile Wildenbruch, with his Austrian companion, was still in prison. With Germanic thoroughness he exercised, he counted passers-by, he kept a journal. Finally the vigilance of the guards relaxed, and the prisoners escaped. After fleeing all night, they sighted a caravan which carried them into Mongolia and there abandoned them. However, they were befriended by an old Russian, Mordovinov, who installed them in one of his two huts and helped them through the winter. During their stay in that frozen wasteland Wildenbruch began to cough, and occasionally he found his handkerchief stained with blood. The discovery sent a chill of dismay through him, for his mother had died of tuberculosis.

Young von Wald did not find the long Mongolian winter irksome, although he was concerned at his friend's intermittent illness. High-spirited and hopeful, he attempted to encourage the despondent Wildenbruch. With the approach of spring they decided to resume, once more, their eastward journey. Taking affectionate leave of Mordovinov, they traveled on foot for a few days until they reached a main road and fell in with a caravan of cattle and donkeys. Time passed and they reached the coast, with Wildenbruch wildly anxious to sail for Germany; but von Wald, entranced with the East, decided to remain in Shanghai.

Shanghai was also the end of the trail for Olivia de la Scaze. Earlier, she had accepted Dr. Liu's hospitable invitation to break her difficult journey at his luxurious home in Lu-chow. It soon became clear, however, that he had no intention of allowing her to leave. Alarmed, she escaped one night and boarded a junk for Shanghai. During the voyage she became feverish and listless, no longer caring what happened to her or that the Chinese captain and his handsome young pilot were obviously treating her as their virtual captive. Upon reaching Shanghai, she made no resistance when she was led into the street of the prostitutes and placed in a brothel.

A similar resignation to destiny had seized Olivia's husband, recuperating at Aqsu. His money ran low, but he made no effort to depart. Realizing that he had never utilized his powers of observation and understanding, he began to immerse himself in the sights and sounds of the East. The climax of his experience was reached when a beautiful dancing-girl

came to his apartment—but she brought with her the contagion of cholera. When de la Scaze fell ill, he made his way, like the natives, to the Dying Field. There he awaited, almost joyously, the purification of death.

A final three-cornered encounter took place in Shanghai. After saying goodbye to Wildenbruch, Joachim von Wald strolled back from the docks into the city. Resting at a café, he saw two people emerging from a doorway across the street. One was a prostitute, black-haired and beautifully shaped; she was Spanish, von Wald decided. Her companion was a huge Russian—Serafimov. A vague recollection stirred the Austrian, and he exchanged a few words with the man. Then they parted, and von Wald walked thoughtfully onward through the tangled maze of Shanghai streets.

THE SEVEN WHO WERE HANGED

Type of work: Novel
Author: Leonid Andreyev (1871-1919)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: Early twentieth century
Locale: Russia
First published: 1908

Principal characters:
SERGEY GOLOVIN,
VASILY KASHIRIN,
TANYA KOVALCHUK,
MUSYA, and
WERNER, revolutionists
IVAN YANSON, and
TSIGANOK GOLUBETS, two condemned men

Critique:

In a letter granting permission for *The Seven Who Were Hanged* to be translated from the Russian, Andreyev stated clearly his purpose in writing the novel. It was to expose capital punishment as a horrible crime, no matter what the provocation. In this novel the writer shows us the mind of each of the seven who were condemned. To Andreyev, each had something in his character or in his background which justified his actions, and so the novelist's sympathy was with the doomed ones. It is a powerful story, probably the most important contribution Andreyev made to the literature of Russia and of the world. Once read, the story of *The Seven Who Were Hanged* is difficult to forget.

The Story:

When the police informed a powerful minister that there was a plot to assassinate him, he was terrified. But the police assured him that he would be given ample protection; they knew who the terrorists were and would arrest them.

As good as their word, the police seized three men and two women, young people ranging in age from nineteen to twenty-eight. A large amount of dynamite was also found. The evidence was so damaging that the prisoners knew they would be sentenced to hang. The trial was swift, and the five revolutionists were imprisoned until the time of their execution, two days hence.

In the same prison were two other condemned men who had been waiting about two weeks for their execution. One was Ivan Yanson, a peasant workman. He was an Estonian who spoke Russian poorly and talked little. His ignorance had made him cruel. Since there were no humans on whom he could vent his rage, he regularly beat the animals under his care. Frequently he drank too much, and then his cruelty to animals was worse than usual. Once he had tried to make love to another servant, but he was so repulsive looking that she had rejected him. One night Yanson entered the room where his master was sleeping and stabbed him to death. He then tried to rape his mistress but she escaped him. While attempting to flee with some money he had stolen, he was seized, tried, and sentenced to hang.

At first he wanted the time before his execution to pass quickly. Then, as the time grew shorter, he began to tell his guards that he did not want to die, that he did not understand why he should be hanged. Yanson had no one to love or believe in. Partly stupefied by fear, he was unable to take in much of what had happened to him.

The other condemned man was Tsiganok Golubets, a robber and murderer who took brutal pride in his accomplishments. At times, completely mad, he

would get down on all fours and howl like a wolf. Then for a time he would be quiet. What little time remained of his life was meaningless to him, for he knew only how to rob and kill and these pleasures had now been taken away.

The five revolutionists had each determined not to show fear. But when Sergey Golovin's father and mother visited him in his cell, he could no longer be brave and he cried. Sergey was young and life was strong in him; he found it hard to understand that he was soon to die.

Only Vasily Kashirin's mother came to see him, for his father was not interested in seeing his son again. Vasily, who had long ago lost respect for his parent, had no regrets about not seeing his father. Even his mother meant little to him; there was really no one he would hate to leave when he died. While he waited for his execution he showed no signs of fear.

It was not for herself but for her comrades that Tanya Kovalchuk worried. The fact that she too was to die had no meaning for her; she was concerned only for the discomfort and fears of her children, as she called the others. She loved them all.

Musya knew that she would not completely die when she was hanged. She would join the martyrs whom she admired so much, and her name would live forever. She had only one regret; she had done nothing significant enough to justify her martyrdom. But she consoled herself with the thought that she had been on the threshold of great deeds. She thought that she had conquered her captors, for the fact that they were going to kill her proved that they feared her. Musya eagerly awaited her execution.

The man called Werner had long been developing a contempt for mankind and was tired of life. There was no one whom he could respect and admire; he was cold and superior even to his comrades. But in his cell he suddenly developed a love for humanity in his realization of man's progress from his animal state. Loving and pitying his fellow men, Werner felt more freedom in his prison cell than he had ever known outside. It had been a long time since he had felt sympathy for other men; the feeling was a good one.

On the day of their execution the five were allowed to talk together for a short time. They were almost afraid to look at one another, each not wanting to see fear in a comrade's face. Vasily could not control his emotions. The others, particularly Tanya, urged him to be calm and not to allow their guards to see his fear.

When the time came for the execution, Yanson and Golubets joined them. Yanson was still babbling about not wanting to be hanged. Golubets retained his arrogance and made a joke about dying. Transferred to a train, they were allowed to sit together until they reached their destination. Musya was happy to see that Werner had lost his scorn for his brothers. As they drew nearer their final stop, she smiled; soon she would join those whom she admired so much.

On their arrival, Yanson had to be carried from the coach. Golubets wanted to attack the guards. The night was cold and often they slipped in the snow as they marched toward the scaffold. All refused the services of a priest who was present. They all kissed one another goodbye and walked in pairs to the ropes. Sergey and Vasily went first, Vasily outwardly calm and in control of himself. At the last minute Golubets was frightened and asked to go with one of the five brave ones. Musya took his hand, kissed him, and they followed Sergey and Vasily. Musya's hand calmed Golubets; he was arrogant again as he climbed the steps. Werner took Yanson with him, but the peasant had to be carried most of the way. Tanya was the last and she went alone. Her children had all gone bravely. She was happy.

After Tanya's drop there was silence for a moment in the wintry night. Then the bodies were taken back over the same road they had traveled a short time before. But only their bodies—their souls were elsewhere.

SEVENTEEN

Type of work: Novel
Author: Booth Tarkington (1869-1946)
Type of plot: Humorous romance
Time of plot: Early twentieth century
Locale: Small Midwestern town
First published: 1916

Principal characters:
WILLIAM SYLVANUS BAXTER, aged seventeen
MRS. BAXTER, his mother
JANE BAXTER, his sister
MISS PRATT, a summer visitor

Critique:

Seventeen is the hilarious story of William Sylvanus Baxter, just seventeen, who is in love with Miss Pratt, a summer visitor in the neighborhood. There is nothing weighty in this book to arrest the reader's thought, nothing sublime, but everything ridiculous. The adolescent antics of a small-town Lothario are beguiling and utterly harmless, and the completely normal but demoniacal actions of Jane, William's pesky younger sister, are foolish and delightful. The only really sane person in the tale is Mrs. Baxter, who sadly tries to keep up with her children's whims and moods.

The Story:

William Sylvanus Baxter had at last reached the impressive age of seventeen, and as he emerged from the corner drug store after indulging in two chocolate and strawberry sodas, he tried to impress the town with his lofty air of self-importance. But no one noticed him except his friend, Johnny Watson, who destroyed William's hauteur in one breath by calling him "Silly Bill." At that moment William saw a feminine vision in pink and white. A stranger in town, she carried her parasol and her little white dog with easy grace. William, not daring to speak, managed only an insincere yawn. The vision, taking no apparent notice of William, spoke in charming lisps to her little dog Flopit, and disappeared around the corner.

William went home in a daze, hardly bothering to speak to his outrageous little sister, Jane, who greeted him between mouthfuls of applesauce and bread. Scorning her, he went up to his room, his heart full of the mystery of love, and composed a poem to his new and unknown lady. He was interrupted by his mother, who asked William to go with Genesis, the Negro handyman, to pick up some laundry tubs from the second-hand store. The errand, to William, was worse than being seen in public with a leper, for he looked on Genesis as a ragged, bedraggled, down-at-the-heels pariah, whose presence was an unwholesome reproach to the whole neighborhood.

Genesis was in reality a wise old philosopher, despite his semi-nudity and the ubiquitous presence of his mongrel dog, Clematis. But William was in no mood to be tolerant. His worst fears were realized when, on the way home, he heard behind him the silvery voice of the fair stranger referring to Clematis as a nasty old dog. William was hidden by the laundry tub he carried over his head, but his invisibility in no way diminished his growing horror at being taken for a companion of Genesis and the owner of the dreadful Clematis. Clematis, meanwhile, was fascinated by Flopit, and when William heard the yips and barks of the two dogs, he ran away, still hidden under his protecting tub.

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The young vision in pink and white was the summer visitor of May Parcher. Her name, William learned, was Miss Pratt. Soon the boys in the neighborhood collected on the Parcher porch and swarmed around the adorable girl every evening after supper, much to the disgust of Mr. Parcher, who lay awake for hours in his room over the porch and listened reluctantly to the drivel of conversation below. William had an advantage over the other suitors, for he borrowed his father's dress suit without his parents' knowledge and arrived each night in splendid attire.

During the day William could not escape his sister Jane, who insisted on appearing in dirty summer sunsuits, her face smeared with her favorite repast of applesauce and bread, just at the moment when William would be walking by the house with Miss Pratt. His angry demands that his sister present a more ladylike appearance irritated Jane to a calm, smouldering intent to get even with William. She knew that William wore his father's dress suit every evening when he visited Miss Pratt. She also knew that Mr. Parcher was nearly crazy over the nightly sessions on his front porch. Putting these facts together, she coldly repeated to her mother some of Mr. Parcher's comments. Mrs. Baxter was horrified that William had worn out his welcome at the Parcher's, and when she discovered Mr. Baxter's dress suit under William's window seat she took it to a tailor and had it altered to fit only Mr. Baxter. William could not go to see Miss Pratt without the dress suit. He was not among Miss Pratt's evening admirers thereafter.

As a reward to Jane, who had immediately told him of her part in decreasing by one the population of his front porch, Mr. Parcher sent her a five-pound box of candy, much to the amazement of the whole Baxter household. No one suspected Jane's perfidy.

Feeling herself to blame for William's gloomy moods, Mrs. Baxter decided to have a tea for her son's friends, with Miss Pratt as guest of honor. The great day arrived, swelteringly hot. Upstairs, William had no sooner broken his only collar button on his fifth and last white shirt than he had the misfortune to tear his white trousers. Another suit was splattered by Jane's paints. By the time he found a heavy winter suit in a trunk in the attic, the guests had gone. Angry and miserable, William sat down on Jane's open, wet paint box.

The time came for Miss Pratt to return home. As a farewell party, the relieved Parchers scheduled a picnic in their guest's honor. To impress Miss Pratt, William bought a package of Cuban cigarettes. But coy Miss Pratt gave all her attention to George, a braggart who stuffed himself with food to impress the beauty with his gustatory prowess. Lunch over, William offered George his cigarettes. Before long he had the satisfaction of seeing George disappear behind a woodpile. William was blissful once more.

When Miss Pratt unexpectedly granted the weary Parchers the privilege of her company for another week, they gave a final farewell dance in her honor. Mrs. Baxter had her husband's dress suit again altered to fit William. Resplendent, but late as usual, William arrived at the dance to find all Miss Pratt's dances taken, and he was forced to spend the evening with a lonely wallflower. His dignity suffered another blow when Genesis, serving sandwiches, not only greeted William with familiarity but also chided him about the dress suit. His evening was a dismal failure.

The next day William went down to the train to see Miss Pratt off. Laden with candy and lush poetry, he found her surrounded by her many admirers. He had the uncomfortable sensation that they were all laughing at him, for they were pointing derisively in his direction. Turning, he saw Jane, who had deliberately come to torment him in company with an equally disreputable female

companion. The two pranksters were walking with a vulgar strut that William abhorred. So flustered was he that he merely waved to Miss Pratt and went sadly home, forgetting that he still carried under his arm the box of candy and the poem intended for the pink and white beauty who was going out of his life forever.

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK

Type of work: Novel
Author: Willa Cather (1876-1947)
Type of plot: Historical chronicle
Time of plot: Late seventeenth century
Locale: Quebec, Canada
First published: 1931

Principal characters:
EUCLIDE AUCLAIR, the apothecary in Quebec
CÉCILE AUCLAIR, his daughter
COUNT FRONTENAC, governor of New France and Auclair's patron
PIERRE CHARRON, a Canadian woodsman

Critique:

Shadows on the Rock is a very human story about a little-known segment of North American history, the early colonies in Canada. Unlike many fictional French people in the literature of Britain and America, Willa Cather's characters maintain personalities and enlist the sympathies of the Anglo-Saxon reader. The author has divested them of any alien spirit, so that they become members of the human family rather than members of a different national stock. The book is also a mine of information on life in Quebec at the end of the seventeenth century. The author noted in great detail the customs, habits, and daily routine of the people whom she described, even to the food they ate and the homes in which they lived.

The Story:

Late in October of 1697 the last ship left Quebec to return to France, and the colony of New France was isolated from the world until the arrival of the fleet in June or July of the following year. One of the persons who watched as the last vessel passed out of sight down the St. Lawrence River was Euclide Auclair, the apothecary in Quebec.

Auclair lived on the street which wound up the slope and connected the Upper Town on the cliff with the Lower Town that clustered along the shore of the river at the foot of the mountain. In his home behind his shop, Auclair and his daughter Cécile did their best to re-create the atmosphere they had known in France. So successful were they that many people came to the shop merely to visit and snatch a breath of the France they had left behind.

Cécile was only thirteen years old and her mother had been dead for several years. Although she was content to remain in Canada, her father seemed to live only for the time when he could return to France with his patron, the governor of the colony, Count Frontenac. Auclair, who had served the count for many years, was a trusted friend of the governor as well as his apothecary.

A few weeks after the last ship had departed, Cécile went to see the count to ask his aid in obtaining some shoes for a little orphan boy. The governor was glad to see her, for too many of the people who came to him were anxious only to help themselves. He said that when he made his will he would leave the girl a bowl of glass fruit she had always admired.

The first days of December brought a heavy fall of snow which ushered in the deepest reality of life in Canada, the long, dark winter. The snow also reminded Cécile of the boxes of Christmas presents which had been sent to her by aunts in France the previous summer. On the twenty-fourth of December the Auclairs brought the boxes out of their storage place. In one was a crèche to be set up in their living room. The crèche was the crowning point of Christ-

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK by Willa Cather. By permission of the publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright, 1931, by Willa Cather.

mas for many of their friends, for the French colonists were, as a rule, very devout.

One day in March Father Hector Saint-Cyr put in his appearance. The priest spent several evenings recounting to the Auclairs stories of the missionaries, the Indians, and the hardships of backwoods life. When he left, Euclide Auclair wondered if, after all, the gifts of an educated man like Father Saint-Cyr might not be going to waste in misplaced heroisms among the Canadian missions to the Indians.

About the middle of March the weather changed. There was a continuous downpour of rain which the snow soaked up as if it were a gigantic sponge. Even the ice in the St. Lawrence broke up and floated downstream in huge gray blocks. It was a season of sickness, and the apothecary was busy from morning until night acting as doctor to many of the inhabitants of the town. Cécile herself caught a cold and was in bed for several days.

One evening while Cécile was ill, Auclair had a strange visit with a misshapen hunchback who secured water and wood for the Auclairs in return for a bowl of soup and a small glass of brandy each evening. Blinker, as the hunchback was called, told Auclair that as a boy he had been an apprentice to the king's torturer at Rouen. While an apprentice, Blinker had tortured an old woman into admitting that she had murdered her son. Some months after her execution the son had returned. The shock of what he had done was too great for the apprentice. He ran away, took ship, and went to Quebec to begin a new life. But visions of the old woman haunted him so that he could not sleep. Filled with sympathy, the apothecary gave Blinker some laudanum so that he might have a little untroubled rest.

One day, while Cécile was regaining her strength, her father wrapped her in a blanket and carried her to the door. There, outside the door, Cécile saw the first swallow hunting for its old nest in the wall of the cliff that rose sharply to the chateau above. As soon as she was well, Cécile hurried to inform old Bishop Laval of the bird's appearance. The old man had kept a record of the changing seasons for thirty-eight years and he had always included the date of the first swallow's arrival.

On the first day of June the leaves began to bud and the hunters arrived from the woods with their loads of pelts. Among the first hunters to reach Quebec was Pierre Charron, an old friend of the apothecary and his daughter. Pierre, the son of a rich family in Montreal, had been disappointed in love. His sweetheart had decided to build a chapel with her dowry and enter the Church as a recluse. After she had taken her vows, Pierre had become a hunter traveling through the wilderness as far as Michilimackinac and Lake Superior in his quest for furs and forgetfulness. During the spring Pierre Charron took Cécile with him to visit some friends on the Isle d'Orleans, in the St. Lawrence some miles below Quebec. The squalid and primitive life there disgusted Cécile.

Early in July the ships from France arrived. The count had requested the king to recall him from Canada, and he had promised that he would take the Auclairs back to France with him. As each ship arrived through the summer, the Auclairs looked for the governor's recall. Toward the end of summer the count called Euclide Auclair to the chateau to warn him that the king's request would never come. When the count offered to send the Auclairs back to France, Euclide refused, assuring the count that he could not leave while his patron was forced to remain in Quebec.

The last ship left Quebec in October. Shortly afterward Count Frontenac became ill. Euclide Auclair knew that his patient could not live through the winter. When the count died, Euclide carried out his patron's last wish. He sealed the count's heart in a lead box and sent it with a missionary priest to the English colonies in the south. From

there it was returned to France for burial.

The death of the count was a great blow to the Auclairs, for security seemed to have gone from their lives. Thinking to return to France that year, they had not even laid in a proper supply of food to last through the winter. Fortunately for them, Pierre Charron arrived in Quebec with an offer of help. Later he married Cécile. Charron had not the authority of documents and seals which the count had had to protect them, but he had his knowledge of the woods and the people, which was as good or better in the wilds of Canada. The future was safe.

SHE

Type of work: Novel
Author: H. Rider Haggard (1856-1925)
Type of plot: Adventure romance
Time of plot: Late nineteenth century
Locale: Africa
First published: 1887

Principal characters:
LUDWIG HORACE HOLLY, a teacher
LEO VINCEY, his ward
SHE, a beautiful ageless woman, in love with Leo
JOB, Holly's servant
USTANE, a woman also in love with Leo
BILLALI, an old man of the Amahagger tribe

Critique:

She contains such deft allusions to real events and places that the reader frequently finds himself wondering if the whole invention could not be true. This story of a land presided over by an ageless white queen and of the fire which enabled her to live for thousands of years is in the tradition of adventure romance and fantasy.

The Story:

Late one night in his rooms at Cambridge, Ludwig Holly received an urgent visit from a fellow student named Vincey. The man was dying of a lung condition, and because he had no living relatives he asked Holly to undertake the guardianship of his young son after his death. Vincey explained that the boy would be the last representative of one of the oldest families in the world. He could trace his ancestry back to the ancient Egyptians, to a priest of Isis named Kallikrates, who had broken his vows and fled the country with an Egyptian princess. Kallikrates had been murdered by the queen of a savage tribe, but his wife had escaped and had borne a son, from whom the boy was descended.

Holly agreed to rear the boy. It was understood that he was to be tutored at home, where he would be taught Greek, mathematics, and Arabic. On his twenty-fifth birthday he was to receive an iron box which Vincey would leave with Holly; at that time he could decide whether he wanted to act upon its contents.

The following morning Vincey was found dead in his rooms. Shortly afterward five-year-old Leo Vincey went to live with his guardian.

Twenty years passed happily for Leo and for the man whom he called his uncle. Then, on the morning of the youth's twenty-fifth birthday, the iron chest was opened. Inside was an ebony box which, in turn, contained a silver chest. Within the silver chest was a potsherd inscribed by the wife of the ill-fated Kallikrates. A message to her son, it declared that the queen who had murdered Kallikrates had shown them both the Pillar of Life. The message ended by begging that he, or some brave descendant, should try to find the Pillar of Life and slay the evil queen.

There was also a letter to Leo from his father in the inmost chest. He wrote that he had journeyed to Africa to find the land which his ancestors had visited, but had gone only as far as the coast. There, suffering a shortage of provisions, he had been forced to turn back. Before he could plan another trip, he had been taken with his fatal illness.

Leo determined at once that he would carry on from the point where his father had been forced to give up his quest. Three months later, he, Holly, and their servant, Job, were on their way to Africa.

Their destination was a rock shaped like a Negro's head, which reared as a

landmark on the eastern coast of Central Africa. As they drew near shore the little party readied the whaleboat which they planned to use for travel inland. The boat was tied onto the large dhow that carried them down the coast. Suddenly a squall came up, and huge waves wrecked the dhow. The three white men and an Arab named Mahomed managed to launch the small boat and reach the shore.

The men found themselves at the mouth of a river whose teeming marshy banks were crowded with crocodiles. After refreshing themselves, the little party started inland in the whaleboat. Holly and his companions traveled without much difficulty for five days, but at the end of that time the river grew too shallow to continue farther and they were forced to branch off into another stream, which proved to be an ancient canal.

During the next four days the trip became increasingly more difficult. Because the canal was full of weeds, the boat had to be towed. While the exhausted men were resting, on the fourth evening, they were suddenly attacked by a party of about fifty tall, light-colored men who spoke Arabic. They would have been slain on the spot, had not the old man who was the leader of the natives ordered that their lives be spared. He explained that word had come from some one whom he called "She-who-must-be-obeyed" that any white men who wandered into the country were to be brought to her. The man, whose name the adventurers later learned was Billali, decreed that Mahomed's life should also be spared. In litters the prisoners were carried to a cave village of the Amahagger tribe. There Billali left them with his people while he went on to report to She-who-must-be-obeyed.

The next four days passed peacefully. The men were well-treated, and Ustane, one of the Amahagger women, took Leo for her husband by the simple ceremony of throwing her arms around him and kissing him.

On the fourth night the three white men and Mahomed were invited to a party. The only refreshment served was a fermented drink. After the brew had been passed around several times, a terrible thing occurred. Suddenly a woman slipped a rope around Mahomed's body. At the same time some of the men reached into the fire around which they were sitting, dragged out a red-hot pot, and tried to slip it on the Arab's head. Holly, realizing that the natives were preparing to kill and eat Mahomed, drew his gun and shot the woman. The bullet passed through her body and killed the Arab as well. In the furious struggle that followed Leo was seriously wounded in the side. The situation was growing desperate when Billali appeared to restore order.

Three days later, when Leo's wound had barely healed, the three white men, accompanied by Billali and Ustane, were taken to meet She in her hidden city of Kôr. The way led through deep swamps which at last gave way to spreading plains. The next day the travelers reached a tunneled mountain. Their guides led Holly and his friends, blindfolded, through the tunnel to a great plain that had once been a lake. There the blindfolds were removed, and the men were taken to some apartments cut into the solid rock.

After he had refreshed himself, Holly was taken to the apartments of the heavily-veiled queen. She, asking about the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, explained that she had been living in the mountain for the past two thousand years. Holly wondered at the strange power which had enabled her to live untouched, apparently, by time or death. She declared that she stayed with the Amahagger only to await the return of the man she had once loved, for he was destined to be born again. Ayesha, as she asked Holly to call her, removed her veil. She was exceedingly beautiful.

That night Holly could not sleep from excitement. Wandering in the passages which led off from his room, he saw Ayesha uttering curses over a fire.

They were, he discovered, directed against an Egyptian woman. Near the fire, on a stone shelf, lay a corpse with a shroud over it. Holly, fearful for his own life if he were discovered, crept back to his room.

The next day the savages who had plotted Mahomed's death were brought before Ayesha and condemned to death by torture. In the evening Ayesha went to visit Leo, who was ill with a fever and near death. When she saw his face, the queen staggered back with a scream. Leo had the face of the dead Kallikrates. It was he whose arrival Ayesha awaited.

She quickly forced some life-giving fluid down the young man's throat. In her jealousy she would have killed Ustane, had not Holly reminded her of the suffering she had had to bear for killing Kallikrates so long ago. Ustane was sentenced to leave the mountain.

On the following evening the three white men were invited to attend a dance performed by natives dressed in animal skins. The caves were honeycombed by preserved human bodies, and these were used to illuminate the proceedings, for when a torch was applied to them they burned brightly.

Ustane, who had not been able to bear the parting from Leo, was one of the dancers. She revealed herself to Leo when he strolled to a dark corner of the room, but she was discovered by Ayesha before she could flee with him. When Ustane refused to leave Leo's side, Ayesha killed her with a fierce look.

Ayesha led Leo and Holly to the place where Holly had seen her uttering her incantations. Drawing back the shroud which covered the corpse, she disclosed the body of Kallikrates. Then over it she poured some acid that destroyed it quickly. With Leo present in the flesh, she explained, she had no more need for the body of the dead man.

Leo quickly fell under Ayesha's spell and forgot Ustane. That night the queen and the three white men started their journey to the place where Leo was to bathe in the fire of the Pillar of Life and so be assured of thousands of years of existence.

Traveling across the plain, through the ruins of the ancient city of Kôr, the party reached a steep mountain. At its foot they left the litter bearers in the charge of Billali, who had accompanied them, and began the ascent. When, by difficult stages, they reached the top, they were forced to walk a plank across a deep chasm to reach the cave which held the pillar of fire, the Pillar of Life.

When Leo hesitated to immerse himself in that spiraling flame, Ayesha, to show that there was nothing to fear, walked into it. As she stood in its rising flame, a sudden change came over Ayesha. Her face and limbs began to shrivel until finally, before the horrified onlookers, she shrank into a little old monkey-like creature and died. Whether her death was caused by some fatal quality which had crept into the flame, or whether her earlier immersion in it had been neutralized, the men did not know. Shaken to their depths, Holly and Leo started back to Billali. They left Job, who had died of shock, in the cave with the remains of Ayesha.

Informed of Ayesha's fate, Billali hurried to lead the white men back through the swamps toward the coast, before the Amahagger tribe learned they no longer had to fear their dread queen. Much the worse for wear, Holly and Leo managed to make their way to Delagoa Bay after leaving the old native at the edge of the swamp country. Though they had only spent three weeks in the interior, Leo's hair had turned white.

The two men eventually arrived in England and resumed their old existence. However, as he sat alone at night, Holly frequently wondered what the next step in the drama he had witnessed would be, and what, some day, would be the role of the Egyptian princess whom Kallikrates had loved.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

Type of work: Drama
Author: Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774)
Type of plot: Comedy of situation
Time of plot: Eighteenth century
Locale: England
First presented: 1773

Principal characters:

MR. HARDCASTLE, an English gentleman
MRS. HARDCASTLE, his wife
TONY LUMPKIN, Mrs. Hardcastle's son
KATE HARDCASTLE, Mr. Hardcastle's daughter
CONSTANCE NEVILLE, Tony's cousin
MARLOW, Kate's reluctant suitor
HASTINGS, in love with Constance
SIR CHARLES, Marlow's father

Critique:

This charming play has entertained audiences for more than one hundred and seventy-five years. Conditions of society on which the comedy is based have long since ceased to exist, but the gaiety of the plot and the racy dialogue are still amusing. Designed to satirize the sentimental comedy of Goldsmith's day, *She Stoops to Conquer* far outshines the exaggerated sentimentality of the author's contemporary stage.

The Story:

Mrs. Hardcastle, the wife of Mr. Hardcastle by a second marriage, had by her first husband a son, Tony Lumpkin. Tony was a lazy, spoiled boy, but his mother excused his actions by imagining him to be sickly. Mr. Hardcastle vowed that his stepson looked the picture of good health.

Kate Hardcastle, Mr. Hardcastle's daughter, was headstrong. To overcome his daughter's wish to be a lady of importance, Mr. Hardcastle had struck a bargain with her whereby she wore ordinary clothes and played a country girl during part of the day; at other times she was allowed to appear in fine clothes. Knowing it was time for his daughter to marry, Mr. Hardcastle sent for Mr. Marlow, the son of his closest friend, to meet Kate. Kate was pleased by her father's description of the young man in all features except one. She did not like the fact that he was considered shy and retiring.

Mrs. Hardcastle hoped to arrange a match between Tony and Constance Neville, her ward and Kate's best friend. The two young people mutually hated each other but pretended otherwise for Mrs. Hardcastle's sake. On the day of Mr. Marlow's expected arrival, Constance identified the prospective bridegroom as the friend of Hastings, the man whom Constance really loved. Constance described Marlow as being very shy with fashionable young ladies but quite a different character with girls of lower station.

En route to the Hardcastle home, Hastings and Marlow lost their way and arrived at an ale-house where Tony was carousing with friends. Recognizing the two men, Tony decided to play a trick on his stepfather. When Hastings and Marlow asked the way to the Hardcastle home, Tony told them that they were lost and would be wise to stop at an inn a short distance up the road. Marlow and Hastings arrived at their destination but thought it the inn Tony had described. Hardcastle, knowing nothing of their misconception, treated them as guests, while Hastings and Marlow treated him as an innkeeper, each party thinking the other extremely rude. Hardcastle decided that Marlow's apparent character was in contradiction to the modest personage who

had been described to him.

When Hastings met Constance, she quickly recognized Tony's hand in the mischief, but Hastings and Constance kept the secret to themselves. Hastings explained to Marlow that the two young ladies had arrived at the inn after a long journey through the country. When Tony came home, Hastings took him aside and explained his desire to marry Constance, an arrangement quite satisfactory to the rascal. He promised to help the lovers and even to try to secure Constance's jewelry, which was in Mrs. Hardcastle's keeping. The bargain having been made, Tony went to his mother's room and stole the gems. He gave them to Hastings. When Constance asked for the jewels, Tony whispered to his mother that she should tell Constance they had been lost. Thinking it a capital plan, Mrs. Hardcastle complied with Tony's suggestion, only to discover later that the gems actually were gone. Meanwhile, Kate, according to her agreement with her father, had put on a pleasant, simple dress.

Learning of Marlow's mistaken idea that he was at an inn, Kate decided to keep him in error. Marlow, seeing Kate in her simple dress, thought she was a serving-girl, and revealed himself as a flirtatious dandy. As he was trying to kiss her, Mr. Hardcastle entered the room, and Marlow fled. Mr. Hardcastle remarked to Kate that obviously she now had proof that Marlow was no modest young man. Kate vowed she would convince her father Marlow had the kind of personality pleasing to them both. However, Marlow's continued impudence aroused Hardcastle to such an uncontrollable state that he ordered him to leave his house. Kate, thinking the time had come to enlighten her deceived suitor, told Marlow about the trick Tony had played. Marlow, still unaware of Kate's real identity, found himself more and more attracted to her, while Kate was discovering him to be a fine and honest person.

Hastings had given Marlow the jewels which Tony had stolen from Mrs. Hardcastle. To protect the valuables, Marlow had sent them to Mrs. Hardcastle, supposing her to be the innkeeper's wife. The servants, under Tony's instructions, then explained to the distraught lady that the jewels had been mislaid because of some confusion in the household.

Mrs. Hardcastle discovered that Hastings planned to elope with Constance. Enraged, she decided to punish Constance by sending her to visit her Aunt Pedigree. To add to the confusion, news came that Sir Charles, Marlow's father, was on his way to the Hardcastle home.

Tony offered to drive the coach for Mrs. Hardcastle, but instead of taking the ladies to the house of Aunt Pedigree, he drove them around in a circle for three hours until Mrs. Hardcastle believed they were lost. After hiding his terrified mother in the bushes, Tony took Constance back to Hastings. But Constance was determined not to leave without her jewels. When Mrs. Hardcastle at last discovered Tony's trick, she was furious.

Sir Charles, on his arrival, was greatly amused by Hardcastle's account of Marlow's mistake. Hardcastle assured Sir Charles that Marlow loved Kate, but Marlow insisted he was not interested in Miss Hardcastle. Kate promised the two fathers she would prove that Marlow loved her, and she told them to hide while she talked with Marlow. Still under the impression that Kate was a serving-girl, the wretched young man told her he loved her and wanted to marry her. Sir Charles and Hardcastle emerged from their hiding place satisfied that the marriage would be arranged. Marlow was upset to learn that the serving-girl with whom he had behaved so freely was really Miss Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hardcastle reminded her husband that she had full control of Constance's fortune until Tony married her when he became of age. But if he should refuse her, Constance would be given control of her inheritance. It was then announced

that Tony's real age had been hidden in the hope that the lad would improve his character. Informed that he was already of age, Tony refused to marry Constance. Sir Charles assured Mrs. Hardcastle that Hastings was a fine young man, and Constance obtained her jewels from her guardian.

So Kate married Marlow, and Constance married Hastings. And Tony gained his freedom from his mother.

THE SHEEP WELL

Type of work: Drama
Author: Lope de Vega (Lope Félix de Vega Carpio, 1562-1635)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: 1476
Locale: Spain
First presented: c. 1619

Principal characters:

COMMANDER FERNÁN GÓMEZ DE GUZMÁN, a lustful tyrant
RODRIGO TÉLLEZ GIRÓN, youthful master of the Order of Calatrava
LAURENCIA, a peasant girl sought by the commander
FRONDOSO, a peasant youth in love with Laurencia
ESTEBAN, alcalde of Fuente Ovejuna and Laurencia's father
KING FERDINAND AND QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN

Critique:

The Sheep Well, known also under its Spanish title of *Fuente Ovejuna,* is one of about five hundred plays by Lope de Vega still extant. The surviving work is, however, but a fraction of his total output; he himself estimated that he had written well over eighteen hundred dramas. Lope de Vega, who served his king with the ill-starred Spanish Armada, was the central figure of the great dramatic movement in Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The best of his plays are those, like *The Sheep Well,* which use peasants as heroes and heroines. Lope de Vega had a sympathy and feeling for those people because they were of the same class from which the dramatist himself had sprung. *The Sheep Well,* because of its use of the entire population of a Spanish village as the "hero," is sometimes referred to as the first proletarian drama, written some three hundred years before the flood of so-called proletarian literature came out of the Great Depression in the United States.

The Story:

In the troubled Spain of the 1470's, when King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were trying to integrate their kingdom and preserve it from the depredations of Portugal, the grand mastership of the military and religious Order of Calatrava fell upon the shoulders of Rodrigo Téllez Girón, a young man scarcely out of boyhood. The new grand master's adviser was the lustful, tyrannical Commander Fernán de Guzmán, who took women whenever and wherever he saw them and kept his peasants in constant fear of himself and his soldiers. The commander was not loyal to Ferdinand and Isabella, and so he counseled the young grand master to capture the Ciudad Real and hold it for Portugal, which was claiming sections of Spain through its Spanish queen. The grand master took the commander's advice and captured the city.

When the commander returned to his lands, he continued his tyrannous ways with the peasants, especially the women. Among the unmarried girls was a particularly pretty one named Laurencia, daughter of the alcalde of the village. The commander had sought her for more than a month, but she had managed to elude his servants by staying in the fields as much as possible. Then the commander had left to capture the city. He returned in triumph, and upon his arrival in the village of Fuente Ovejuna he was praised and given two cartloads of foodstuffs as recognition of his military efforts. After receiving the gifts, he requested that the

THE SHEEP WELL by Lope de Vega, from FOUR PLAYS BY LOPE DE VEGA. Translated by John Garrett Underhill. By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1918, by The Poet Lore Co., 1936, by John Garrett Underhill.

girls, including Laurencia, remain behind to amuse him. The girls, however, refused to stay.

Meanwhile Ferdinand and Isabella had received word of the treacherous action of the grand master of the Order of Calatrava and had dispatched a force to retake the Ciudad Real, lest it be turned over to Portugal.

In the village of Fuente Ovejuna, Laurencia was wooed by a good-looking young peasant, Frondoso, but she refused to accept him as her husband. One day, as she was working in the fields, the commander came upon her and attempted to take her by force. Frondoso, though but a mere peasant, seized the commander's crossbow and threatened to kill the knight unless he let Laurencia go. The commander, faced with no choice, but swearing vengeance, let the girl go free. Frondoso, no fool, fled with the crossbow.

The commander later went to the village and confronted the alcade, Laurencia's father, and demanded that he give up his daughter to him. Esteban refused to act the pander, and he and the other villagers left the commander standing alone in the square. Some of his servants appeared and reported that they thought they had killed Frondoso. Unfortunately, they had cut the throat of the wrong man. As they spoke, a messenger came to inform the commander that the grand master had been besieged by the forces of Ferdinand and Isabella. The commander decided to rush to the grand master's aid.

As they rode away from the village, the commander and his servants tried to force their attentions on several peasant girls. The girls fled until they reached one of the men of the village. When he tried to protect them, the commander had the man disarmed, bound to a tree, and flogged unmercifully with bridle reins. While that was done, the commander seized one of the girls, dragged her into a thicket, and raped her. The soldiers then proceeded on their journey.

During the commander's absence his subject peasants relaxed a bit. In the quiet interval arrangements were made for the wedding of Laurencia and Frondoso, the young peasant who had become dear to her after he had saved her from the commander's lust. But on the very day of the wedding the commander returned and demanded the girl for his own purposes. When her father again refused, the commander had him beaten, and the wedding was broken up by the soldiers. Frondoso was imprisoned to await hanging; Laurencia was taken to the commander's citadel.

The next day the town board assembled in the village hall to discuss what might be done to prevent further acts of violence and rapine by their wicked master. While they debated, Laurencia, who had escaped from the citadel, ran into the hall, where she roused the men and women of the village to open revolt against the commander who had treated them so brutally and ruthlessly. The people, spurred to action by their anger, stormed the citadel. Once inside, they killed many of the soldiers and finally found the commander. They put him to death also and then returned to the village with his head held high upon the point of a spear. Their plan was to leave the head as a symbol of the tyranny they had broken; its site was to be the village square itself. Not really rebels, the villagers hastened to raise the escutcheon of Ferdinand and Isabella in place of the commander's. Their plan was to place themselves at the mercy of the king and queen.

But one of the commander's servants had escaped and carried news of the uprising to the king and queen. The king, anxious to prevent revolt from spreading throughout Spain, dispatched soldiers and a judge to the village of Fuente Ovejuna to investigate the happenings. When word came to the village that a judge was coming, the villagers met and decided to stick together, even to hiding the actual murderers of the commander and his men. It was agreed that the en-

tire village had done the deed and that they would hang together, if need be.

The judge caused the soldiers to bring in villagers for questioning. When the villagers refused to tell who had been the leaders of the revolt or who had actually killed the commander, the judge had them tortured, as was the custom of the time. More than three hundred of the villagers were tortured, including small children, but not one broke their vow to claim that the whole town was responsible for their deeds.

At last the judge and the soldiers returned to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, where the judge reported that he had made no decision, for in order to punish justly he would have had to wipe out the entire village. He also reported to the king and queen the cruelties of which the commander had been guilty. Villagers he had brought with him to court, pleading with the king and queen, pointed out that they had not rebelled against the crown; they had simply been forced to rid themselves of a tyrannous lord who threatened their very lives and honor. The king, after hearing their stories, pardoned the entire village of Fuente Ovejuna and made it a protectorate of the crown.

THE SHELTERED LIFE

Type of work: Novel
Author: Ellen Glasgow (1874-1945)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: Twentieth century
Locale: Virginia
First published: 1932

Principal characters:
GENERAL ARCHBALD, a Southern gentleman
JENNY BLAIR ARCHBALD, his granddaughter
GEORGE BIRDSONG, his neighbor
EVA BIRDSONG, George's wife

Critique:

Ellen Glasgow, at a time when many writers of her generation and section of the United States saw fit to write in experimental patterns, kept to established traditions of writing. The result was a lucid, realistic approach to the problem of Southern society in the early twentieth century. A tragedy that is the necessary outcome of folly is presented clearly and with distinction in *The Sheltered Life.* There can be no criticism of Miss Glasgow's logic. The novel is a revealing picture of manners and morals.

The Story:

The Archbalds and the Birdsongs were the last of the old families left on once-fashionable Washington Street, and they clung to it along with their passion for the gentility of the past decades in an effort to keep things as they had always known them. They not only disliked change; they also forbade it on their premises.

Jenny Blair Archbald was five when her father died. A short time later her mother had gone to live with her husband's father and his two unmarried daughters, Etta and Isabella.

At the end of the block lived Eva and George Birdsong. Eva, after twelve years of marriage, was still the acknowledged beauty among her wide circle of friends. They had no doubt that had she so chosen she might have been a famous prima donna or a great actress. Her husband, however, was not successful; he lost his inheritance, he drank, and he was unfaithful to her.

Jenny Blair Archbald wanted new roller-skates. Her grandfather, General Archbald, promised to give her a penny a page for reading *Little Women,* but Jenny Blair found the book dull reading. She would rather have been investigating Canal Street against her mother's wishes.

Aunt Etta was having one of her spells. Doomed to a single life by her unpopularity with men, Etta suffered all sorts of nervous disorders. Isabella, having just broken off an engagement, was currently allowing herself to talk frequently with Joseph Crocker, a carpenter.

Jenny Blair finally took her old roller-skates and skated in the direction of Canal Street. There she stumbled and was taken in by Memoria, the Birdsong's mulatto laundress. While she was recovering she saw George Birdsong, who took her home but made sure that she promised to tell no one where she had met him.

The Peytons were giving a ball which Jenny Blair was to attend, although she and young Bena Peyton were to keep out of sight and out of the way. Her aunts were preparing to go. Eva Birdsong was making over an old gown for the affair and was planning to dance only two dances, the first and the last, both with her husband.

At the dance Eva saw George walking

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in the garden with Delia Barron. She promptly fainted, recovered in the children's nursery, and had to be carried home by her husband.

Seven years passed. Old General Archbald, now eighty-three, mused over his life and that of his relatives. He had always surrendered the things he wanted most for the things he had felt were his duty. Now he wondered what he had done with his life. Isabella had broken two engagements to marry Joseph Crocker, a man socially beneath her. Jenny Blair's mother had loved his son and his son had died while fox hunting. Eva Birdsong had given up everything for a husband who was indifferent to her beauty and her wit. And now Eva, whom he admired greatly, was being operated on.

Eva was past the age when she was likely to have children, but she had hidden the nature of her illness as long as possible until now her life was in danger. For many long hours the old general relived in his memories the fleeting events of his life.

The general visited Eva in the hospital. Eva seemed despondent. She made him promise to look after George and retold many amusing old tales about her life with her husband. As he left the sick woman's room, the old man wondered how he could help her or if there were any help on earth for her.

Now old enough to make her appearance in the formal society of the dignified old city, Jenny Blair rebelled against her mother's formal plans. Instead, she and Bena Peyton hoped to go to New York. Jenny Blair thought that she wanted to be an actress.

One day George Birdsong waited for Jenny Blair outside the hospital, where they talked as the sun was setting. Suddenly, before she knew what had happened, George seized her and kissed her. Jenny Blair was unsure of her emotions, although George pretended it was the kind of a kiss he had always given her —a sort of little girl's kiss. But this kiss, she was positive, was different.

When she accompanied her grandfather home, she told him that she thought she would give up going on the stage or even going to New York.

The old man was puzzled and tired. Cora, Jenny Blair's mother, mixed a mint julep for him in an effort to revive him, but he felt that the drink had little effect. As he went upstairs to dress for dinner he saw his sick daughter Etta reading in bed one of her endless French love stories. He wished in vain she might have had some of Isabella's charm so that she might have married.

At the hospital the next day Jenny Blair left a kimono for Eva to wear. Old General Archbald listened with disgust to George Birdsong's exhibition of grief for his wife's suffering. Then, just as the operation was about over, the old man had a heart attack which he kept secret.

Jenny Blair had become infatuated with George Birdsong, or thought she was, and to her that was the same thing. She pretended to be angry with him, but when he took his wife away for a rest after her illness Jenny Blair counted the days until he should return. She wondered why she had ever wanted to go to New York, and she decided that she hated Eva's cousin, John Welch, a doctor, because he seemed to understand her strange moods better than she herself understood them.

When George Birdsong returned alone, Jenny Blair sought him out and admitted she loved him. George, somewhat surprised, tried to put her off. Finally he kissed her as she desired him to do, but he tried to make her see that she was being very foolish.

When autumn came and the Archbalds returned from their summer vacation, Jenny Blair was glad because she could see George Birdsong again. At the same time she visited Eva, who seemed to get no better.

George had shot some ducks and tied cards to their necks with bits of Eva's green ribbon, for he intended to give them away to his friends. That evening

Jenny Blair and George stood together in the garden of the Birdsong home. As George bent to embrace her, they heard Eva, who had arisen from her bed. George went into the house at his wife's insistence. A few minutes later there was a shot. When John Welch called Jenny Blair into the house, she saw George dead from a gunshot wound and Eva with a strangely vacant look on her face. The dead ducks and George's gun were lying in the hall. John insisted that the shooting had been an accident. Old General Archbald, when he arrived, asserted also that it had been an accident. Jenny Blair, in terror and shame, found refuge in hysteria.

THE SHIH CHING

Type of work: Poetry
Compiler: Confucius (c. 551-479 B.C.) by traditional ascription
First transcribed: Twelfth century B.C.

The earliest repository of Chinese verse, the *Shih Ching* or *Book of Poetry* contains 305 poems of both folk and court origins. The court poems are more or less ceremonial in character, designed to be sung at sacrifices, to accompany the dances and feasts in honor of dynastic ancestors, or to adorn such formal occasions as receptions, banquets, chases, and archery contests. The folk songs comprise love lyrics of various kinds, epithalamiums, complaints, satires, elegies, and georgics.

Almost all the poems in the *Shih Ching* were composed in the pre-Confucian period of the Chou dynasty (c.1122-222 B.C.). In the ceremonial odes the wisdom and prowess of its founders—the kings Wen and Wu and the Duke of Chou—are frequently recalled, though a few pieces, hardly of greater antiquity, celebrate the splendid achievements of even earlier dynasties, the Hsia and the Shang. According to a now discredited tradition, Confucius was the compiler of this anthology after rejecting nine tenths of the 3,000 poems then extant; but the canon must have been well fixed by his time and diplomats and scholars even then knew the poems by heart, quoting them on every conceivable occasion to display their literary attainment or political sagacity. It is easy to see why the court poetry—so vital to the discharge of religious and state functions—should have been saved, but the early preservation of so much folk poetry is a more curious matter. In the absence of better explanation, one must accept the tradition that the Chou kings made a point of collecting the popular ballads of their many vassal states and using them as a political barometer to gauge the happiness or discontent of the populace. Needless to say, all the poems in the *Shih Ching* were meant to be sung, but the tunes were already lost by time of the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220).

The anthology, as it exists today, is divided into four sections: *kuo feng*, the smaller and greater *ya*, and *sung*. While *kuo feng* are the folk songs of the vassal states and both *ya* and *sung* may be indifferently translated as odes, the divisions are hardly clean-cut. Many of the poems in the category of the smaller *ya* are apparently folk songs, and some of the greater *ya* poems are little differentiated from the religious and dynastic odes of the *sung* section. But as documents of ancient China, both the folk songs and courtly odes are of great historical and anthropological interest. To these we owe the first mention of the sage kings and mythical heroes, the coherent presentation of the animistic beliefs of the early Chinese regarding ancestor worship and the adaptation of human labor to the cyclic changes in nature, the precise details of many a religious and state ritual, the intimate evocation of the life of a simple people of great emotional integrity: their courtships and marriages, their work on the farm and their much-detested military service. On the strength of the love poems alone, the French Sinologist Marcel Granet has reconstructed a fascinating picture of mating customs and fertility rites in the dawn of Chinese history.

But the *Shih Ching* is primarily poetry and should be read as such. Confucius once told his disciples, "My children, why do you not study the *Poetry*? Poetry will stimulate your emotions, help you to be more observant, enlarge your sympathies, and moderate your resentment of injustice. It is useful at home in the service of one's father, abroad in the service of one's prince. Furthermore, it will widen your acquaintance with the names of birds, beasts, plants, and trees." One is hardly surprised that Confucius attached great importance to the *Shih*

Ching as a guide to good conduct and a manual of useful information; in ancient Greece, the study of Homer was urged on similar grounds. And the *Poetry*, aside from its great social and ceremonial utility, does mention by name about seventy kinds of plants, thirty kinds each of trees, beasts, and birds, not to say ten kinds of fish and twenty kinds of insects: a virtual catalogue of the more common flora and fauna of the then Middle Kingdom. There were not many other sources in ancient China where such a variety of information was so readily available.

If one reads Confucius correctly, the key message in his little speech attests to his awareness of the humanizing influence of poetry, its power to regulate and refine emotions, to enlarge sympathy. To Confucius, *li* (ritual, etiquette), music, and poetry constitute an inseparable triad. While *li* is designed to bring out the best qualities of man in his everyday social intercourse as well as on the formal occasions of rejoicing and mourning, Confucius is also aware that there is an excess of emotion in man which cannot be rendered in terms of ritual or etiquette. To him, therefore, *li* is the approximation of the ideal and poetry, the expression of the actual, although, as in much of the *Shih Ching*, poetry can be an integral part of a ritualistic occasion. Music is closely allied to ritual and poetry because it serves the dual function of supporting courteous behavior and facilitating the expression of one's true feelings.

To the modern reader, the more vital portion of the *Shih Ching* is surely the folk songs—160 *kuo feng* poems plus many others—because they speak the universal language of man's actual feelings. These songs are quite simple in structure, a series of short rhymed stanzas. The basic unit is the four-word line, and the closing line of each stanza is usually a refrain. Within the simple structure of each poem, however, a little drama unfolds itself. As in all ballad poetry, the poet seldom speaks in his own person: he is some girl awaiting her lover by a ford (according to Granet, the wading of a creek or shallow river by a couple signalizes marital engagement), or detaining her lover in bed while the dawn is breaking, or telling her story of woe after her husband has been pressed into military service or has deserted her. Or the speaker may be the lover himself, who tosses and turns all night in bed thinking of his girl, who takes a walk by the eastern gate and sees girls shining like clouds but still prefers his own choice, a modest girl of "plain cloth and gray kerchief." In other poems the speaker is the soldier who climbs a barren hill and acutely misses his kinsfolk; the exile who, seeing the yellow birds pecking in the fields, is seized with the sudden impulse to return home; the farmer who thinks of migrating to another state because the large rats in his fields remind him of the greater rapacity of the officials. This dramatic quality is one reason why the folk songs have a universal appeal and a perennial charm about them.

Another source of poetic appeal is the language. When we come across such phrases as "cork-heild schoone" and "gold kems" in an old Scottish ballad like "Sir Patrick Spens," we feel that the words themselves enhance the sensuous and musical qualities of the images. The diction of the *Shih Ching* renders a similar service, for its archaic flavor adds immeasurably to the meaning of the poems. The folk songs, especially, have retained a pristine quality because the simple emotions which they embody are clothed in a language beyond the contamination of modern ideas, beyond the corrosion of time. But the language has another strength which is characteristic of Chinese poetry in general: its elliptical density. In a four-word line there is absolutely no room for mere decoration, for logical connectives; each word must have a maximal poetic weight and suggestiveness to merit inclusion.

To a student of English poetry long accustomed to its roses and nightingales, the *Shih Ching* with its duckweed and

dolichos. mulberry and date trees, magpies and orioles, cicadas and locusts presents a distinctively new landscape. In almost every folk song, nature is an integral part of the human situation: the mulberry tree is shedding its leaves upon the ground and the girl thinks of her state of desertion; ripe plums are dropping from the tree and presently there will be only three left on the boughs, and the girl wonders if she will ever have a lover, because she, too, is ripe for love. Because the lovers, farmers, and soldiers in the folk songs are so physically close to nature, there is seldom any need to resort to simile and metaphor. The strategy of correspondence, for example, employed by Tennyson in his song "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, Now the White" (The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.") is characteristic of the *Shih Ching*.

In view of the later development of Chinese poetry, the love songs and complaints appear especially important. Such conventional themes as the separation of husband and wife. the poverty of peasants, the evils of officialdom and war, the appropriate moods induced by seasonal changes were all first embodied in the *Shih Ching*. The work has remained unsurpassed in its depiction of love. Whereas the later poets, with the exception of a few exquisite poetesses, adopt the mask of the forsaken or forlorn woman more or less as a literary convention, the Chinese women in the *Shih Ching* speak out unafraid in the spontaneity of the natural, unashamed womanhood. By contrast, Chinese women of subsequent history, confined in the home and disallowed the privilege of free social intercourse with their menfolk, appear sad and dull indeed.

SHIRLEY

Type of work: Novel
Author: Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855)
Type of plot: Psychological romance
Time of plot: Nineteenth century
Locale: Yorkshire, England
First published: 1849

Principal characters:
SHIRLEY KEELDAR, the young mistress of Fieldhead estate
CAROLINE HELSTONE, niece of the rector of Briarfield
ROBERT MOORE, manager of a textile mill
LOUIS MOORE, a tutor, Robert's brother
MRS. PRYOR, Shirley's governess and companion

Critique:

In this novel as in *Jane Eyre,* which it followed, Charlotte Brontë showed her keen interest in the inner selves of her characters. Here she has concerned herself principally with two contrasting characters, Shirley Keeldar and Caroline Helstone, one spirited and independent, the other shy and delicate. Her divided interest between these two characters, however, is the main cause of the novel's structural disunity. Shirley, whom the reader expects to be the protagonist, is not introduced until nearly one third of the book is completed, and thereafter the writer shuttles back and forth between the two characters, oblivious of integration. Concern with the labor problems of the early nineteenth century, obviously not the author's forte, also detracts from the structural unity. The plot is too contrived, leaning heavily on unrealistic turns, such as the revelation that Mrs. Pryor is Caroline's mother and Robert's sudden declaration of love for Caroline. Emotion often degenerates into sentimentality; but there are moments, particularly in the description of the Yorkshire countryside, when the finer romantic qualities of Charlotte Brontë reach the peaks of *Jane Eyre.*

The Story:

The introduction of machinery into Robert Moore's Yorkshire cotton mill had caused many mill workers to lose their jobs. A group of rebellious men, spurred on by hungry families and resentful leaders, one night stormed down on wagons bearing new machinery to the mill. The rioters destroyed every piece.

Caroline Helstone, quiet and delicately pretty, appeared the following morning in Robert Moore's cottage to take her French lesson with Hortense Moore, who with her brother had recently come to England from Brussels. As a young child, Caroline had been deserted by her parents and left to the care of her stern and unsympathetic uncle, the rector of Briarfield. Robert and Hortense were Caroline's distant cousins, and her visits to their cottage were the brightest moments in her routine life. On this day her anxiety over Robert's mill trouble and her attempts to distract him by reading Shakespeare with him made it apparent that Robert himself was the main reason for the pleasure of her visits.

Robert, however, was too much concerned with his affairs to notice his cousin's growing ardor. In the days which followed, Caroline distractedly sewed for the charity basket, read, and had tea with her uncle and the three ludicrous curates, while secretly cherishing each word that Robert spoke to her and his few displays of cousinly affection. Then, to make her life more intolerable, Robert and her uncle quarreled over politics, and she was forbidden to visit the Moore cottage.

Into this barren world of Caroline's, a new and charming individual suddenly

appeared. Shirley Keeldar, the youthful heiress of Fieldhead, one of the largest estates in the countryside, came to occupy that long-deserted mansion and to preside as its mistress. Vivacious and independent, she was soon a favorite of all her tenants and the village people. Caroline, her opposite in temperament, became Shirley's special friend, and Robert, who rented his mill from Shirley, became a frequent visitor at Fieldhead, where Shirley cajoled him into talking with her about his political views and labor problems and readily gave her own ideas. When Caroline was present on these occasions, she withdrew shyly from the conversation and watched painfully the growing color in Shirley's cheeks as she talked and the amusement in Robert's eyes.

Despairing of gaining Robert's love and refusing to tell her feelings to anyone, Caroline attempted to forget herself by devoting long hours to charity work. In this work she followed the lead of a saintly old maid, Miss Ainley, and determined to prepare to be just such an old maid herself.

Meanwhile, Robert had set up new machinery in his mill, and the unrest in surrounding villages continued. Shirley generously poured out her money to the poor in an attempt to ease the results of unemployment. The tension mounted, however, and one summer night a band of men crashed through the mill gates and attempted to enter the mill itself. Robert, having received word of their plan, was ready with men inside to defend his mill. Gunfire followed, watched from a hilltop by Shirley and trembling Caroline, who had been aroused from bed by the commotion. Robert successfully turned back the rioters and for the remainder of the summer spent most of his time tracking down the mob leaders in the large towns of England.

Caroline's attempts to occupy herself with charity work failed. When her growing despair contributed to a physical breakdown, she could only lie in bed, feverish and unable to eat. Robert, away in London, knew nothing of her condition. Possibly she would have died if a singular revelation had not occurred. Mrs. Pryor, Shirley's governess, a retiring woman who had in her faltering way expressed much fondness for Caroline, nursed the invalid constantly during her illness. One night she confided that she was Caroline's own mother, having given her up as a child because Caroline's beauty had made her fear that she would grow up to be like her errant father. With someone to love her, Caroline slowly recovered.

During Caroline's illness, Shirley's aunt and uncle, the Sympsons, arrived for a visit. Solicitous to find a distinguished and wealthy husband for their niece, they suggested and encouraged several likely candidates. One such eligible, Sir Philip Nunnely, seemed on the verge of success, but he was finally rejected by Shirley, who admired but did not love him. Robert Moore appeared one evening and proposed suddenly, only to have Shirley's frank and passionate outburst of rejection prove to him that he had only been fascinated by her and that she was keenly aware of the fact.

In the background of these attempts at matchmaking, a quiet, intelligent figure smoldered and outwardly behaved coolly to Shirley—Louis Moore, Shirley's former tutor, now the tutor to the Sympsons' son. Gradually, apparently casual meetings in the schoolroom began to break through the barrier between Shirley and Louis. Shirley scorned his pride because of his low situation; he, in turn, showed that he could master her willful independence and yet not crush her spirit. At last the two, in spite of the Sympsons' outrage, set a date for their wedding.

Robert, in the meantime, had been shot and badly wounded while pursuing the leaders of the rioters. During his slow recovery he was nursed in the home of a friend, and visitors were forbidden him. Through the scheming of one of the children in the household, however, Caroline managed to see him in secret sev-

eral times, and at last Robert awakened to her love for him and discovered the strength of his own love for her. A double wedding was planned at Briarfield church.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY

Type of work: Drama
Author: Thomas Dekker (1570?-1641?)
Type of plot: Romantic comedy
Time of plot: Reign of Henry V of England
Locale: London and the nearby village of Old Ford
First presented: 1599

Principal characters:
SIMON EYRE, a London shoemaker
HODGE,
FIRK, and
RAFE, his employees
SIR ROGER OTLEY, Lord Mayor of London
ROSE OTLEY, his daughter
SIR HUGH LACY, the Earl of Lincoln
ROWLAND LACY, his nephew
MARGERY, Simon Eyre's wife
JANE, Rafe's wife

Critique:

Thomas Dekker, an Englishman of probable Dutch descent, was a true son of London, as his plays, and especially *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, attest. Happy in its blending of quasi-history and ordinary London life, this plot contains young lovers, noblemen, solid merchants, artisans, and even a king. Surely the theme and treatment gave the play wide popularity in Dekker's own day. This drama, with its appeal to patriotic instincts, formed part of the Lord Admiral's Men's answer to the popular history plays being written at the moment by Shakespeare, who wrote for the Lord Chamberlain's Men. Dekker derived his plot from a prose tale, *The Gentle Craft*, published in 1597 by Thomas Deloney.

The Story:

Rose Otley, daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Roger Otley, and Rowland Lacey, nephew to Sir Hugh Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, were deeply in love. With evident irony, proud Sir Roger declared to Sir Hugh that he could not presume to have his daughter marry above her station. With equal pride, Sir Hugh ironically countered that because of Rowland's dissolute ways it would be far better for Rose to marry a substantial young London businessman. Rowland, who had toured Europe, where he had learned the shoemaker's trade in Germany, was given a command in the army of King Henry the Fifth, who was preparing to invade France. Sir Hugh wanted Rowland off to France as soon as possible, so that the youth might forget Rose Otley.

But Rowland had other ideas. Claiming pressing business in London, he turned his command over to his cousin, Askew, after promising that he would join his unit in Normandy, if not in Dover.

When the troops assembled to leave London, Simon Eyre, a shoemaker, pleaded to no avail with Rowland to allow Rafe Damport, his drafted journeyman, to stay home with his new bride, Jane. Rafe, resigned to going to the wars, gave Jane as a farewell gift a pair of shoes that he had made for her.

Meanwhile Rose, confined to her father's house at Old Ford, a London suburb, sent her maid Sybil into the city to seek information about Rowland. Rowland, determined to win Rose, disguised himself as a German shoemaker. Singing a German drinking song, he sought work at Simon Eyre's shop. When Simon refused to consider hiring Rowland, Simon's workmen, charmed by Rowland's broken speech, threatened to leave. Rowland, as Hans Meulter, was taken on.

While hunting near Old Ford, Hammon and Warner, two London citizens, pursued a deer into the Lord Mayor's estate. There they encountered Rose and her maid. Hammon fell in love with Rose and Warner lost his heart to Sybil. Sir Roger, welcoming the young hunters, decided that Hammon was just the man to marry Rose.

Rowland, through his friendship with a German sea captain, speculated in a valuable unclaimed ship's cargo, to the enormous profit of Simon, his employer. As a result of this venture Simon was made an alderman, and the genial shoemaker seemed destined for even greater city honors.

Sir Hugh, meanwhile, had learned from a servant that Rowland was not in France. Ashamed of his nephew, Sir Hugh sent the servant into the city to discover Rowland's whereabouts.

When Hammon confessed his love, Rose at first dismissed him coyly; finally she declared that she intended to remain single. Even though Sir Roger threatened to force Rose into the match, the offended and impatient Hammon returned to the city. In London, Sir Hugh's servant could learn nothing of Rowland's whereabouts, even though he inquired at the shop of Simon Eyre.

Simon, grown affluent and popular, continued to advance upward in political rank. To the amusement of Simon's journeymen, Firk and Hodge, his wife Margery assumed pretentious manners. Rafe, having been wounded in France, returned to London. Seeking his wife, he wept to learn that Jane had left the Eyre household, where she had been a maid to Margery Eyre, and had not been seen since. The Eyres—Simon was now High Sheriff—visited Sir Roger at Old Ford, where Simon's employees, Rowland among them, performed a morris dance. Rose recognized Rowland in spite of his disguise and drank a toast to him.

Jane, also grown quite independent because of her ability as a seamstress, was courted by Hammon. In his desperate attempt to seduce her, he showed her, to her disbelief, Rafe's name on a casualty list from France. Sorrowfully, she promised Hammon that if she ever remarried she would accept his proposal.

Rose, knowing of Rowland's presence in the city, returned to her father's town house and arranged to have Rowland see her on the pretext of fitting a pair of shoes. At the shoe shop, a servant brought in a shoe and ordered that a pair of similar size be made in time for a wedding which was to occur the next day. Rafe recognized the shoe as Jane's; he learned from the servant where the ceremony was to take place.

Roland, as a shoemaker, went to see Rose and talked to her under the eyes of Sir Hugh, who was looking for his nephew, and Sir Roger, who declared to Sir Hugh that he had not seen the young man. When Sybil revealed that Rose meant to marry the German cobbler, Sir Hugh gloated, thinking that Rowland would never be able to marry this middle-class girl. Sir Roger, who secretly had hoped that Rose would marry Sir Hugh's nephew, was furious. At the same time Firk delivered a pair of shoes for Rose and misled the two men into believing that Rose and the German cobbler would marry the next day at the church where Hammon and Jane planned to be married. Sir Hugh, to his alarm, suddenly realized that the cobbler must be his nephew Rowland.

Simon, now Lord Mayor but still his lusty, simple self, declared his gratitude because Rowland had helped him to affluence and promised that he would help the young people to become husband and wife. The next day Dame Eyre accompanied the young couple to the Savoy, while Rafe and his fellow shoemakers, armed with cudgels, encountered Hammon and Jane in front of St. Faith's. Hammon resented the intrusion of the base craftsmen; Jane was filled with misgiving at the sight of Rafe, whom she had believed dead. Hammon patronizingly offered Rafe twenty pounds to relinquish

his claims to Jane. Rafe, insulted, would have thrashed Hammon, but he was prevented from doing so by his lameness. Expecting to apprehend Rose and Rowland, Sir Hugh and Sir Roger had waited, too, in front of St. Faith's. Word reached them there that Rose and Rowland had been married at the Savoy.

Lord Mayor Simon Eyre gave a breakfast for all London apprentices; he himself was served by men of his own craft. The king pardoned Rowland and blessed him and Rose. When Sir Hugh and Sir Roger protested the match, the king explained that love was not a respecter of blood. To crown the festivities of Simon's Lord Mayorship, the king granted the shoemakers the privilege of holding two market days a week in the newly-built Leadenhall Market, and accepted Simon's invitation to him to be the guest of honor at a banquet.

SHORT STORIES OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Type of work: Short stories
Author: Katherine Mansfield (Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp, 1888-1923)
First published: In a German Pension, 1911; *Prelude,* 1918; *Je ne parle pas français,* 1920; *Bliss and Other Stories,* 1920; *The Garden Party and Other Stories,* 1922; *The Doves' Nest and Other Stories,* 1923; *Something Childish and Other Stories,* 1924; *The Aloe,* 1930

Katherine Mansfield, one of the greatest of modern short story writers, began writing at an early age. Born in New Zealand, Miss Mansfield went to England in 1903 and in 1911, when she was twenty-three, published her first volume of stories, *In a German Pension,* a series of sketches based on her experiences in Germany. These stories, often sharply and crisply satirical, portray many of the Germans as a gross people, preoccupied with mountains of food and long detailed discussions of their digestive processes, but covering their grossness and vulgarity with a thick coating of sentimental allegiance to the spirit or the soul. With acid sharpness, Miss Mansfield's stories demonstrate this combination of vulgarity and sentimentality. They also deride the Germans for other qualities: the lechery of the old man after he has protected a young English girl, cringing respect for the silent man with a title, the modern woman with her talk of art who completely neglects her children.

Although these stories are sensitive and moving portraits of people and their society, they show that Miss Mansfield had not yet found her own style. Crisply and economically told, they are not always completely realized in their effects, however, and often without that sharply focused point of view that this writer later developed. Despite these early shortcomings her criticisms of Germany were so telling that when war broke out in 1914 she was urged to have the stories reprinted by another publisher, the first having gone bankrupt. But she refused to take advantage of the 1914 attitude toward Germans, and the volume remained out of print until after her death.

Katherine Mansfield's next published story, *Prelude,* is set in New Zealand; it centers around a family called "Burnell," a set of characters she also used in a number of later stories which, like *Prelude,* are undoubtedly autobiographical to some extent. The Burnell family consists of three young daughters (one of them, Kezia, withdrawn and sensitive, one prissy and domineering, one slow and clumsy), their sensitive mother who hated bearing children, their energetic and successful father, their competent grandmother, their pretty maiden aunt who is lonely and waiting for a man who never comes. *Prelude* is a series of scenes showing the interactions of these characters on one another against a domestic background. The scenes are given in turn from the point of view of Kezia, the mother, and Beryl, the lonely spinster aunt. Although the work is full of perceptive passages, sensitive descriptions of nature and of flowers, and a warm understanding of people, the device of the multiple point of view never really unifies the story. *Prelude* remains a series of brilliant but scattered perceptions.

Miss Mansfield's talent had genuinely developed by the time she published the volume called *Bliss and Other Stories* in 1920. Her range of subjects had become wider: marriage, people alone in London and trying to make their way in a difficult world, family relationships, little ironic episodes. And her technique had become much surer and more effective. The title story of the volume is an effective tale of a modern woman, sensitive and withdrawn, married to a vital and energetic man. The woman finds herself attracted, as she has never been to her husband, to a mysterious and enigmatic Miss Fulton. While giving a dinner party, with Miss Fulton present, the woman suddenly realizes that this attraction, this happiness

she feels is really sexual and really directed toward her husband. She is anxious for her guests to leave so that she may begin a new and deeper relationship with him. As the guests are leaving, she accidentally catches a glimpse of her husband in a situation of familiarity with Miss Fulton and the young wife's newfound happiness is shattered.

Other stories, such as "The Dill Pickle," deal with shifting relationships among people—the realization that people change and cannot find in others, although they try to desperately, the happiness and comfort they once did. Little details and mannerisms, such as the calculated and merciless way in which the young man peels the orange in "The Dill Pickle," indicate a great deal about human character, indicate why, in this story, the young woman cannot return to him even though he is, in other ways, enormously attractive. Miss Mansfield, interested in shifting emotions, attempted to probe the truth of her characters' feelings. Yet this was not her sole concern. Many of her stories, such as "Pictures," exist in a wider social context. In "Pictures," an aging and bosomy singer is about to be evicted from her grimy Bloomsbury flat because she has not paid the rent. Miss Mansfield follows her through degrading attempts to find any sort of work—movies, stage, extra work. These futile attempts are balanced against her pathetic dreams of glory or of a handsome knight coming to save her. The story ends when she, with false hilarity, agrees to go home with a middle-aged businessman whom she meets in a restaurant. In these stories the writer probes the truths of experience on several different levels of life not limited by social class or interest in the arts or the life of leisure.

Her next volume, *The Garden Party and Other Stories,* contains a number of Katherine Mansfield's best-known works. Stories such as "The Garden Party" and "Her First Ball" recapture a great deal of a young girl's experience on entering the social world. In "Her First Ball," Miss Mansfield shows that in the midst of wonder and pleasure comes an awareness of age and the realization that no human experience lasts; yet the feeling of excitement is genuine and beautifully conveyed. The writer was able, at her best, fully to use her style, her crisp language, as part of what she wanted to say. This volume also has a number of stories dealing with marriage and the difficulties of preserving a relationship between two individuals. These difficulties appear intensified in the rapidly changing social world just after World War I. For example, in "Marriage à la Mode," the wife has developed an interest in new forms of art, formed friendships with effeminate young poets, and cultivated a flippant attitude toward all the sanctities of prewar life, while the husband has remained his old stolid, virtuous self. The marriage is doomed. Miss Mansfield, in this story, satirizes the wife's selfishness and her lack of concern for others.

The total body of Miss Mansfield's work does not place her, however, on the side of Victorian virtue. In other stories she satirizes the domestic tyrant who, representing old-fashioned virtues, preys on his daughters, or she ridicules the successful and virtuous prude who has neither time nor insight to observe what is going on around him. In other words, Miss Mansfield's stories attempt to describe the truth of the human experience and to praise honesty, directness, fidelity to that truth and to that concern. The person who, aware of his emotions, is faithful to them and concerned with the emotions of others, is the character who wins Miss Mansfield's sympathy. This concern, this sensitivity, may look ridiculous to the standards of the greater outside world, as the relationship in "Mr. and Mrs. Dove" appears ridiculous, but its depth and interior meaning are what matter. The people Miss Mansfield castigates are, like those in *In a German Pension,* the brutal, the callous, the pretentious, the falsely sentimental, the unconcerned.

In getting at her kind of emotional

truth, Miss Mansfield became more and more proficient. In her later stories, such as "The Doll's House," which deals with the Burnell family in New Zealand, she learned to control material and insight for disciplined artistic effect. She also, in several of the unfinished stories published in *The Doves' Nest and Other Stories*, began to use the technique of the stream of consciousness as a means to probe more deeply into issues involved in the experiences of her characters. Yet she retained the ability to use the small, telling detail, the casual conversation, or the intimate mannerism, as a way of displaying more profound and important truths.

A meticulous craftsman and a writer committed to a deep sense of moral honesty, Miss Mansfield has been deservedly praised as one of the leading writers of short stories in this century. She has also, in both technique and theme, had an enormous influence on a generation of writers attempting to see things clearly and record them with fidelity, clarity, and insight.

SHORT STORIES OF O. HENRY

Type of work: Short stories
Author: O. Henry (William Sydney Porter, 1862-1910)
First published: 1904-1917

The once inflated fame of O. Henry is no more. Today he is not only belittled by most critics of the short story but also practically ignored by writers on American literature in general. The *Literary History of the United States* (1946) mentions him twice, once as a user of slang and once as a writer popular in the U.S.S.R. *The Literature of the American People* (1951) ignores him altogether. Even Jay B. Hubbell's *The South in American Literature, 1607-1900* (1954) devotes less than two pages to him as a Southern writer and offers him only a sentence or two of subdued praise. Yet he continues to be widely read, as is clearly suggested by the inclusion of *The Best Short Stories of O. Henry* (1945) in the Modern Library, the reissue of *The Complete Works of O. Henry* in two volumes (1953), and the publication of *The Pocket Book of O. Henry Stories* (1956). The last collection went into a second printing within a month.

The ingredients which appeal most in the typical O. Henry short story are usually a blend of humor and sentiment or sentimentality. There is no depth of characterization; O. Henry specializes in easily recognizable types. The story is neatly put together and it moves rapidly. The style is breezy and slangy. Though the vocabulary may include a number of words unfamiliar to the reader of newspapers and pulp magazines (in which most of O. Henry's stories first appeared), there is enough of the American vernacular to sustain the story on a colloquial level. The unwary reader, in fact, may overlook the many humorous paraphrases from Shakespeare and other famous authors. The story characters belong either to the great American middle class or to a less exalted level of society. The author is obviously the friend of the "little man" and the enemy of those who would exploit him. There is a plentiful display of "local color," especially in the many stories of New York life. And there is a trick or surprise ending, often totally unexpected and illogical, but usually light and amusing. Though the surprise ending may be sentimental or even pathetic, it is never really tragic.

O. Henry has been compared to several of his predecessors and contemporaries from whom he may have learned something about story writing, among them Bret Harte, Maupassant, Mark Twain, and Frank Stockton. Many of the early stories are filled with the easy sentimentality of Bret Harte as well as Harte's "editorial" remarks about his characters. Maupassant's irony is often imitated, but the master's mordancy is missing, as well as his prevailingly serious view of life. O. Henry uses slang even more than Twain did, but where Twain's is integral, O. Henry's is gratuitous and frequently spoils what might have been some of his best effects. O. Henry is often credited with having introduced the trick ending into the short story, but Frank Stockton had already gained popularity with this type of ending several years before O. Henry's first story was published. Stockton's most famous story—"The Lady or the Tiger?"—had not even a trick ending; it had none at all, the reader being left to supply one for himself. The reader's-choice ending of O. Henry's "Thimble, Thimble" is reminiscent of Stockton, who is specifically named as a model at the beginning of the story.

These facts show that O. Henry was, then, not so much an originator as a clever practitioner. Far more a craftsman than an artist, he was a close observer of the surfaces of life and character. In spite of his exaggerations and whimsicality, he remains an effective local colorist in his

presentation of life in Bagdad-on-the-Subway, as he called New York, in the first decade of the century. To read his stories of the metropolis is to enter in imagination a bygone era of gaslights, horse-drawn hacks, and rococo décor that was the delight of the rich and the envious dream of shopgirls and ill-paid clerks or sweatshop workers.

Reading "The Furnished Room" in *The Four Million* (1906), one senses how it felt a half century ago to be lonely in a gaslit furnished room filled with battered furniture and the scattered, forgotten mementos of former lodgers. One hears the distant, disquieting noises from other rooms and breathes the familiar odors of the dilapidated lodging house. In O. Henry's stories of the metropolis one joins the strollers in Central Park or on Fifth Avenue, listens to tales told by drinkers in unobtrusive bars, inhales the garlic-rich atmosphere of a small Italian restaurant, or dines on lobster at fabulous Delmonico's.

Among the most famous of O. Henry's New York stories are "The Gift of the Magi" which, though somewhat hackneyed by many reprintings and a filmed version, still has its sentimental appeal; "The Cop and the Anthem," in which Soapy, after vainly trying to get himself jailed for the cold winter, hears church music and vows to reform, only to end with a three-month sentence for vagrancy; "The Romance of a Busy Broker," with the unbelievable revelation at the end that Harvey Maxwell has erred in proposing to his stenographer, because he has forgotten he married her the evening before; and "The Last Leaf," with its sentimental close that ironically counterbalances the saving of a young girl's life with the death of the kindly old artist who saved it.

Because O. Henry attained his fame while living in New York and because it is the scene of many of his stories, modern readers may forget that the author, like so many of the city dwellers he wrote about, was not a native. Born in North Carolina, he grew to manhood there. He lived for several years in Texas, and he stayed in Honduras for some months after having fled the United States to escape arrest for misappropriating funds from an Austin, Texas, bank. His life in the South, the Southwest, and Central America provided the backgrounds for numerous stories.

The more than twenty stories laid in the Southern states or employing distinctly Southern characters include several of his best. "A Municipal Report" is an excellent story of Nashville, Tennessee, written to answer an offhand comment by the novelist Frank Norris that Nashville was not a "story" city. The despicable Major Caswell of "A Municipal Report" is one of O. Henry's most vividly drawn characters, but he is matched by the very different Major Talbot of "The Duplicity of Hargraves," who romantically personifies the ante-bellum aristocrats of the columned mansions and great cotton plantations in the storied Old South. The faithfulness of ex-slaves to their former owners is shown in the devotion of Uncle Caesar to Mrs. Caswell in "A Municipal Report," the solicitude of Uncle Bushrod for the honor of the Weymouth family in "The Guardian of the Accolade." Other Southern stories are "The Whirligig of Life" (Tennessee), "The Rose of Dixie" (Georgia), "Cherchez la Femme" (New Orleans), "A Blackjack Bargainer" (North Carolina), and perhaps the funniest of O. Henry's stories, "The Ransom of Red Chief" (Alabama).

O. Henry's Texas years furnished him with both characters and atmosphere which he used for narrative purposes in *Heart of the West* (1907) and in scattered stories in other volumes. The leading character of "The Reformation of Calliope" delights in shooting rampages when drunk, like many a bad man in Western movies. The Cisco Kid of "The Caballero's Way" is said to have been modeled after the notorious Texas killer, John Wesley Hardin. "The Passing of

Black Eagle" is the story of another Texas desperado. "The Pimienta Pancakes" and "The Hiding of Black Bill" utilize O. Henry's knowledge of ranch life. It should be added, however, that the ludicrously polysyllabic language used by some of the characters in these Texas stories bears little relation to that ever used by any rancher or cowboy, O. Henry included.

For the loosely related series of stories in his first volume *Cabbages and Kings* (1904) and a few later stories, O. Henry drew upon his stay in Honduras and possibly upon tales he heard from the train robber Al Jennings and other friends he met there. Though some of these stories have comic-opera overtones, they probably reveal the same closely observed details of actual life that were later to appear in the New York stories.

O. Henry's life was marked by many vicissitudes, but he retained almost to the end a zest for living and a genuine love of people. Because of this and because his writing so frequently shows a humorous virtuosity of language and a facile playing upon the emotions of his readers, he seems likely to survive, even without benefit of criticism, for many years to come.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD

Type of work: Poems
Author: A. E. Housman (1859-1936)
First published: 1896

In 1896, the high point of what has been variously called "the yellow 'nineties" and "the Beardsley period," Victorian poetry was at a low ebb. Tennyson and Browning were both dead; Swinburne had long since retired to Putney. The Pre-Raphaelite movement had subsided. Hardy was still known only as a novelist. The minor poets seemed stereotyped into two groups: those who, like Wilde, produced "Swinburne and water" and those who wrote frail imitations of the French of Paul Verlaine. The only new and original talent was that of Kipling, who had already published his two most famous volumes. But in spite of Kipling's vigor, the spirit of the age was best represented by *The Yellow Book* and Beardsley's illustrations for *The Rape of the Lock*. It was in this atmosphere of "purple patches and fine phrases" that there appeared *A Shropshire Lad*, a slender volume containing sixty-three short poems—some only eight lines long—written by the Professor of Latin at University College, London.

Twenty-six years later, in a short preface to his second volume, *Last Poems*, Housman gave some hint of the circumstances attending the composition of *A Shropshire Lad*. He said that most of the poems had been written "in the early months of 1895" and under a "continuous excitement." Exactly what he meant by this last phrase has never been quite clear; indeed, his biography, apparently so uneventful, presents some little mystery. Oddly enough for a man who was to become one of the greatest Latinists in the English-speaking world, he did not take honors in his final examinations at Oxford, and as a result he apparently went through a period of depression. But the cause of the "continuous excitement" that resulted in *A Shropshire Lad* remains to be satisfactorily explained.

The reader coming upon the poetry of Housman for the first time will be immediately aware of its extremely narrow range. The poet limited himself to but one theme: the brevity and tragedy of life and the inevitability of death. Spring and youth are beautiful, but they pass quickly, just as the blossoms "stream from the hawthorn on the wind away." Further, a man must expect neither happiness nor justice during the brief span allotted to him; life is cruel and filled with injustice. But at least we know that our misfortunes are the common lot of mankind, for, as he wrote in *Last Poems*,

> The troubles of our proud and angry dust
> Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
> Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
> Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

Man has no one but himself to depend on; his own strength must see him through his troubles. He does not have even the hope of immortality—as Horace said, in the ode that Housman translated, "pulvis et umbra sumus—we are dust and dreams." But the grave, when finally won to, brings peace: "Turn safe to rest, no dreams, no waking."

The influence of Housman's classical studies upon his own poetry is difficult to measure, and yet it is apparent. Years devoted to the careful editing of texts gave him, if nothing else, a feeling for precise workmanship; the terseness of the Latin language contributed to the characteristic brevity of his poems. Indeed, there is much that might be called "Roman" about his poetry—it could even be claimed that the familiar lines of Catullus:

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Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda,

(Suns may rise and set again.
For us, when our short light
Has set, remains no more than sleep
Through one perpetual night.)

sum up most of what he had to say. Also, it has been observed that the aspect of Roman stoicism which has remained in the imagination of subsequent centuries is the "quality of emotional self-restraint." It is this quality that is apparent in Housman's work and that marks it off sharply from the mass of Victorian poetry. There has been "paganism" enough in some of the late nineteenth-century poets; but it took the form either of the wild riot of Maenads, Bassarids, and other mythological fauna so dear to Swinburne or of the soft Epicureanism of FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyám. A paganism deriving from Roman stoicism and based on restraint, on acceptance of the inevitable tragedy of life, on the idea that "life is never worth preserving at the cost of dishonor," was something quite different. And it should be remembered that patriotism, expressed in some of these poems, was one of the pagan virtues.

Housman's tragic view of life, his preoccupation with death (particularly with death by hanging) have been criticized by some as artificial. It did not seem plausible that a man whose own existence was so secure could genuinely have viewed life in such grim fashion. But Housman tried to make his readers aware that the tragedies of which we wrote were "not mine, but man's." He was also criticized for cultivating certain mannerisms of language. It is, for example, true that the unfortunate lines describing the football game:

The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal,

sound like an unconscious parody of his own style. But what great poet has not, at least once, unwittingly parodied himself?

Although Housman declared that "the most poetical of all poets is Blake," he elsewhere stated that the great influences on his own work had been Shakespeare's songs, the Border ballads, and the poems of Heine. Poem VIII in *A Shropshire Lad* shows how he used ballad material; in *Last Poems*, the second stanza of "Sinner's Rue" is a translation of Heine's "Am Kreuzweg wird begraben." But the important effect of the three influences was that of compression. He himself felt that "poetry is not the thing said but a way of saying it," and that "to transfuse emotion . . . is the peculiar function of poetry." His own taste was romantic; he derived his critical judgments from Arnold, whose dislike for eighteenth-century poetry he shared. Yet the opinions he expressed in his lecture, "The Name and Nature of Poetry" (1933), are sometimes curiously at variance with his practice.

As late as 1922 it was still possible for Holbrook Jackson to list Housman among the minor poets of the 1890's. But today his reputation, resting chiefly on the one hundred and four short poems in his first two volumes, is higher than that of any English poet between the Victorians Tennyson and Browning and the moderns Yeats and Eliot.

THE SICKNESS UNTO DEATH

Type of work: Philosophical treatise
Author: Søren Kierkegaard (1813-1855)
First published: 1849

Kierkegaard gave *The Sickness Unto Death* a subtitle, "A Christian Psychological Exposition for Edification and Awakening," and he used the pseudonym "Anti-Climacus" when it appeared. Walter Lowrie, in an introduction to his translation of this work, calls *The Sickness Unto Death* "one of the most important productions of that most productive period" of Kierkegaard's life. The subtitle and the pseudonym reflect not the wit and eccentricity of a pedant, but the conscience and intellect of a modest but nevertheless self-assured philosopher in the service of God. What is the "sickness unto death" which Kierkegaard reveals in his psychological exposition in so forceful a manner that the work has impressed the critics and affected the course of modern philosophic thought? It is the sickness of a self that wills to tear itself away from the Power which constituted it.

According to Kierkegaard, man is in despair, which he may not recognize, because he is always critically "sick unto death." For a spirit in such a condition, death is no escape; the sickness is "unto death" precisely because it is a despairful longing for death, not for extinction alone, but for the experience of not being the self that one is. It is as if man were longing for the experience of death—an impossible experience because death, considered as death, is the end of all experience. The self is not content to be itself; it is not content to relate itself to God; it cannot be satisfied with extinction —the result is, in Kierkegaard's view, "the sickness unto death."

Another way of understanding Kierkegaard's account of this dreadful malady of the spirit is through a consideration of what he means by health. Kierkegaard maintains that "to have a self, to be a self, is the greatest concession made to man, but at the same time it is eternity's demand upon him." Yet man's self is a relation between the infinite and the finite, the temporal and the eternal, freedom and necessity—and as a relation, a synthesis, the self cannot exist before the synthesis is achieved. For that reason, there is some sense in which, as Kierkegaard claims at the outset, "man is not yet a self": he has not achieved a synthesis with God, with the Power which constituted him. Sickness is this alienation; health is the elimination of despair, achieved when the self, recognizing its dependence on the Power which constituted it, wills to be itself.

To use language other than Kierkegaard's in the attempt to understand the central thesis upon which the value of the book depends, we can say that Kierkegaard is arguing that man, considered not as an animal but as a spirit, can realize himself only by being willing to admit that he becomes something worthy of the name "self" when he accepts the whole of his condition. This acceptance of limitations, of opposing powers, even of God's eminence, is not resignation; it is a willingness to live "no matter what," to be what one is in the world as it is.

It is tempting to make Kierkegaard's thesis broader than it is, to argue that the great Danish philosopher has more sense than to suppose that significant action is possible only by relating the self to God. But the term "God" is not a convenient symbol for power; for Kierkegaard God is the Power which relates itself to every spirit and makes possible, through the self's acknowledgment of that relation, the existence of every self.

Atheistic Existentialists have found much that is helpful to them in Kierkegaard, but only by eliminating all references to God. Philosophers like Jean-Paul Sartre are interested in arguing that in

man "existence precedes essence," that only through action can man "make himself" into some particular self. "Authentic" existence is not given to a man, but he can create himself by the life he chooses and lives. For Kierkegaard also, health of the spirit is possible whenever man chooses to be himself—but only because to be himself man must relate himself to God, while for Sartre health of the spirit consists not in relating oneself to God, but in recognizing one's freedom from all such dependent relations. Sartre writes of the nausea and anguish which grip a man when he realizes his creative responsibility, but for Kierkegaard anguish is not the result of realizing one's own creative responsibility—it is the condition of a self which is not yet a self, of a man who tries to escape from God and, consequently, from himself.

The despair which is the sickness unto death may take any one of three forms: it may be the despair of not being conscious of having a self; it may be the despair of not willing to be oneself; or it may be the despair of willing to be oneself.

If a man is in despair, how can he fail to be conscious of it? Kierkegaard asserts that a man who is primarily sensuous can be in despair without being conscious of his condition. Such a man "lives in the sensuous categories agreeable/disagreeable, and says goodbye to truth. . . ." A person who is sensuously happy will resent any attempt to take his happiness from him; he refuses to acknowledge the despair which is deep within him. This form of despair, unconscious despair, is the most common. Since the sickness of not being willing to be oneself before God is sinful, it is important that all who are in the anguish of dread come to be conscious of that dread as the first step toward creating a self which is a synthesis. Kierkegaard defines sin as follows: "Sin is this: *before God, or with the conception of God, to be in despair at not willing to be oneself, or in despair at willing to be oneself.*" Both kinds of despair are eliminated, of course, by being willing, before God, to be oneself.

The formula which enables a man to escape the sin, the offense, of dread is, at the same time, a definition of faith: "By relating itself to its own self and by willing to be itself, the self is grounded transparently in the Power which constituted it." The opposite of sin, according to Kierkegaard, is not virtue, but faith.

In order to emphasize his conviction that the opposition of faith to sin is a Christian concept which is fundamental to all ethical concepts, Kierkegaard stresses the importance of the qualifying phrase "before God." Man comes to have a reality, a self, "by existing directly in the sight of God," and because of this, man's sin—his not willing to be himself before God—concerns God. Kierkegaard admits that the notion of man's being invited to exist before God and of God's being concerned for man is unacceptable to many persons because it is both strange and demanding. Just as it would be puzzling and disturbing if an emperor were to invite a peasant to be his son-in-law, so it is puzzling and disturbing to suppose that God takes enough interest in each man to wish to have that man come to exist before him by willing to be himself before God. Yet this is the Christian idea, Kierkegaard insists, and it is an idea which illuminates the entire area of ethical being and action.

The despair at not willing to be oneself is called the despair of weakness, and the despair of willing to be oneself is called the despair of defiance. Such forms of despair result from a concern with self as if the self could exist by itself; this delusion is made possible by an absorption in matters that do not properly concern the spirit—matters of business or pleasure.

The sin of despair may give rise to new sins, to a continuation of sin. One may despair over one's sin, so concentrating attention upon it as to make impossible the emergence of faith, or one may despair of being forgiven. In the latter case, the sinner chooses, in weak-

ness, to be a sinner, for he rejects the forgiveness which would enable him to be himself before God. Finally, one may commit the sin of abandoning Christianity, of declaring it to be false. This sin is "offensive warfare," according to Kierkegaard, and it is a sin against the Holy Ghost.

Kierkegaard's conception of God is often difficult to grasp because he explains the relations between God and man in a dialectical way, claiming that one understands either only by appreciating the subtle effects that the actions and attitude of either have on each other and on the emergence of man's spiritual self. An interesting feature of his account is his conception of God as a being who "can do no other" than make the possibility of man's offense a part of man's condition. Dread must be possible for man because God is concerned to allow man the possibility of faith.

The influence of Kierkegaard in modern philosophy can be explained, paradoxically, by reference to modern man's loss of faith. A dissatisfaction with unexamined creeds quickly leads to the rejection of the creeds. Man is then in anguish over the void which he finds before him, and the writers tell of "wastelands" and "lost generations." At such a time the Existentialists are able to catch men's interest by declaring that through action man creates his self; the Christian Existentialist turns his attention to God as the factor to which man must be related in order to be a self, while the atheistic Existentialist makes virtues out of lucidity, courage, and action. Of the Christian Existentialists, none has been more original and persuasive than Kierkegaard.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES

Type of work: Drama
Author: Sir William Davenant (1606-1668)
Type of plot: Historical romance
Time of plot: 1522
Locale: The fortress at Rhodes and the nearby coast of Caria
First presented: 1656

Principal characters:

SOLYMAN II, THE MAGNIFICENT, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, 1520-1566
PYRRHUS, the general in charge of the Persian army before the arrival of Solyman
VILLERIUS, PHILIP VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM, commander of the fortress at Rhodes
ALPHONSO, a Sicilian duke
IANTHE, Alphonso's wife
ROXOLANA, Solyman's wife

Critique:

William Davenant, not yet knighted at the time he wrote and produced this "entertainment" based on the historic siege of Rhodes, was named poet laureate of England in 1638. When he became "governor" of a group of actors, Cromwell allowed him certain theatrical liberties during the time the theaters were "closed." He is credited with adapting the French neoclassicists' favorite theme, love and honor, for the English stage. He was also the first to bring actresses to the stage in England. The play is in two parts, the first an elaborate musical spectacle, the second a more fully developed drama with five acts and many scenes. The historical basis for the plot concerns the attempt of the Ottoman Empire to control a passageway to Egypt by destroying the fortress at Rhodes. An unsuccessful assault on the part of Solyman led to his successful siege, which caused Philip Villiers de L'Isle Adam to surrender to the lenient terms of the admiring Turk. The other characters, the women in particular, are inventions, used to exploit the honor-in-love theme in contrast to that presenting love-of-battle.

The Story:

In the fortress at Rhodes, seven bastions were maintained by eight Christian nations as united in opposition to the Turks as were the earlier Crusaders. Villerius, a Knight of St. John in supreme command of those forces, was successfully defending the fort from Solyman's assault. Alphonso, the most vigorous among those defending the Cross from the Crescent, considered this battle Christendom's last stand against the infidel. Ianthe, his bride of but a few months, first aided the war effort by sacrificing her jewels to buy arms, and then decided to become one of history's termagants, or Amazons, and fight by the side of her husband. In her attempt to join him, she was captured by the Turks. Two days later she was released by order of the sultan as a mark of respect to her courage and virtue.

In the battle that followed, Alphonso, mad with jealousy because he believed that his wife had been unfaithful to him with the Turkish ruler, fought with the fierceness of many men. Roxolana, Solyman's wife, also became jealous, so highly was Ianthe praised by her husband. The battle was fought so ferociously, especially by the English, that the infidels were repulsed, forcing the sultan to resort to siege tactics. Honor had been preserved in love and battle by participants on the two sides of the fort.

Famine soon became a real threat to the beleaguered garrison. While the leaders debated strategy, the populace demanded that Ianthe sue for peace. Alphonso, recovered from his jealousy, re-

fused to allow Ianthe to be used as a hostage, but she, deciding otherwise in order to save her husband and the garrison from slow starvation, stole secretly away to the sultan's camp. Further misunderstanding ensued when Roxolana learned that Ianthe was in the sultan's tent. In her jealousy she sent a note to the aggrieved warrior-husband, word which caused the entire garrison to deplore the sacrifice of virtuous Ianthe to the supposed lust of Solyman. Ianthe's display of virtue, however, won over the sultana, who was fearful only that her son would not succeed to the throne. Solyman declared that his intentions were always honorable, in love as well as war.

As the palace of Villerius was set on fire at the height of the siege, a last abortive attack was made by the Christians in order to rescue Ianthe. The two young lovers were secretly united by Roxolana. Her husband, moved as much by his wife's compassion for the young couple as by their own virtue and devotion, sent both back to Rhodes, leaving the terms of the surrender entirely to Ianthe's discretion. History has it that a general amnesty ensued and that all the Knights of St. John were allowed free egress from Rhodes.

THE SIGN OF FOUR

Type of work: Novel
Author: Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930)
Type of plot: Mystery romance
Time of plot: 1888
Locale: London
First published: 1889

Principal characters:
SHERLOCK HOLMES, crime investigator
DR. JOHN WATSON, his friend
MARY MORSTAN, a client
THADDEUS SHOLTO, an art collector
JONATHAN SMALL, an escaped convict

Critique:

The stories of Sherlock Holmes need no introduction to lovers of mystery and suspense. In *The Sign of Four* the master detective chases an elusive treasure and runs into murder. Undaunted by completely baffling clues, spurred on by his friend Dr. Watson, Sherlock unwinds the mystery but modestly gives the credit to the less astute. One of the earliest of his detective story yarns, this brief novel will provide an excellent evening's entertainment.

The Story:

Miss Mary Morstan went to Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson with something of a mystery. Her father, formerly an officer in an Indian regiment, had sent her word from London that she was to meet him at a certain hotel. But when she kept the appointment, her father failed to appear, and he had not been heard from in the ten years elapsed since that time. His only known friend in England had been Major Sholto, a brother officer, but that gentleman had disclaimed any knowledge of Morstan's presence in London. For the past six years Mary Morstan had received one large and valuable pearl on a certain date each year. That morning she had received a note asking her to meet the writer at a certain spot near a theater. She was to bring two friends if she liked, but not the police. Apprehensive and puzzled, she turned to Sherlock Holmes for help.

Sherlock and Dr. Watson eagerly accepted the assignment, Sherlock from a need for excitement and Dr. Watson from a newly kindled love for the young girl. When the three people kept the appointment at the theater, they were met by a coachman who drove them some distance and then deposited them in front of a house in a long row of new, dreary houses of the same design. Inside they were met by Dr. Thaddeus Sholto, the son of Major Sholto, who told them a strange and frightening story which their father had told him and his twin brother shortly before the major died.

In India, Morstan and Major Sholto had come upon a large fortune which Sholto had brought back to England. When Morstan arrived in London, where he had planned to meet his daughter, he had called on Major Sholto. In a disagreement over the division of the treasure Morstan, stricken by a heart attack, fell and struck his head a mortal blow. Fearing that he would be accused of murder, Major Sholto had with the help of a servant disposed of the body. On his deathbed Major Sholto had wanted to make restitution to Morstan's daughter and had called his twin sons to his side to tell them where the treasure was hidden. But as he was about to reveal the hiding place, he saw a horrible face staring in the window, and he died before he could disclose his secret.

On the following morning his sons found the room ransacked and on the dead man's chest a piece of paper bearing

the words "The Sign of Four." The two brothers differed over their responsibility to Mary Morstan, Thaddeus wanting to help her and his twin wanting to keep everything for themselves should the treasure be found. It was Thaddeus who had sent her the pearl each year, their father having taken the pearls out of the treasure chest before he died.

The day before his meeting with Mary, Sherlock Holmes, and Dr. Watson, Thaddeus had learned that his brother had found the treasure chest in a sealed-off portion of the attic in their father's house. Thaddeus declared his intention to take Mary and the two men to his brother and force him to give the girl her share of the wealth. When they arrived at the brother's house, however, they found him murdered and the treasure gone. It was a baffling case, for the door to his room was locked from the inside and the wall to the window impossible to scale. But Sherlock found certain clues which led him to believe there had been two accomplices, one of whom had pulled the other up through a trapdoor in the roof. He also ascertained that one of the men had a wooden leg and the other exceedingly small feet.

During the ten years since Morstan's death there had been found various notes with the names of four men on them, the only English name being that of Jonathan Small. Many of the notes were signed "The Sign of Four," the words which had been written on the paper left on the late Major Sholto's body. Using this clue and the evidence found in the murder room, Sherlock went to work. Believing that Jonathan Small was the key to the mystery, he tracked Small to a steam launch and after a harrowing chase on the river caught up with him. Before he could overtake Small, however, he had to kill the little man with the small feet. About to be taken, Small emptied the treasure into the river. After his capture, he told a story which unraveled the mystery.

When he was a young man, Jonathan Small had fled from home because of trouble over a girl. Joining the army, he went to India. Soon after his arrival there he lost a leg to a crocodile. His accident necessitating a wooden leg, he was invalided out of the army. For a time he worked on a plantation. When the natives staged an uprising, he accidentally came upon a treasure chest filled with precious jewels. Three natives, his partners in the discovery, swore loyalty to each other and called themselves The Four. After the uprising the four men were imprisoned. In order to escape they had entrusted their secret to Morstan and Major Sholto, and Sholto had taken charge of the treasure until the others could reach safety. But Major Sholto had tricked his confederates, his treachery resulting in Morstan's and his own conscience-stricken deaths. Sherlock had been right in assuming that Small had left the paper with "The Sign of Four." Small had escaped from prison and made his way back to England with a native companion, the man with the small feet. After Major Sholto's death he had waited until the son found the treasure. Small had not intended violence, but his companion had murdered young Sholto with a poison splinter before Small could enter the locked room by means of a rope suspended through the trapdoor.

The rest of the story was known by Sherlock Holmes. Small, attempting to escape the country with the treasure, had dumped it into the river rather than part with it. To Dr. Watson the loss was a happy circumstance, for he could now tell Mary Morstan of his love for her. This he would not do while he thought her an heiress. Mary accepted his proposal and the happy pair received the good wishes of Sherlock Holmes. As for him, he preferred the stimulation of mystery to the stimulation of love.

SILAS MARNER

Type of work: Novel
Author: George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans, 1819-1880)
Type of plot: Domestic realism
Time of plot: Early nineteenth century
Locale: England
First published: 1861

Principal characters:
SILAS MARNER, a weaver
EPPIE, his adopted daughter
AARON WINTHROP, whom Eppie married
GODFREY CASS, Eppie's father
DUNSTAN CASS, his wastrel brother
NANCY LAMMETER, whom Godfrey married

Critique:

George Eliot's intent in writing *Silas Marner: the Weaver of Raveloe* was to show that good things come to pure, natural people. In contrast to the deadly serious nature of the hero are the simple and humorous village characters. Silas does not belong to the realm of important literary characters. He is merely a symbol of patience, pathos, and goodness; the victim of an injustice which he does nothing to rectify. He waits for sixteen years until justice, the abstraction, conquers, and Silas, the man, reaps his deserved harvest.

The Story:

In the small community of Raveloe lived the linen-weaver, Silas Marner. Long years at his spinning-wheel had left Silas extremely near-sighted so that his vision was limited to only those objects which were very bright or very close to him. Because of an unjust accusation of theft, Silas had left his former home at Lantern Yard and had become a recluse. For fifteen years the lonely, shriveled man had lived for no purpose but to hoard the money he received in payment for his weaving. Night after night he took his golden hoard from its hiding place in the floor of his cottage and let the shining pieces run through his fingers.

The leading man in Raveloe was Squire Cass, who had one fine son, Godfrey, and one wastrel son, Dunstan. It was said that Godfrey would marry Nancy Lammeter. But Godfrey had become involved in Dunstan's gambling debts. He had lent his spendthrift brother some of the squire's rent money, which Dunstan had lost in gambling. Since neither brother could raise the money, they decided that Dunstan must sell Godfrey's favorite horse, Wildfire, at a nearby fair. Godfrey's one fear was that this affair would harm his reputation in the neighborhood and his chance with Nancy. Another thing that weighed on Godfrey's conscience and prevented his declaration to Nancy was the fact that he was already married. Once he had been drunk in a tavern in a distant hamlet, and in that condition he had married a low-bred, common woman. Sober, he had fled back to Raveloe and kept his marriage a secret.

Dunstan rode Wildfire across the fog-dimmed fields and crippled the animal on a high jump. With no means of raising the money, half-drunk and fear-driven, Dunstan came to Silas Marner's cottage. He knew the neighborhood gossip that the weaver had a hoard of gold hidden away. The cottage was empty, and instinct soon led the drunken boy to the hiding place of the gold. Stealing out of the cabin with his prize and stumbling through the night, Dunstan fell into an abandoned quarry pit and was killed.

The robbery of Silas' cottage furnished gossip for the entire community. Another mystery was the disappearance of Dun-

stan Cass. Godfrey was forced now to tell his father about the rent money he had given Dunstan and about the loss of the valuable horse, which had been found dead. Silas began to receive visitors from the neighborhood. One of his most frequent callers was Dolly Winthrop and her son Aaron, a charming little boy. Yet Silas could not be persuaded to come out of his hermitage; he secretly mourned the loss of his gold.

On New Year's Eve a destitute woman died in the snow near Silas' cottage. She had with her a little yellow-haired girl who made her way toward the light shining through the cottage window and entered the house. Returning from an errand, Silas saw a golden gleam in front of his fireplace, a gleam which he mistook for his lost gold. On closer examination, he discovered a sleeping baby. Following the child's tracks through the snow, he came upon the body of the dead woman.

Godfrey was dancing happily with Nancy when Silas appeared to say that he had found a body. Godfrey went with the others to the scene and saw to his horror that the dead woman was his estranged wife. He told no one of her identity, and had not the courage to claim the baby for his own. Silas, with a confused association between the golden-haired child and his lost hoard, tenaciously clung to the child. After Dolly Winthrop spoke up in favor of his proper attitude toward children, the villagers decided to leave the baby with the old weaver.

Years passed. Under the spell of the child who in her baby language called herself Eppie instead of the Biblical Hephzibah that Silas had bestowed upon her, the cottage of the weaver of Raveloe took on a new appearance. Lacy curtains decorated the once drab windows, and Silas himself outgrew his shell of reticence. Dolly brought her son to play with Eppie. Silas was happy. After many years he even returned to Lantern Yard, taking Eppie. He searched his old neighborhood hopefully but could find no one who could clear his blighted past.

Godfrey Cass married Nancy, but it was a childless union. For sixteen years Godfrey secretly carried with him the thought of his child growing up under the care of Silas. At last the old stone quarry was drained and workmen found a skeleton identified by Dunstan's watch and seals. Beside the skeleton was Silas' lost bag of gold, stolen on the night of Dunstan's disappearance. With this discovery, Godfrey's past reopened its sealed doors. He felt that the time had come to tell Nancy the truth. When he confessed the story of Eppie's birth, Nancy agreed with him that they should go to Silas and Eppie with their tale. Hearing this strange story of Eppie's parentage, the unselfish weaver opened the way for Eppie to take advantage of her wealthy heritage; but Eppie fled to the arms of the man who had been a father and a mother to her when no one else would claim her.

There was one thing remaining to complete the weaver's happiness. Eppie married Aaron Winthrop, her childhood playmate, while Silas beamed happily on the scene of her wedding.

THE SILENT WOMAN

Type of work: Drama
Author: Ben Jonson (1573?-1637)
Type of plot: Satirical comedy
Time of plot: Early seventeenth century
Locale: London
First presented: 1609

Principal characters:
MOROSE, a gentleman who loves no noise
SIR DAUPHINE EUGENIE, his nephew
NED CLERIMONT, one of Sir Dauphine's friends
TRUEWIT, another friend
SIR JOHN DAW, a ridiculous knight
SIR AMOROUS LA-FOOLE, another silly knight
CUTBEARD, a barber
CAPTAIN OTTER, a heavy drinker
MISTRESS OTTER, his wife
MISTRESS EPICŒNE, supposed the Silent Woman

Critique:

On the original title page this work was called *Epicœne, or The Silent Woman;* however, in Jonson's own time and since, it has been better known by its subtitle. The play is one of Jonson's superbly constructed masterpieces. John Dryden chose it as a perfect example of English drama and devoted a long passage of his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* to a critical examination of its merits. Before *The Silent Woman,* the settings of Jonson's plays were in Italy, in unspecified places, or in a mythical land of nowhere. With this play the dramatist settled on his native land as the setting for his comedies. It is, therefore, a forerunner of the great play, *The Alchemist,* of the second version of *Every Man in His Humour,* and of *Bartholomew Fair,* another magnificent prose comedy. The laughter in *The Silent Woman* is less savage than the laughter frequently characteristic of Jonsonian comedy.

The Story:

Clerimont and Truewit, young men about town, met and discussed various matters, including the relative merits of natural beauty and the use of cosmetics. Shifting the topic to their friend Sir Dauphine Eugenie, they wondered how he was able to put up with his uncle Morose, an eccentric character who could abide no noise except the sound of his own voice. Clerimont's page amused them with accounts of various noisy pranks played on the ridiculous old man. Sir Dauphine joined them and complained that his uncle blamed all the pranks on him and his friends and threatened to marry and leave his fortune to his new wife instead of to his nephew. Morose had heard of a soft-voiced woman, extremely frugal of speech, and had negotiated with his silent barber, Cutbeard, to arrange a meeting, possibly even a marriage.

Truewit, amazed at hearing of a silent barber and a silent woman, was struck with a sudden inspiration and excused himself. After Truewit's departure on his undisclosed mission, Sir Amorous La-Foole arrived to invite the gentlemen to a feast at the home of his kinswoman, Mistress Otter. The guests were to include the silent Mistress Epicœne; three collegiate ladies, Lady Haughty, Lady Centaur, and Mistress Mavis; and Sir John Daw. Sir Dauphine and Clerimont bracketed Sir John and Sir Amorous as ridiculous targets for comedy.

Morose was instructing his servant Mute to use only sign language, or in extreme emergencies to speak through a tube, when they were interrupted by a loud blast from a post-horn. Mute went to

the door and returned, followed by Truewit, carrying a post-horn and a halter. Morose and Mute were overwhelmed by a volley of words and intimidated by a dagger when they attempted to leave the room. Truewit suggested that Morose choose some way of self-destruction other than marriage and offered him the halter to hang himself. After another voluble outpouring he left, but added the final torture of another blast from his horn. When Cutbeard arrived, he found Morose in such a state that he had to be put to bed.

In the company of Mistress Epicœne, Sir Dauphine and Clerimont encouraged the fantastic knight Sir John Daw to quote and explain his own poetry, to show off his copious but confused mass of knowledge, and to boast of his romantic prowess. They were interrupted by Truewit, returning with his horn. Sir Dauphine was greatly disturbed at the account of the prank, which Truewit assured him would break off the intended marriage; he told Truewit that the marriage was his own plot abetted by his confederates, Cutbeard and Mistress Epicœne. Cutbeard hastened in to announce that Morose, furious with Truewit and certain that Sir Dauphine had sent him to break off the match, had determined to marry immediately. Cutbeard conducted Mistress Epicœne away, and the young gentlemen commented on her apparent desertion of her gallant, Sir John. They encouraged him to indulge his melancholy.

Morose welcomed Cutbeard and Mistress Epicœne, who spoke so softly that she could hardly be heard. Cutbeard did all his speaking by signs only. Carried away with Mistress Epicœne's noiseless charm, Morose promised large rewards to the barber, reminding him to deliver his thanks silently, and sent him to find a soft-voiced minister to perform the marriage ceremony. He gloated over his imminent marriage and his begetting of children to inherit his estate after he had cast out his impudent nephew.

When Cutbeard announced the results to Sir Dauphine and his friends, Truewit suggested that the whole of Sir Amorous' party be transported to Morose's house to celebrate the wedding with proper sound effects. The young men left for the party. The crowd gathered at the Otters' house for the party. Clerimont and Sir Dauphine stirred up trouble between Sir Amorous and Sir John Daw by making each believe that the other was putting a slight on him: that Sir Amorous knew that Morose was taking Sir John's sweetheart from him, and that Sir John was taking Sir Amorous' guests to the wedding feast. They suggested to Sir Amorous that he have his provisions carried to Morose's home, in the hope that the smell of the venison would attract some fiddlers and trumpeters on the way.

Morose had the wedding ceremony performed by a parson who could hardly be heard because of a bad cold; he rewarded him handsomely, but a crashing cough angered him so that he demanded that part of the reward be returned. Cutbeard suggested that making change would be difficult for the parson, but that he could cough out the rest; this suggestion silenced Morose, who dismissed the parson. Immediately following the ceremony, Mistress Epicœne exhibited her voice in an outburst of shrewish scolding. Reeling from this shock, Morose looked around to see Truewit entering with loud congratulations, shortly followed by the whole procession of noisy guests. The collegiate ladies invited Mistress Epicœne to join their circle. When they began to whisper confidentially, Morose had a gleam of hope which was immediately dashed by their loud criticisms of the lack of wedding festivities. Clerimont ushered in a host of musicians playing fortissimo, and Captain Otter followed with his drinking mugs and a group of drummers and trumpeters to sound for toasts. Morose fled, groaning, to lock himself in the attic with a nest of nightcaps pulled over his ears. The party continued noisily, enlivened by a quarrel between Captain Otter and his wife; she beat him

until he howled repentance. Morose returned with his sword to drive away the party, but, overcome by the clamor, he fled again, followed by Sir Dauphine, who endeavored to console him, and Truewit, who reminded him of his warning about the dangers of marriage. Morose accepted Truewit's advice that he sue for a divorce.

Continuing their pranks on Sir John and Sir Amorous, the young men reduced them into such a state of terror that they hid from each other. At last each was persuaded to consent to be blindfolded and to accept indignities from his furious opponent: Sir John was to receive five kicks from Sir Amorous and to surrender his sword; Sir Amorous was to surrender his sword, receive a blow on the mouth, and have his nose tweaked. Sir Dauphine, impersonating each in turn, inflicted the indignities on the hoodwinked knights. On Morose's return, Truewit showed him the swords and said that the quarrel had arisen over the bride's amorous favors. Since Morose had not been able to face the noise in the law courts, Truewit promised to find legal help for the divorce proceedings. Prodded by the young men, both Sir John and Sir Amorous boasted of successful love affairs with Mistress Epicœne.

Truewit returned with Cutbeard disguised as a lawyer and Captain Otter disguised as a parson. These engaged in a noisy dispute on secular and canon law concerning divorce proceedings.

During the dispute, which was exquisite torture to Morose, Mistress Epicœne and the ladies entered screeching about her wrongs. Every effort of Morose to free himself failed, even the accusation of adultery, for neither knight could claim intimacy after the marriage. Sir Dauphine proposed to his uncle that if he could free him from his tormenting bride Morose would restore him as heir. Morose eagerly accepted the terms and signed an agreement, at which Sir Dauphine pulled off Mistress Epicœne's wig to disclose that the supposed silent woman was a boy. Sir John and Sir Amorous were discredited and discomfited; the collegiate ladies were covered with embarrassment at having exposed feminine mysteries to a member of the opposite sex; and Morose retired to welcome silence.

SIMPLICISSIMUS THE VAGABOND

Type of work: Novel
Author: H. J. C. von Grimmelshausen (c. 1625-1676)
Type of plot: Picaresque romance
Time of plot: The Thirty Years' War (1618-1648)
Locale: Germany
First published: 1669

Principal characters:
SIMPLICIUS SIMPLICISSIMUS, a vagabond
A PEASANT, his foster father
A HERMIT, his real father
A PASTOR
ULRICH HERZBRUDER, Simplicissimus' friend
OLIVER, a rogue

Critique:

It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that Grimmelshausen became known as the author of *Simplicissimus,* for this book, like so many of his works, was published under a pen name. This is a particularly strange fact in German literary history, when one considers that the novel is the masterpiece of the only really great German writer of the seventeenth century. Indeed, the writings of Grimmelshausen have been declared to be the one oasis in the literary desert during that period. In this novel none of the great historical figures of the Thirty Years' War appears; only James Ramsay, the Scot who brilliantly defended Hanau, is a real-life figure of note. The fact that he is made to be the uncle of Simplicissimus, the brother of the hero's mother, is completely fictional. Grimmelshausen's is the only contemporary German treatment of the Thirty Years' War in fiction.

The Story:

Simplicissimus was a simple child who grew up to the age of ten with his parents on a farm near the Spessart forest. Because they lived at some distance from any town, and had no near neighbors, Simplicissimus was reared in almost complete innocence, his only knowledge concerned with the care of stock and the playing of bagpipes. But in his tenth year the Thirty Years' War swept over his homeland and a troop of soldiers descended upon his father's farm. While foraging parties were plundering the farm, Simplicissimus escaped into the forest.

There he was rescued by a hermit who taught the boy how to take care of himself and tried to make a hermit out of him. Two years later the hermit died, leaving the boy to look out for himself. He fell into the hands of some soldiers and was taken to Hanau as a prisoner. There the governor questioned Simplicissimus and learned that the boy did not know who he was or anything about his past, except that he had been the son of a peasant and had spent some time with a hermit. Fortunately for him, a pastor saw him and recognized him as the hermit's young companion. The pastor told the governor that the hermit had been a nobleman who had sickened of war and so had turned to a holy life.

The governor, taking a liking to Simplicissimus, made him a page. As a page, Simplicissimus was at a disadvantage, for he knew little of the world and his innocence and ignorance kept getting him into trouble. At last the governor decided to make a jester of Simplicissimus. A plot was laid to make him lose his wits, but the pastor, who discovered the arrangements, warned the boy beforehand. Simplicissimus, falling in with the scheme,

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pretended to have lost his wits; he knew that his life would be easier and safer as a fool than as a blundering page.

After many adventures as the governor's fool, Simplicissimus was captured by a Croat raiding party. He served several masters while a prisoner of the Croats, finally making his escape by dressing as a girl, only to find refuge as a lady's maid. His disguise did not last long, and soon Simplicissimus was found out and made a horseboy. While with the Croats he befriended a young German named Ulrich Herzbruder and gave Herzbruder a sum of money large enough for the young man to escape punishment for a theft of which he had been unjustly accused.

Because he was rapidly learning how to get on in the world, Simplicissimus soon rose from the post of horseboy to that of musketeer. He served for several months as a guard at a nunnery, where a huntsman taught him many tricks of the woods. Upon his return to his unit, Simplicissimus soon became a great leader and forager, for the combination of his training as a huntsman, his own courage, the woodcraft he had learned from the hermit, and a natural quickness of wit served him in good stead. As a forager he used many tricks that made him known far and wide as the Hunter of Soest, a soldier to be feared. Although he was only a corporal, Simplicissimus had plenty of money, for he took a great deal of plunder from the rich. Never did he misuse the poor.

Soon he learned that someone else had borrowed his title and distinctive green garb and was committing great crimes in his name. After several weeks of searching Simplicissimus ran down his impersonator and forced the fellow to stop, although he allowed the man to live. So famous did Simplicissimus become as the Hunter of Soest that he had dreams of becoming an officer and even of being made a nobleman. To that end he hid away a great deal of the treasure which fell to him through his foraging activities; his plans came to naught, however, when he was captured by the Swedes.

When the commandant of the Swedes learned that Simplicissimus was the Hunter of Soest, he offered the young man a chance to become an officer. Simplicissimus refused to do so immediately, but he gave his parole so that the commandant allowed him the freedom of the city. Simplicissimus' servant escaped through the lines with a large part of the hero's treasure, and Simplicissimus turned to six months of study and making friends. His easy manners and bold bearing soon made him a favorite with the women. The commandant used Simplicissimus' weakness to have him married to a colonel's beautiful daughter, in hopes that the marriage would make Simplicissimus pledge his allegiance to the Swedes. The ruse worked, and the young man went to Cologne to arrange for the safekeeping of his treasure. While in that city he was fooled into making a trip to Paris. In Paris he had many adventures of love, by which he got a large amount of money and a case of smallpox. He was robbed of his money, however, and made his way toward Germany by masquerading as a quack doctor. The career as a quack was cut short when he was once more forced into the army as a soldier.

On a marauding trip, Simplicissimus met a robber and discovered that the robber was Oliver, an erstwhile friend who had misused Simplicissimus' friend, Ulrich Herzbruder. Within a few days Oliver was killed by a group of soldiers. Simplicissimus escaped with a large amount of gold sewed into two shirts which he wore under his coat. He was later captured and again forced into soldiering. Fortunately, Ulrich Herzbruder recognized him and had him released. The two then set out on a pilgrimage as palmers and traveled for many months through southern Europe. Upon their return Ulrich Herzbruder arranged to have Simplicissimus be made a captain. The end of the Thirty Years' War came quickly, however, with the Treaty of Westphalia, and Simplicissimus was again at loose ends.

While visiting at a Swiss spa he met

an old peasant who turned out to be his father. To Simplicissimus' surprise, however, the old man related that Simplicissimus was only a foster child and that the nobleman who had turned hermit, and who had befriended the boy, had been Simplicissimus' father. His mother, it turned out, was a Scot, the sister of James Ramsay, a famous officer in the Thirty Years' War. Simplicissimus' real name was Melchior Sternfels von Fuchsheim.

Shortly afterward Simplicissimus was married again. This marriage lasted only a year, his wife dying of a fever. After her death Simplicissimus had a strange adventure at the middle of the earth, which he reached with the help of the water sprites who dwelt in the Mummelsee, a lake in Germany. After that adventure Simplicissimus went with a friend to Russia, where he expected to get employment with the tsar. Following some adventures in Russia, Simplicissimus was captured by Tartars and finally returned to Germany after having traveled across Asia and through China and Japan. Upon his return, Simplicissimus read a great deal and finally became a hermit, as his father had done before him.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

Type of work: Novel
Author: Samuel Richardson (1689-1761)
Type of plot: Epistolary novel of manners
Time of plot: Eighteenth century
Locale: England
First published: 1753-1754

Principal characters:
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, an English baronet of great virtue
HARRIET BYRON, a virtuous English girl
LADY CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA, a young Italian woman in love with Sir Charles
SIR HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN, a libertine in love with Harriet Byron
CHARLOTTE GRANDISON, Sir Charles' younger sister
LADY L., Sir Charles' older sister
EMILY JERVOIS, Sir Charles' ward

Critique:

Like other English writers of fiction before him, Samuel Richardson felt it necessary to pretend that his novels were written to serve a didactic and moral purpose. In his three great novels—*Pamela, Clarissa,* and *Sir Charles Grandison*—virtue is rewarded and evil given its earned deserts. Richardson was fond of poetic justice. Because he had, in *Pamela* and *Clarissa,* written of men who were libertines, Richardson next attempted, he said, to adumbrate the character of a truly virtuous man. *Sir Charles Grandison,* like its predecessors, was written in the form of letters, for Richardson believed this the best method to use in presenting matters concerned with the emotions. Readers of the contemporary psychological novel will discern in Richardson's fiction an early ancestor of their favorite brand of fiction; the problems in a Richardson novel, including *Sir Charles Grandison,* are always psychological: little happens, the important things being what the characters feel and think.

The Story:

When Harriet Byron, a beautiful and virtuous English girl of modest expectations, left her aunt's home in rural Northamptonshire to visit in eighteenth-century London, she left three men who loved her very much and various relatives who feared that the social life of the city might offer moral pitfalls unknown to a young and unsuspecting girl of virtue such as Harriet was. Having spent all her life in the country, living with an aunt after her parents' deaths, Harriet was excited at the prospect of the London visit. She went, too, with a happy heart, for she had no one, despite her many admirers, that she was interested in marrying; her suitors had not appealed strongly enough to her sentiments and mind in spite of their respectable, if ardorous, attentions.

In London, where she had connections of a very respectable sort, Harriet was invited to many homes and social events, and she met many wealthy suitors. One of these was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, who was determined not to accept a refusal. When told by Harriet that he did not suit her fancy, Sir Hargrave became enraged and vowed he would have both the girl and revenge. He laid a plot to abduct the girl from a masquerade ball and force her to marry him.

Sir Hargrave's plot almost succeeding, the experience was a horrible one for Harriet. Fortunately for the girl, however, Sir Charles Grandison heard her screams and rescued her from Sir Hargrave's clutches. Sir Charles took Harriet to his country house, not far from London, where he and his sister invited Harriet to remain as a guest, almost a member of the family. Sir Hargrave sent a challenge to Sir Charles, but the latter refused to fight a duel, insisting that no

virtuous man, however brave and skilled, could become a duelist and retain his virtue.

Harriet Byron soon fell in love with Sir Charles Grandison, who was, she realized, the very soul of honor and virtue, a man whose time was spent in carefully managing his own affairs and in doing good for others. His father had died leaving his entire estate to Sir Charles, with no provision for the two daughters of the family. When Sir Charles returned to England from the Continent to take over his estate, he treated his sisters with all consideration and devotion. The oldest received his permission for her to marry Lord L., a suitor frowned upon by her father during his lifetime. Sir Charles also began to improve his estates and their revenues so that he could set aside better marriage portions for both girls, something more than their father had been willing to do. Sir Charles befriended everyone who would accept his kindnesses, and he behaved always wisely and with decorum. Even those persons who were prepared to dislike him found themselves won over by his sympathetic, friendly, and yet dignified ways. Even to his father's paramour, Mrs. Oldham, he behaved magnanimously, persuading the rest of the family to view her as a misguided and miserable fellow human being.

Many women were in love with Sir Charles, including Harriet Byron, but no one could ascertain whether he had any inclinations toward any particular woman. But Harriet tried to hide her love for him and to subdue it, even though many of Sir Charles' friends and relatives, including his sisters, favored the match. Sir Charles consistently referred to Harriet as a sister and behaved toward her with the same consideration he showed Charlotte Grandison and Lady L. Finally it became known that two Italian women he had met in his travels had won some favor from him and had some claim to him and his affections. One was Lady Olivia and the other was Lady Clementina della Porretta, whom he had met after saving her brother's life. Lady Clementina's family did not favor a marriage between their daughter and a Protestant Englishman, but the young woman was so enamored of Sir Charles that his departure from Italy unhinged her reason. Feeling a sense of responsibility to the lady and her family as the source of her misfortune, Sir Charles returned to Italy with English medical experts to try to effect a cure. Harriet Byron, believing that he would prefer Lady Clementina to her, began to prepare herself for news of his marriage to the Italian woman.

After she had recovered from her malady, however, Lady Clementina refused to marry Sir Charles, in spite of the fact that her family and he had been able to compromise over religious differences. Lady Clementina, a devout Roman Catholic, feared that she would be tempted by her love for Sir Charles and his virtue to leave her faith to become a Protestant. She asked to be free not to marry at all, since she could not marry him; her family hoped she would marry some other eligible man.

While he was still in Italy, an attempt was made on Sir Charles' life, almost certainly at the instigation of Lady Olivia, who had previously struck at him with a poniard after he had repulsed her addresses. After this incident Sir Charles felt himself free to pay his court where he would. He returned to England and immediately began his suit for Harriet Byron's hand, which he quickly won. In the meantime his sister Charlotte had married Lord G., and Harriet helped that impetuous and willful young woman to learn to bear properly the dignity of matrimony. Harriet's marriage to Sir Charles still faced some small obstacles. She had to learn to accept her suitor in new ways; she was shocked, for example, when he kissed her on the mouth instead of on the cheek. Harriet had to find a place in her heart, too, for Emily Jervois, Sir Charles' young ward. The young girl loved her guardian, and Harriet, aware of the girl's feelings, had to help her accept Harriet's marriage to Sir Charles.

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Harriet Byron and Sir Charles were finally married. A short time later they were visited by Lady Clementina, who had run away from her home in Italy because of her parents' insistence that she marry. Through a compromise, Sir Charles managed to arrange a satisfactory agreement between the young woman and her family. Word came, too, of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's death. Sir Hargrave, rescued in France by Sir Charles from the outraged relatives of a woman he had attempted to seduce, had discovered the evil of his ways. Wishing to make amends for the abduction and the attempted forced marriage to Harriet, Sir Hargrave left his fortune to her and her husband. Even the mother of Emily Jervois was influenced to become a respectable and virtuous woman. Encouraged by Sir Charles' magnanimity and financial generosity, she interested herself in religion. Although that unfortunate woman had once looked on Sir Charles as her enemy and she and Mr. O'Hara, her one-time paramour and second husband, had attempted to force Emily into a degrading marriage with a rascal who had promised to share with them the girl's fortune that Sir Charles held in trust, they mended their dissolute ways and became sober, worthy persons.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

Type of work: Poem
Author: Unknown
Type of plot: Chivalric romance
Time of plot: Sixth century
Locale: England
First transcribed: Fourteenth-century manuscript

Principal characters:
SIR GAWAIN, a knight of the Round Table
SIR BERNLAK DE HAUTDESERT, the Green Knight

Critique:

The manuscript of this Middle English poem dates from the end of the fourteenth century, but the actual composition may have been earlier. Certainly the exploits of Gawain had been celebrated in many earlier romances and folk tales. The style seems all the more remarkable because at the time of its composition English speech had not yet developed into the language we know today. Various stages of emotion are successfully portrayed, and there is a careful detailing of nature. Although there have been numerous translations, none matches the flavor of the original Middle English version.

The Story:

On Christmas Eve many knights and fair ladies gathered in King Arthur's banquet hall, there to feast and enjoy the holiday festivities. Suddenly a stranger entered the room. He was a giant of a man, clad all in green armor, and with a green face, hair, and beard. He advanced, gave his greetings, and then loudly issued his challenge. Was there a knight in the group who would dare to trade blows with the mighty Green Knight? He who accepted was to strike one blow with a battle-ax on this occasion. Then on New Year's morning, a year hence, the Green Knight was to repay the blow, at his own castle in a distant land. Arrogantly, the Green Knight waited for an answer. From King Arthur's ranks answered the voice of Sir Gawain, the youngest and least battle-scarred of the knights. Sir Gawain accepted the challenge.

King Arthur and the other knights watched approvingly as Sir Gawain advanced, ax in hand, to confront the Green Knight. The stranger knelt down, bared his neck, and waited for the blow. Sir Gawain struck, sure and true, and the head of the Green Knight was severed from his body. While all gaped in amazement, he picked up his head in his hands, leaped upon his charger, and rode toward the gate. As he rode, the lips of the head shouted defiance at Sir Gawain, reminding him of their forthcoming tryst at the Green Chapel on the coming New Year.

The months passed quickly. Noble deeds were legion at the Round Table, and an atmosphere of gaiety pervaded King Arthur's castle. Then, when autumn came, Sir Gawain departed on his promised quest, and with much concern the other knights saw him set forth. Sir Gawain, riding his horse Gringalet, went northward, and at last arrived in Wirral, a region wild and uncivilized. On his way he was often in danger of death, for he faced fire-puffing dragons, fierce animals, and savage wild men in his search for the Knight of the Green Chapel. At last, on Christmas Eve, Sir Gawain saw a great castle in the middle of the wilderness. He entered it and was made welcome.

His host offered Sir Gawain the entire facilities of the castle. In a beautifully furnished chamber which he occupied, Sir Gawain was served the finest dishes and the best wines. The lady of the castle, a lady more beautiful even than Queen Guinevere, sat with him as he ate. The next day was Christmas, and the lord of the castle led in the feasting. Expressing

the wish that Sir Gawain would remain at the castle for a long time, the host assured the knight that the Green Chapel was only a short distance away, so that it would not be necessary for him to leave until New Year's Day. The lord of the castle also asked Sir Gawain to keep a covenant with him. During his stay Sir Gawain was to receive all the game that his host caught during the day's hunt. In return, Sir Gawain was to exchange any gifts he received at the castle while the host was away.

On the first morning that the host hunted, Sir Gawain was awakened by the lady of the castle. She entered his chamber, seated herself on his couch, and spoke words of love to him. But Sir Gawain resisted temptation and took nothing from the lady. That evening, when the host presented his bounty from the hunt, Sir Gawain answered truthfully that he had received nothing that day. The second morning the same thing happened. Sir Gawain remained chaste in spite of the lady's conduct. On the third morning, however, the day before Sir Gawain was to depart, she gave him an embroidered silk girdle which she said would keep him safe from any mortal blow. Then she kissed him three times and departed. That evening Sir Gawain kissed his host three times, but he did not mention the silken girdle he had received.

On New Year's morn Sir Gawain set forth from the castle and rode to the Green Chapel. He found it without difficulty; as he approached he heard the Green Knight sharpening his ax. When Sir Gawain announced that he was ready for the blow and bared his head, the Green Knight raised his ax high in the air in preparation for the stroke of death. But Sir Gawain jumped aside as the ax descended. The second time the Green Knight merely struck at Sir Gawain, not touching him at all. With the third blow he wounded Sir Gawain in the neck, drawing a great deal of blood. Then Sir Gawain shouted defiance and said that he had fulfilled the covenant. The Green Knight laughed loudly at that and began to praise Sir Gawain's courage.

To Sir Gawain's surprise, he revealed himself as the host of the castle and explained the blows. On the first two blows Sir Gawain escaped injury, because for two days he had faithfully kept the covenant. The third drew blood, however, because Sir Gawain had failed to reveal the gift of the girdle, the property of the host, Sir Bernlak de Hautdesert. Together with Morgain le Fay, King Arthur's half-sister, the Green Knight had planned this whole affair to test the strength and valor of King Arthur's knights. They had devised the disguise of the Green Knight and persuaded Lady de Hautdesert to try tempting Sir Gawain. Sir Gawain had withstood the test of temptation well, his only fault the keeping of the girdle. The host forgave him for his act, however, because it was the love of life itself that had motivated Sir Gawain.

The two knights returned to the castle, and a few days later Sir Gawain journeyed back to King Arthur's court. As he rode he gazed with shame at the girdle which he had procured from the host. It was to remain with Sir Gawain as a reminder of the moment when he yielded and succumbed to the weakness of the flesh.

At King Arthur's castle all the knights and ladies listened to the tale of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, and then, to show their love for the young knight, they all donned silk girdles. This symbol became a traditional part of the costume of the Knights of the Round Table.

SIR JOHN VAN OLDEN BARNAVELT

Type of work: Drama
Authors: John Fletcher (1579-1625) and Philip Massinger (1583-1640)
Type of plot: Historical tragedy
Time of plot: 1618-1619
Locale: The Netherlands
First presented: 1619

Principal characters:
GRAVE MAURICE, Prince of Orange
SIR JOHN VAN OLDEN BARNAVELT, Advocate of Holland and West Friesland
LEIDENBERCH, Secretary of the States of Utrecht
GROTIUS, Pensionary of Rotterdam
HOGERBEETS, Pensionary of Leiden
MODESBARGEN,
BREDERO, and
VANDORT, Lords of the States
BARNAVELT'S WIFE
BARNAVELT'S DAUGHTER
FOUR DUTCH WOMEN
AN ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN

Critique:

In *Sir John van Olden Barnavelt,* Fletcher and Massinger apparently intended to present the character of a noble and virtuous man of high station who was brought to ruin by ambition. This intention is never realized dramatically. We are told of Barnavelt's service to the state, of the love the common people had for him, and of his many fine personal qualities; but we are never shown these things. Thus Barnavelt emerges from the play as a proud and crotchety old man whose unreasonable machinations lead eventually to a well-deserved beheading. Hence he never achieves tragic dimensions. Any other positive effects the play might have achieved are inhibited by distinctly second-rate plotting and versification. But Jacobean audiences seem to have reacted to the play quite favorably. The historical Barnavelt had been executed in May, 1619, and to them the reënactment of the end of his career was an exciting contemporary chronicle, rendered all the more interesting because a number of dangerous political questions were raised. For this reason, perhaps, the play was not printed during the seventeenth century. It survived in the form of a heavily censored manuscript prompt book, which was not generally available until its publication in 1883.

The Story:

Although hostilities with Spain had ended with the Twelve Year Truce in 1609, the infant Dutch states were still upset in 1618 by internal political and religious strife. To Modesbargen, Leidenberch, and Grotius, the silver-haired patriot Barnavelt declared his dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs, for with the support of the army, the Prince of Orange was becoming known among the people as the father of his country and the chief champion of the new freedom. The contributions of the older patriots, particularly Barnavelt, were being forgotten; he hinted darkly that he, who had done so much to bring about the Spanish defeat, would see his country overthrown again before he would allow his honor to be so sullied.

Although Modesbargen reminded Barnavelt that his services had been well rewarded and that his present course of action could lead only to his ruin, Grotius and Leidenberch enthusiastically supported him, and Modesbargen agreed eventually to help Barnavelt in any way

that would not prejudice the state.

The conference was interrupted by two captains, one of whom was to be judged by Barnavelt for having spoken scornfully of the Lords of the States. Coldly, Barnavelt relieved the captain of his command, telling him that he could look to the Prince of Orange for maintenance. Although Leidenberch privately promised the cashiered officer that he would intervene for him, the captain, who knew that Leidenberch's genial manner covered a cold and relentless nature, announced that he would seek to reëstablish himself by bribing Barnavelt's wife or by furnishing a fresh wench for his son.

In a second conference with his friends, Barnavelt avowed himself, like them, an Arminian, and urged that they enroll companies of citizens in the provincial cities for the defense of the sect against its enemy, the Prince of Orange, whose regular troops were garrisoned at Utrecht. Modesbargen again protested, this time that religion should not be made a cloak for subversive political activity, but Barnavelt cynically replied that any weapon could be used that would serve their cause. He then persuaded Bredero and Vandort, two Lords of the States, to order the Prince of Orange locked out of a meeting of the Lords which was about to take place.

When the prince arrived and found the doors of the council chamber barred against him, he had difficulty in restraining his attendants, who realized the enormity of the insult, from forcing their way in. His humility and modesty prevailed, however, and he remained without until Barnavelt and the Lords appeared. He inquired why he had lost his seat. In reply, Barnavelt spoke harshly, charging him with haughtiness. Bredero and Vandort were shocked and offended not only by Barnavelt's outspokenness and offensive tone but also by his assumption of the right to speak for them. Instead of joining Leidenberch and Modesbargen in following Barnavelt to his home, they remained behind and assured the prince of their loyalty to him. With their assent the prince resolved to move against the towns in which Barnavelt's supporters had raised citizen companies.

Although Barnavelt knew that the Prince of Orange would attempt to disband the companies, he confidently believed that the prince would not risk civil war and that in any event his own reputation would protect himself and his followers from harm. In Utrecht the citizens attempted to persuade the regular garrison to desert the prince and serve Barnavelt's cause; but the soldiers, remembering their loyalty to the House of Orange, resisted the blandishments of the wily Leidenberch. When the soldiers remained firm against threats to oust them from the town, Barnavelt realized that a crisis was nearing. While his followers proceeded to muster the citizen companies, he returned to The Hague to begin a diverting action.

Meanwhile, four Dutch women, all ardent feminists, attempted to convince a visiting English gentlewoman of the advantages of living in a free society, where women could lord it over their husbands and inquire into the doings of their rulers. They were ridiculing the English mercenaries' fidelity to the Prince of Orange when news was brought that the prince had disarmed all of the other towns and was approaching Utrecht. The citizens began to arm themselves, but the gates were guarded by the English, who refused to give over their posts to citizen reliefs. Thus, when the prince arrived before the city, the English admitted him, and his army quickly disarmed the citizens. Leidenberch was taken prisoner and ordered to The Hague. Modesbargen made his escape to Germany.

At The Hague, Bredero, Vandort and other Lords of the States were rejoicing at the news of the prince's victories when they were joined by Barnavelt. The old man accused his colleagues of slighting him in favor of the prince; they replied that in spite of his former services he was now regarded as a suspect, and they advised his reformation. Barnavelt then unleashed all his pent-up fury, reaffirming

his undying hatred of the Prince of Orange. The others were retreating before his anger when Barnavelt's son arrived with a report of Utrecht's fall and Leidenberch's capture.

Knowing that their cause was lost, the son advised his father to capitulate to the prince. Once again Barnavelt swore that he would die first.

With the dispersal of the citizen armies, Barnavelt's power was lost, and when the Prince of Orange returned to The Hague his leadership of the state was assured. When the Lords of the States met again, it was Barnavelt who was excluded on the recommendation of Vandort and Bredero.

The subject of the meeting was the extent to which the Arminian heresy still threatened the state. The prince reported that the reduction of the armed towns had done much to stamp out the sect, but that powerful men who were yet untouched were its real source of strength. Pressed by the council to reveal their names, he accused Modesbargen, Grotius, Leidenberch, and finally Barnavelt. Although Leidenberch had been captured, it was felt that a case against the others would be difficult to make without the testimony of Modesbargen; therefore, a captain and a small band were dispatched to Germany to arrest him secretly. Leidenberch, accompanied by his young son, was then brought before the council. Convinced that a full confession was his best course of action, he vowed to reveal everything as he was led off again to his cell.

There he was met by Barnavelt. When Leidenberch admitted that he had told his captors the secrets that had been entrusted to him, the old man reviled him for his weakness and faithlessness. As Leidenberch quailed before him, Barnavelt urged with all of his considerable force that the turncoat's only honorable atonement would be suicide. So powerful were his arguments that Leidenberch that evening took his own life.

Meanwhile, Barnavelt's own position was growing increasingly tenuous; but he was still not without friends. Grotius and Hogerbeets let it be known that if he was arrested they would burn the statehouse about the prince's ears.

Barnavelt himself grew more despondent as he felt the prince's net tightening upon him. In spite of the efforts of his wife and daughter, he could not be cheered; however, when his son brought him the news of Leidenberch's suicide, he realized that any charge the prince might have had against him would collapse for lack of a witness. His mood immediately changed as he regained confidence in his own powers.

But he had underestimated the potency of his enemies. Just as he reached the height of his elation, he was arrested by the prince's men and brought before the council. Still thinking himself safe, he vigorously denied charges of treason. In the midst of his defense Modesbargen, who had been brought back from Germany, was introduced. Although Barnavelt's case collapsed, the old man's spirit was not broken. He continued to deny his guilt and refused to ask for mercy.

While Barnavelt was held in prison awaiting the passage of his sentence, the Lords of the States were subject to pressure from all sides to release him. Not only was he still beloved by the common people, but the heads of foreign states interceded for him. His treason was too blatant to be forgiven, however, and he was sentenced to be beheaded. To the end he maintained his innocence and repeatedly accused the state of ingratitude to one who had served her well. Even though thousands were wagered that the ax would never strike his neck, he was eventually led to the block and executed in full sight of the populace. The decaying body of Leidenberch was exhumed for the occasion and hung nearby. Thus, two of Holland's greatest men paid ambition's price.

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

Type of work: Periodical essays
Authors: Joseph Addison (1672-1719); Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729); Eustace Budgell (1686-1737)
Time: Early eighteenth century
Locale: London and Worcestershire
First published: 1711-1712

Principal characters:
THE SPECTATOR
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, a Worcestershire knight
SIR ANDREW FREEPORT, a wealthy merchant
CAPTAIN SENTRY, a retired army officer
WILL HONEYCOMB, an aging dandy
WILL WIMBLE, a country gentleman
THE WIDOW, loved in vain by Sir Roger

In the second number of Addison and Steele's *Spectator* papers eighteenth-century readers were introduced to the members of "The Club." Heading the list of those characters who, among them, were intended to represent the entire range of public opinion and enlightened bias for the London of 1711 was "a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley."

Sir Roger was initially conceived of as an aging Restoration rake. In the old days he

> . . . was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffeehouse for calling him "youngster."

By the time of *The Spectator*, however, he had been mellowed by years of unrequited love for a "perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him," and had become that quaint and lovable representative of the Tory landowning class, an amiable but rather ineffectual anachronism who was to stand as the most popular and the best remembered of the many characters that appeared in the 555 numbers of the original *Spectator*.

So popular did he become, in fact, that his name is known to many who have never heard of the Spectator himself; his lengthy and unconsummated love affair has been the subject of a full-length play; and those numbers of *The Spectator* in which he figures prominently have been, in a variety of editions, collected and separately published, usually under the title of *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*.

There are in all some thirty-five *Spectators* in which Sir Roger is prominent. As a member of "The Club" he, of course, appears in more; but the essays usually collected under his name are limited to the first number, which serves as an introduction, and to thirty-four of the thirty-five in which Sir Roger is the central (or, at least, an important) figure. (The thirty-fifth, possibly by Tickell, is rejected as being inconsistent with the character of the knight.) Of these, twenty-three (including the introductory first paper) are by Addison, nine are by Steele, and three are by Eustace Budgell, a junior associate. There were, we know, other infrequent contributors to *The Spectator* (Alexander Pope among them), but, with the exception of Budgell's three essays, Sir Roger remains the exclusive property of Addison and Steele.

Steele, apparently, was his creator. That he was Sir Richard's brain child may be inferred from the fact that in the nine contributions by Steele Sir Roger lives most independently as a character. Certainly the good knight's love affair was Steele's creation. The beautiful and perverse widow is introduced along with the knight himself; then, in papers

113 and 118, the full story of Sir Roger's forty years of frustration at her hands is unfolded.

Steele's interest in the affairs of Sir Roger's heart was in keeping with his general interests as a periodical writer. The age of sentiment was at hand, and Steele was among the first to sense the demand, and to provide the material, for the exercise of "fine feelings." Through his treatment, Sir Roger becomes not merely a character, but a sentimental one. His quaintness (he still dresses in the fashion of the Restoration), his lovableness (he has the heart of all his servants), his amusing foibles (he often loses track of his thoughts in mid-sentence, an indication that a counter-thought of the widow has crossed his mind)—these traits are all designed to endear him to the hearts of the readers, particularly to those of the feminine readers whom Steele had constantly in mind and with whose interests he was always concerned. Sentimentality, the rise of the middle class as the arbiter of manners and morals, and the accompanying rise of the importance of women as the designers of public conscience were all concepts that Steele was temperamentally equipped to make appealing. Much of the success of his periodical essays can be attributed to his ability to work this appeal into a popularly digestible literary form. In Sir Roger he offered his most attractive tidbit.

Though it was Steele who created the character of Sir Roger, it was Addison who made the most of him. For Addison, he was a vehicle, sometimes merely a convenience. Addison could also treat him as a character, and when he did, he treated him in a manner consistent with the pattern set by Steele. But for the most part Addison used Sir Roger as a means to some journalistic end. Some action of the knight sets off a train of thought that leads to a philosophical discussion; various types of characters meet the knight—in his home, on his way to the assizes, in town—and these characters are brought under the scrutiny of the Spectator, thereby furnishing material for social analysis or the knight's reactions to various sophisticated elements of the town, reactions based on his stern and conservative notions of morality and on a sympathetic naïveté, are used as foils to satirize urban folly.

Addison is not to be criticized adversely for so employing his character. The purpose in creating "The Club" with its wide range of members was, in the first place, to provide the Spectator with a means for examining and commenting on all types and all levels of English society in his day. Addison was merely carrying out the original intention of the series when he used Sir Roger as a magnet to attract various but interesting odds and ends of essay material.

Thus in Addison's hands (and in Budgell's, in the three contributions for which he is responsible) Sir Roger serves his original purpose. Through him London readers of *The Spectator* were able to gain some understanding of the life—of the ways, the beliefs, the basic values—of the people of the shires. In general, the understanding gained is extended to all things pertaining to the country except, perhaps, country politics (Addison and Steele, both Whigs, promised to keep politics out of *The Spectator*, and for the most part they lived up to this promise, though there are two or three papers in which Sir Roger's Toryism is satirized.) The nostalgic idea that God made the country and man made the town is but another manifestation of that rising middle-class sentimentality that was so much a part of Steele. The philosophers of the age of sentiment argued the moral superiority of all things countrified, and in this moral notion the citified Addison went along with Steele. As a result, many of those twenty papers that were supposed to have been written by the Spectator while he was the guest of Sir Roger in Worcestershire are paeans to the physical, social, or moral superiority of country things.

In these papers the moral, didactic purpose of *The Spectator* was lived up to. For those to whom sentimentality and

moralizing, hidden or overt, have little appeal, *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers,* even those by Addison, often leave much to be desired. Still, these very qualities make them interesting examples of the sources of middle-class mercantile mores. Moreover, they share with *The Spectator* as a whole the claim to presenting a vivid portrayal of the color and detail of English life in the early eighteenth century; and, in their own right, they offer a picture of English country ways which might profitably be compared with that drawn by such writers as Fielding and Sterne later in the century.

SISTER CARRIE

Type of work: Novel
Author: Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945)
Type of plot: Naturalism
Time of plot: 1889
Locale: Chicago and New York
First published: 1900

Principal characters:
CARRIE MEEBER, a small-town girl
CHARLES DROUET, her first lover
G. W. HURSTWOOD, Drouet's friend and Carrie's second lover

Critique:

Dreiser's first novel is, in some ways, somewhat superior to much of his later work. As usual, his characters are vivid and lifelike, sympathetically portrayed. Unlike some of the later novels, *Sister Carrie* is well-unified, the style more fluent and natural. A companion piece to Stephen Crane's *Maggie*—and a comparison between the two books is always interesting and revealing—it is also historically significant as a pioneer work of the naturalistic movement in American literature.

The Story:

When Carrie Meeber left her home town in Wisconsin, she had nothing but a few dollars and a certain unspoiled beauty and charm. Young, inexperienced, she was going to Chicago to live with her sister and to find work. While on the train, she met Charles Drouet, a genial, flashy traveling salesman. Before the train pulled into the station, they had exchanged addresses, and Drouet promised to call on Carrie at her sister's house.

When she arrived at her sister's home, Carrie discovered that her life there would be far from the happy, carefree existence of which she had dreamed. The Hansons were hard-working people, grim and penny-pinching, allowing themselves no pleasures, and living a dull, conventional life. It was clear to Carrie that Drouet could not possibly call there, not only because of the unattractive atmosphere, but also because the Hansons were sure to object to him. She wrote and told him that he was not to call, that she would get in touch with him later.

Meanwhile Carrie went job-hunting and finally found work in a small shoe factory. Of her first wages, all but fifty cents went to her sister and brother-in-law. Then she fell ill and lost her job. Once again she had to look for work. Day after day she trudged the streets, without success. It seemed as if she would have to go back to Wisconsin, and the Hansons encouraged her to do so. If she could not bring in money, they did not want her.

One day, while Carrie was looking for work, she met Drouet and told him her troubles. He offered her money which, with reluctance, she finally accepted. The money was for clothes she needed, but she did not know how to explain the source of the money to her sister. Drouet solved the problem by suggesting that he rent a room for her, where she could keep her clothing. A few days later Carrie went to live with Drouet, who had promised to marry her as soon as he had completed a business deal.

In the meantime Drouet introduced her to a friend, G. W. Hurstwood. Hurstwood had a good job as the manager of a saloon, a comfortable home, a wife, and two grown children. More than twice Carrie's age, he nevertheless accepted Drouet's suggestion that he look in on her while the salesman was out of town on one of his trips. Before

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long Hurstwood was passionately in love with her. When Drouet came back, he discovered from a chambermaid that Carrie and Hurstwood had been going out together frequently. A scene followed. Carrie was furious when Drouet told her that Hurstwood was already married. She blamed Drouet for her folly, saying that he should have told her that Hurstwood was a married man.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hurstwood had become suspicious of her husband. Drouet had secured for Carrie a part in a theatrical entertainment which a local lodge was presenting. Hurstwood, hearing that Carrie was to appear, persuaded many of his friends to go with him to the show. Mrs. Hurstwood learned of the affair and heard, too, that her husband had been seen riding with an unknown woman. She confronted Hurstwood and told him that she intended to sue for divorce. Faced with social and financial ruin, Hurstwood was in despair. One night he discovered that his employer's safe was open. He robbed it of several thousand dollars and went to Carrie's apartment. Drouet had just deserted her. Pretending that Drouet had been hurt, Hurstwood succeeded in getting Carrie on a train bound for Montreal. In Montreal Hurstwood was approached by an agent of his former employer, who urged him to return the money and to settle the issue quietly. Hurstwood returned all but a relatively small sum.

Under the name of Wheeler, he and Carrie were married, Carrie being all the while under the impression that the ceremony was legal. Then they left for New York. There Hurstwood looked for work, but with no success. Finally he bought a partnership in a small tavern. After a time the partnership was dissolved and he lost all his money. Every day he went looking for work. Gradually he grew less eager for a job, and began staying at home all day. When bills piled up, he and Carrie moved to a new apartment to escape their creditors.

Carrie set out to find work and was lucky enough to get a job as a chorus girl. With a friend, she took an apartment and left Hurstwood to himself. Soon Carrie became a well-known actress, and a local hotel invited her to become a guest there, at a nominal expense. Carrie had many friends and admirers. She had money and all the comforts and luxuries which appealed to a small-town girl.

Hurstwood had not fared so well. He could find no work. Once he worked as a scab, during some labor troubles, but he left that job because it was too hazardous. He became a bum, living in Bowery flophouses and begging on the streets. One day he went to see Carrie. She gave him some money, largely because she had seen Drouet and had learned for the first time of Hurstwood's theft in Chicago. She believed that Hurstwood had kept his disgrace a secret in order to spare her feelings.

Although Carrie was a toast of the town, she was not happy in spite of her success. She was invited to give performances abroad. In the meantime Hurstwood died and, unknown to Carrie, was buried in the potter's field. As Carrie was sailing for London, Hurstwood's ex-wife, daughter, and prospective son-in-law were coming into the city, eager for pleasure and social success, a success made possible by the daughter's coming marriage and by Hurstwood's divorce settlement, which had given the family all of his property.

SISTER PHILOMENE

Type of work: Novel
Authors: Edmond (1822-1896) and Jules (1830-1870) de Goncourt
Type of plot: Naturalism
Time of plot: Nineteenth century
Locale: Paris
First published: 1861

Principal characters:
MARIE GAUCHER, later Sister Philomène
CÉLINE, her friend
MME. DE VIRY, employer of Philomène's aunt
HENRI DE VIRY, Mme. de Viry's son
BARNIER, a young doctor
MALIVOIRE, his friend, also a doctor
ROMAINE, Barnier's former mistress

Critique:

The Goncourt brothers were pioneers in the case-history school of naturalism, but in certain respects their work is more important for its influence on other writers (notably Zola) than for its own literary merits. Characterization and plot suffer alike in the Goncourt novels: subtleties of motivation are lost in the inexorable grinding away of the chance events which cause or alleviate lower-class tragedy. Sister Philomène is happily preserved from the want and misery of many Goncourt characters by her religion and a profession which provides objects for solicitude and care, as well as the necessities of life.

The Story:

In a hospital ward, two white-clad women, Sisters of St. Augustine, were making their rounds. One of them was a novice.

Sister Philomène's name was originally Marie Gaucher. Daughter of a tailoress and a locksmith, she was orphaned at the age of four and adopted by an aunt, a servant to the widowed Mme. de Viry. In that pleasant household the child began to thrive, and she sooned assumed equal footing with Mme. de Viry's son Henri. Mme. de Viry felt the evil of this situation and the child was sent, screaming, to a convent orphanage. To avoid confusion with another child called Marie, the Sisters called her Philomène. Miserable at first, she gradually lost her resentment as she became adapted to convent routine; but she changed from a vivacious child to a quiet and whining one. Within she was restless, living only for her aunt's monthly visit. One Sister, ugly but good and kind Marguerite, paid special attention to Philomène.

At the age of ten, Philomène became the intimate friend of a newcomer. Céline, aged twelve. Much of Céline's childhood had been spent in reading the *Lives of the Saints* aloud to her infirm grandmother, and she had developed a mystic temperament. Denying herself pleasures, fasting, and inventing self-punishments, she converted Philomène to a course of personal sacrifices, and Philomène worked herself up to a state of religious agitation. She habitually spent all day Sunday in church, looking forward to that prospect as she once had to her aunt's visits. She became sickly and irritable, and her thoughts were always on death. When her eyes began to give her trouble, the Sisters sent her with her aunt to see an eye doctor. After the visit, she went to Mme. de Viry's house for the first time since she had entered the orphanage.

Back in the convent, Philomène felt miserable and forlorn. She strove to maintain a fever of piety, and succeeded for two years, but then her faith became automatic and unfelt. Céline left the orphanage to become a nun; Sister Marguerite left for her health.

The convent becoming unbearable to Philomène, she went into a decline and was so close to death that her aunt was permitted to take her home. Now acting as a servant to Monsieur Henri, his mother having died, Philomène longed to sacrifice herself for him. She rejected the advances made by a coarse groom who hoped eventually, by marrying her, to gain the management of Henri's house.

One night Philomène overheard Henri telling her aunt that he would have brought a woman home had it not been for the presence of an unmarried girl in the house. When he suggested that Philomène marry the groom, she fainted. Later, though assured she would not be sent away, she decided to begin her novitiate to the Sisters of St. Augustine. With seven months of her novitiate to complete before taking her vows, she was sent to a hospital to replace her friend Céline, who as Sister Lawrence had died of typhoid.

The doctors agreed that Philomène was pretty, but Barnier, under whom she worked, said that he preferred the old ones, tried and true. Philomène's original horror of the hospital was relieved by its clean, peaceful atmosphere at first, but later the realization of death and disease tortured her. Mid-morning breakfast was the happiest hour for her; then Philomène, useful and busy feeding and cheering her patients, gained strength for the rest of the day. By the time the disillusionment of knowing that she could only relieve suffering came, she was inured to the hospital. She was never hardened, however, and her patients loved her for her tenderness.

Philomène won doctors and students alike by her courage and compassion. Soon she was all-powerful, softening hospital rules and lending courage to sufferers.

When one dying patient despaired for her little boy's future, Barnier generously proposed to send him to his mother in the country. Everyone admired his goodness, and he and Philomène became fast friends. Their chats were her one recreation, for Barnier told her about changes outside the hospital in Paris. She feared that she would be transferred, for the Sisters were not supposed to get attached to a ward, but she was pleased to learn that she was to remain. One day Barnier, an unbeliever who had often discussed religion with her, was silenced by her announcement that she had just taken her vows. Then Philomène became ill and had to leave the hospital for a month. When she returned she was very pale but seemed strong and active.

Malivoire told Barnier that he should have a more or less permanent mistress. Because a doctor's profession was so material, said Malivoire, the physician needed the illusions of love as well as the brutal fact of sex. Barnier was about to confess a love affair to Malivoire when they were interrupted.

Barnier gave Philomène laudanum to take for her neuralgic headaches. Her laudanum-provoked dream included the illusion of the touch of a kiss.

A new patient arrived. Barnier recognized her as the specter of Romaine, the woman he loved. They had been happy lovers until she left him and began a life of dissipation which resulted in a breast injury. When Barnier asked Philomène to prepare Romaine for the operation, Philomène spoke to the woman with unusual harshness. After the operation Romaine, raging in fever, alternately cursed Barnier and begged him not to let her die. Leaving, Barnier overheard Philomène say that women like her should not be admitted to the hospital. Romaine died, after a scene in which Philomène's prayers were broken by the woman's curses and singing. Returning, Barnier saw the coffin that was to carry her away.

At a drinking party Barnier defended the Sisters against a cynic who said that they were tender only toward those who were religious and decent. A suggestion was made that Philomène loved Barnier. Drunk and aroused, he went to the ward and attempted to kiss her; she slapped him. Sobered, he returned to his friends

to say that he would fight anyone who suggested her impurity.

Miserable in his memories of Romaine, Barnier took to drinking absinthe. Intoxication became his real life.

Learning that the house surgeon's coveted medal would not be his, Barnier struggled to resist drink, but when sober he was haunted by thoughts of Romaine. Philomène herself was ill. After her laudanum dream she searched her heart for symptoms of attachment for Barnier and remembered her jealous reaction to Romaine. Resolving on a course of expiation, she punished herself by remaining in the hospital and suffering the torments of love. One day Barnier asked her forgiveness for the attempted kiss. Her heart too full to speak, she went silent to her closet.

Barnier's student period was soon to end. He told Malivoire that the subject of his thesis was to be Death, that modern existence—a suicide more or less slow—does not use up but breaks life. Having deliberately scratched his hand while dissecting a diseased body, Barnier went to bed to await death.

Philomène went to a priest to have prayers said for Barnier by the Confraternity of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, devoted to those who do not believe. Later she knelt and prayed beside the dead Barnier. After she had gone, Malivoire, searching on the bedside table for the lock of Barnier's hair which was to be sent to his mother, found it missing.

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

Type of work: Drama
Author: Luigi Pirandello (1867-1936)
Type of plot: Intellectual comedy
Time of plot: Twentieth century
Locale: The stage of a theater
First presented: 1921

Principal characters:
THE FATHER
THE MOTHER
THE STEPDAUGHTER
THE SON
THE BOY
THE CHILD
MADAME PACE
THE MANAGER
LEADING LADY
LEADING MAN

Critique:

Six Characters in Search of an Author, Pirandello's best-known play, contrasts illusion and reality, as do several of the author's other works. It may also be thought of as a dramatic criticism of the popular but very artificial "well-made" play of the nineteenth century. Instead of starting with a cleverly constructed drama, Pirandello begins with a group of characters and experiments with letting them—with some professional direction—try to fashion their story into an actable drama. Inexperience, clashes of opinion, interruptions, and above all a lack of poetic understanding defeat their purpose. Yet the attempt itself has produced a drama of a sort, not the characters' but Pirandello's.

The Story:

As a stage manager and a group of actors were preparing to rehearse a Pirandello play, they were interrupted by the appearance of six characters: a man of about fifty, a woman, a young woman, a young man of twenty-two, a boy of fourteen, and a little girl. The man and the young woman were searching for an author who would put all six of them into a drama. They insisted that they were already living characters but that they needed an author to put their drama into suitable form for the stage. The manager, at first annoyed at the interruption of his rehearsal, finally listened with some interest to the rather confused story that the man and the young woman, who, it turned out, was his stepdaughter, tried to tell him.

Years ago the father had got rid of his wife, whom he found both boring and pitiable, by providing her with a lover, his ex-secretary, to whom she might go when she was rejected by her husband. Long afterward, the father visited Madame Pace's dress shop, a legitimate business which she operated as a cover for her procuring, and was provided with a pretty young woman whom he did not recognize as his stepdaughter until they were separated by the sudden appearance of his wife. When he learned that his wife was destitute, her lover having died two months before, he permitted her to return to his home with her daughter and two younger children, all illegitimate.

To forestall a refusal by the manager to act as vicar-author for the drama, the father assured him that he need not be bothered about the presence of the two

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children, for they would quickly disappear from the story. In fact, the daughter would also disappear, leaving only the three original members of the family. The manager dismissed his actors for a few minutes in order to hear more of the plot as it was outlined to him in his office.

Returning a few minutes later from the office conference, the manager set about putting together the play, asking his prompter to take down the most important points in shorthand so that his actors might properly learn their parts later. At this point the father interrupted; the manager, he said, simply did not understand. This was not a play for the manager's professional actors; it belonged to the characters themselves. There was no need for actors when the manager already had six living characters at hand.

After hearing similar objections from the stepdaughter, the manager consented to use the characters, as this was only a rehearsal. But he wondered who would play Madame Pace if they were going to do the dress shop scene. After borrowing hats and other clothes from several actresses to hang on clothes pegs, the father arranged the set.

Madame Pace suddenly appeared to play her part, but when she found that she was expected to play it in the presence of the mother, who would be watching the rehearsal from the side of the stage, she was scandalized at such impropriety and left in a rage.

The rehearsal continued, with the mother watching and listening intently, suffering all the while at the reënactment of the scene in which her husband with honeyed words and actions planned to purchase the favors of the pretty girl whom he did not recognize as his stepdaughter. The action was suddenly stopped and then repeated, this time with the parts of the father and the stepdaughter being taken by the leading man and the leading lady of the actors' company. The stepdaughter was unable to control her laughter at what seemed to her the ludicrous performance of the leading lady, and the father objected to the way the leading man was portraying him. Again the scene was played with the original characters, this time up to the point where, after the girl had reminded the father that she was wearing mourning, he had suggested that she remove her dress. At that point the action was abruptly stopped by the entrance of the mother, who in horror pulled her daughter away from the father. The manager was well pleased with this action; it would, he decided, make a fine first-act ending for the drama.

Preparations were begun for working up a second act, using a garden scene. The father engaged in a lengthy discussion of the difference between reality and the mere illusion of reality to be found in conventional stage representations, or, for that matter, in life itself. The manager, the father said, must try to perceive what he had so far missed: ordinary people had illusions about themselves which they later discovered were not the realities they had thought them to be, but only illusions; the only reality the six characters had was that of a permanent, unchanging illusion, more real than any reality the manager himself might have.

The stepdaughter also entered the discussion, which was marked by the manager's increasing irritation and the father's persistence in following his argument through. She, her father, and the other characters had been created by an author who had then decided that he did not want to use them in one of his plays. Having been created, however, they now had existence in drama which must be revealed. But, insisted the manager, drama is action, not slow, dull philosophizing; let the talk stop and the action begin. The manager placed the silent, fourteen-year-old boy behind a tree and some bushes in the garden and the little girl near a fountain. Then he prepared for a conversation between the legitimate son and his mother. But, said the son, there was no such scene in the garden; what happened was that his mother came into his room and he left, refusing to

talk to her. The manager asked what happened then. The son replied that nothing happened, that he disliked scenes and simply went away. He seemed very unwilling to discuss the matter or to have anything to do with acting in the drama which his father and his half-sister were trying to have presented.

When his father demanded that he play his part, the son turned violently upon him, asking what madness made him wish to expose the family shame before the world. If the son himself was in the theater, he explained to the confused manager, it was only because his father had dragged him there. But the manager insisted on knowing what happened after the son left his room. Reluctantly, the son answered that he merely walked in the garden. When the manager urged him to continue, he burst out that it was horrible.

The manager, noting the mother's apprehensive look toward the fountain, partly comprehended, while the father explained that she had been following behind her son. Then the son quickly told what he had found: the body of the little girl in the fountain pool and the brother staring insanely at it. At that moment a revolver shot sounded behind the stage bushes where the boy had been hidden. Amid the resulting confusion the manager asked if the boy was wounded, and the actors disagreed as to whether he was dead or merely pretending to be. The father cried that it was real. The manager, losing his temper, consigned the whole play and the characters to hell. He had lost a whole day over them.

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH

Type of work: Drama
Author: Thornton Wilder (1897-)
Type of plot: Fantastic parable
Time of plot: All human history
Locale: Excelsior, New Jersey, and the boardwalk at Atlantic City
First presented: 1942

Principal characters:
MR. ANTROBUS, a citizen of the world
MRS. ANTROBUS, his wife
GLADYS, their daughter
HENRY, their son
SABINA, their maid

Critique:

The Skin of Our Teeth, which owes something of its conception and form to Bertolt Brecht but even more to James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake,* is a fantastic parable dealing with mankind's agelong struggle to achieve civilization. The style is casually presentational in the manner of the newsreel. Dinosaurs participate in the conversation and action; scenery is handled in a highly unconventional manner; Sabina talks directly to the audience much of the time and on occasion halts the story entirely to comment on the construction of the play itself. The action covers three periods: an Ice Age, a great flood, and a devastating war. In each case mankind manages to survive in the face of overwhelming odds. Through these scenes, Wilder expresses his underlying theme: faith in humanity and its ability to survive. *The Skin of Our Teeth* is a profound and vital drama, considered by many critics the best play of the period of World War II. More than that, it remains an influential and exciting contribution to the literature of the American stage, a panoramic view of all human history reduced to the experiences of a New Jersey suburban family.

The Story:

A great wall of ice was moving southward over the land, bringing with it an unprecedented cold spell in August. In Hartford they were burning pianos and it was impossible to reach Boston by telegraph, yet the people did nothing but talk about the looming catastrophe. So far, only the extreme cold had reached Excelsior, New Jersey, where Mr. and Mrs. George Antrobus lived in an attractive suburban residence. Their rather commonplace lives were to be greatly changed by the extreme form which the weather had taken.

Mr. Antrobus was a fine man, a sterling example for his community. He had invented the wheel, the alphabet, and the multiplication table. Mrs. Antrobus was the picture of the middle-class mother, with the best interests of her children at heart. Their daughter Gladys was much like her mother, but their son was atypical. His name had been Cain until an unfortunate accident occurred in which he hit his brother with a stone and killed him. As the result of that thoughtless action, his name had been changed to Henry, and Mrs. Antrobus went to some pains to keep his past history a secret. Members of the Antrobus household also included Sabina, the maid, a baby dinosaur, and a mammoth.

On this particular day in August, everyone was freezing and even the dogs were sticking to the sidewalk because it was so cold. Sabina was in an agitated state because nothing seemed to be going properly. She had milked the mammoth, but she had let the only fire in the

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house go out. Her plight was doubly humiliating because her career in the Antrobus house had begun when Mr. Antrobus brought her back from the Sabine rape. He had given her a life of luxury until he tired of her; now she was relegated to the kitchen. She, however, was a canny and observant individual, a necessary apex to the age-old triangle.

She was waiting nervously for the return of Mr. Antrobus when a domestic altercation with Mrs. Antrobus prompted her to give a two-week notice. Later a telegram announcing the arrival of Mr. Antrobus and some salvation from the cold caused her to change her mind for the time being.

When he finally arrived, Mr. Antrobus brought news that most of the outside world was freezing and that there was probably nothing they could do to escape the same fate. When some tramps and refugees from the ice came to the house for warmth and food, Mrs. Antrobus was not in favor of admitting them, but Mr. Antrobus insisted. Mrs. Antrobus agreed, but only after the dinosaur and the mammoth had been evicted. The refugees included a Judge, named Moses; a blind beggar with a guitar, named Homer; and the Misses E., T., and M. Muse. The Antrobus family attempted to keep up some semblance of hope as they gathered around their small fire. When Henry, in another fit of hate, murdered a neighbor with a stone, Mr. Antrobus stamped out the fire. However, he was cajoled into having faith in mankind again, and all, including the audience, were asked to burn their chairs in order to keep the fire going and save the human race from extinction.

That crisis over, Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus went to the Atlantic City convention of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Mammals, Subdivision Humans. Mr. Antrobus, just elected president of the society for the coming year, made a speech of acceptance, which was followed by a few words from Mrs. Antrobus. During an interview immediately afterward, it was learned that Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus would soon celebrate their five thousandth wedding anniversary. Mr. Antrobus had previously judged a beauty contest in which the winner had been the former maid Sabina, now Miss Lily-Sabina Fairweather from the Boardwalk Bingo Parlor. She had decided, as a result of her victory, to take Mr. Antrobus away from his wife; and as soon as she could easily do so, she lured him into her beach cabana. During her father's sojourn in the cabana, Gladys bought herself a pair of red stockings and Henry became involved in an altercation with a boy whom he hit with a stone. When Mr. Antrobus was finally located, he had decided to leave his wife. Told of his intentions, she handled the situation very calmly and maneuvered him into staying with her. She was aided somewhat by a coming storm which made it necessary for the family and a large collection of animals to retreat to a boat in order to survive. Under the directions of a mysterious Fortune Teller, Mr. Antrobus took them all, including Sabina, off to make a new world.

When the great war came, much of the population of the world and most of Excelsior, New Jersey, were wiped out. The Antrobus household, including Sabina, managed to survive, but not without considerable damage. Mrs. Antrobus and Gladys and Gladys' new baby had hidden out in the basement. When the war ended, they came out into the world, which in a very short time began to function very much as it had before the war occurred.

Sabina, dressed now as a Napoleonic camp follower, had enjoyed the war. She felt that everyone was at his best in wartime.

Henry, following up his stone-throwing activities, had progressed from a corporal's rating to the rank of a general; he had become the picture of hate, the enemy of man. Mr. Antrobus ordered that he never come into the house again or he would kill him. When Henry returned, he wanted to kill his father, whom he had hated all these years, and

he had brought a gun with which to shoot Mr. Antrobus. When he finally fell asleep from exhaustion, Mrs. Antrobus took the revolver from him. Mr. Antrobus and Henry had an argument during which all the evil in the young man was revealed. Mr. Antrobus, in a fit of self-condemnation, admitted that he would rather fight Henry than try to build a peace with him in the midst of it. His will to survive returned once again, however, and he asked Henry to try to live in peace. Henry agreed, providing he be given a freedom of his own will.

Mr. Antrobus, striving to regain his confidence in mankind, recalled the three things which had always kept him going: the people, his home, and his books. In addition, he remembered the philosophies that he had known and through which he regained his hope for the future.

THE SLEEPWALKERS

Type of work: Novel
Author: Hermann Broch (1886-1951)
Type of plot: Philosophical and social chronicle
Time of plot: 1888-1918
Locale: Germany
First published: 1930-1932

Principal characters:
JOACHIM VON PASENOW, a young lieutenant
HERR VON PASENOW, his father
BERTRAND, his friend
ESCH, a bookkeeper
FRAU HENTJEN, his wife
HUGUENAU, a businessman

Critique:

The Sleepwalkers consists of three short novels, *The Romantic, The Anarchist,* and *The Realist,* held together loosely by the reappearance of some of the characters. In structure the work is hardly a novel, for the form is incidental. Rather, the narrative is a convenient means to express the author's philosophy. Broch feels that the romantic, the anarchic, and the realistic approaches to life are weak. In a disintegrating society all have serious limitations. Outwardly at least the realistic businessman has the least difficulty; but he is little better than a brute. Similarly, the romantic is weakly ineffectual and the anarchist is unstable, unable to maintain a consistent point of view. *The Sleepwalkers,* difficult as it is, is an important and a rewarding work.

The Story:

In 1888, Joachim von Pasenow was a lieutenant in the German Army. Having worn a uniform so long, he looked on it as his natural dress. A uniform hid a man's nakedness; unlike civilian clothes it made a man amount to something. His friend Bertrand had left the army and now wore mufti all the time; it seemed indecent. Joachim felt a little insecure about his honor, too. His brother Helmuth had been killed in a duel, and his father made much of Helmuth's unsullied honor.

Herr von Pasenow came to Berlin to visit Joachim. He was a funny little man, rotund and intent, and his son was a bit ashamed of him. At a casino they met Ruzena, a Bohemian girl. Von Pasenow stroked her familiarly and gave her money. She accepted the attentions easily, but when the old man joked about marriage she went into the lavatory to cry. Later, perhaps as a kind of penance, Joachim took Ruzena as his mistress.

Bertrand also took a friendly interest in Ruzena and helped her get on the stage. Ruzena, happy with Joachim, began to distrust Bertrand. He let slip the suggestion that she should leave the chorus and go into a notion shop. Joachim had to leave Ruzena at times to visit his family, and these absences strengthened her suspicions. Joachim's father was anxious that he should resign from the army and look after the family estate. He was anxious too for him to marry Elisabeth.

When Bertrand met Elisabeth, he spoke to her eloquently of a love based on renunciation; the innocent girl was upset. Ruzena, convinced that Bertrand was the evil genius separating her from her lover, shot him in the arm. She then left Joachim and went back to work in a café. Joachim, believing also that Bertrand was a bad influence, settled money on Ruzena and proposed to Elisabeth.

THE SLEEPWALKERS by Hermann Broch. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. By permission of the publishers, Pantheon Books, Inc. All rights reserved.

His deed was a break with his past, for he did not ask Bertrand's advice about the marriage.

Before accepting Joachim, Elisabeth visited Bertrand in the hospital. He declared his love for her but thought her marriage with Joachim was inevitable. For a time after their marriage Joachim thought of Elisabeth as an unapproachable madonna. They did not have their first child until a year and a half had passed.

In 1903, when Esch was dismissed from his post as a bookkeeper at a shipping concern in Cologne, Martin, a crippled socialist, somehow learned of his dismissal and told him of a better job in Mannheim. They discussed the matter in Frau Hentjen's restaurant. Esch knew he would have to have a reference. He finally got a good one by threatening to expose the crooked manager under whom he had worked.

In Mannheim he was employed by a large firm owned by Bertrand. He made friends with Korn, a customs inspector, and with Lohberg, a pallid tobacconist. In a short while he went to room with Korn and his sister Erna. Erna was unattractive but wanted desperately to get married, and Korn hoped to acquire a brother-in-law in Esch. Esch at last answered her provocations by going into her bedroom, but Erna reserved her favors until they should be married.

By helping Gernerth, a theatrical manager, with his shipping, Esch received passes to a show and took Korn and Erna with him to the performance. The star attraction was Teltscher, a Hungarian knife thrower, and Ilona, his flashy blonde target. Becoming acquainted with Korn and Esch, the actors visited them at Korn's house. For a while Esch hoped to win Ilona but she showed a preference for Korn; at last she slept with him openly.

Martin, arriving in Mannheim during a strike, was arrested at a workers' meeting. Esch was convinced that Bertrand had hired baiters to trap Martin and that Bertrand should have been imprisoned instead. Feeling restless, he accepted Teltscher's offer to go in with him n the theatrical business. They planned to operate in Cologne. Esch felt a queer responsibility to get Teltscher away from Ilona, because the knife-throwing act endangered Ilona's safety.

Back in Cologne, Esch spent much time with Frau Hentjen and in time overcame her scruples against taking him as her lover. She did not like his new job, for Esch was hiring lady wrestlers. Esch wrote an article protesting against Martin's false imprisonment, but the socialist newspaper refused to print it. During his wandering through the town he stumbled on evidence that Bertrand was a sodomite, but again the paper refused to print his story.

Driven by a vague compulsion, Esch went to see Bertrand. On the way he stopped off to see the Korns and found Erna engaged to marry Lohberg. Erna had changed; she willingly allowed Esch to sleep with her. Bertrand received Esch kindly but was evasive on the subject of the strike. Bertrand died soon after Esch returned to Cologne.

For a while Esch planned vaguely to go to America. After Frau Hentjen mortgaged her restaurant to provide theatrical capital, she and Esch were married. Eventually they lost their money and Esch took a good job in Luxemburg.

Huguenau, a businessman practical in outlook, deserted from the army. By keeping an open countenance and refusing to skulk, he made his way through Belgium to the Ardennes and thence back into the Moselle district. Since he was an Alsatian knowing both French and German, either side of the Rhine was home to him. In Kur-Trier he spent enough of his carefully hoarded money to set himself up as a hotel keeper.

All about him others were questioning their beliefs during the last months of the war. Hanna, the lawyer's faithful wife, grew more and more virginal during her husband's absence. In Berlin, Marie the Salvation Army girl half-acknowledged a passion for a Talmudic

Jew. The wounded in the hospitals had little spirit to live. But Huguenau had no questions, no frustrations; he was intent only on business deals.

He bluffed the military commandant, Major Joachim von Pasenow, into giving him support, and on the strength of that backing persuaded the local dignitaries to put up capital enough for him to buy control of a newspaper owned by Esch. He made the deal easier by circulating rumors that Esch was subversive. Before long Huguenau was editing the paper and eating Frau Esch's good meals without payment.

Having embraced the Protestant faith, Joachim finally became convinced that Esch was a malcontent and Huguenau a suspicious character. In November, 1918, the workers revolted and took over the town. Joachim was hurt and carried to the basement of Esch's printing house. Seeing the incident, Huguenau took advantage of the confusion and raped Frau Esch. Then he followed Esch, who was returning to guard duty. He caught up with him and slipped a bayonet into his back.

After the war, Huguenau by letter tricked Frau Esch into returning the borrowed capital he had invested in the paper. While he continued to amass more money, he prudently married a German girl with a good dowry.

THE SLIPKNOT

Type of work: Drama
Author: Titus Maccius Plautus (c. 255-184 B.C.)
Type of plot: New comedy
Time of plot: Late third century B.C.
Locale: Cyrene, in Libya
First presented: Late third or early second century B.C.

Principal characters:
DAEMONES, an aged Athenian
PALAESTRA, his daughter
AMPELISCA, a slave girl
PLESIDIPPUS, a young man in love with Palaestra
LABRAX, a procurer
CHARMIDES, an aged Sicilian, his guest
GRIPUS, a servant of Daemones
TRACHALIO, a servant of Plesidippus

Critique:

Although many critics feel that *The Slipknot,* or the *Rudens,* is one of Plautus' best plays, and although it reveals his characteristic ingenuity in plot construction, it contains loose ends that are more palpable than those found in most of his other comedies. In the fourth act, for example, an impending marriage is hinted at between two of the characters, but when the action is concluded, no step has been taken to affirm or reject this hint, and the audience is left wondering why the suggestion was made at all if nothing was to follow from it. Unlike some of Plautus' padding, this problem seems inexplicable in terms of the demands made by the playwright's rigorous concern for the unities of time and place. It seems rather to be a direction Plautus considered taking and then rejected, at the same time forgetting to erase his preliminary steps.

The Story:

Daemones, an old Athenian exiled from Athens, had come to Cyrene to spend his waning years. He was a kindly man, and his exile had come about as a result of his excessive generosity to others and consequent indebtedness rather than from any sort of dishonorable activity on his part. Nor were his impoverishment and exile his only misfortunes. Some years before, his daughter Palaestra, then a small girl, had been stolen from him and sold by the thief to the procurer, Labrax, who brought her, unknown to her father, to Cyrene. There she was reared and educated by Labrax, and there, as she approached maturity, the young Plesidippus saw her and fell in love with her. Wanting to secure her freedom, he arranged to buy her from Labrax for thirty minae. He gave the procurer a retainer and bound him by oath to turn Palaestra over to him when he paid the full sum agreed upon.

Labrax was as unscrupulous as his profession would suggest. When the Sicilian, Charmides, suggested that the procurer could get a much better price out of his women by taking them to Sicily, Labrax decided to ignore his contract. He contrived to get Plesidippus out of the way by arranging to meet him before the Temple of Venus for a sacrificial breakfast. The night before, however, he moved Palaestra and her fellow slave, Ampelisca, together with all his belongings aboard ship. Then, accompanied by Charmides, he set sail. But a storm arose during the night, wrecking the ship, casting Labrax and his guest on the rocks, and permitting Palaestra and Ampelisca to escape in a small boat. The two girls landed near the Temple of Venus, not far from the house of Daemones. After asking sanctuary of the

priestess, they went inside.

A short time later Ampelisca was sent to Daemones' house for water. On her way, she encountered Plesidippus' servant, Trachalio, who had come to the temple looking for his master. She sent him inside to see Palaestra. While she was waiting for the servant of Daemones to bring her the water, however, she spied Labrax and Charmides, whom she had believed dead, laboriously making their way to the temple from the place where the sea had washed them up on the rocks. Terrified, she hastened back to the temple to warn her friend.

When Labrax and Charmides arrived, wet and tattered, they devoted most of their remaining energy to mutual recriminations for their plight until the procurer learned from a servant that his two slaves were not drowned but were inside the temple. He rushed in, intent on saving at least that much of his property, and attempted to drag the girls away from the statue of Venus at whose feet they had sought sanctuary. Trachalio witnessed this violence and came out, calling for aid for the outraged suppliants. Daemones heard him and brought his servants to the girls' assistance. Labrax was soundly beaten, but without quelling his determination to get back his two slaves. Then, while Daemones' men held the struggling procurer, Trachalio went to find Plesidippus and bring him to the temple. On his arrival the young Athenian, angry at the outrageous trick Labrax had nearly succeeded in playing on him, dragged the scoundrel to justice.

Daemones took the two girls home with him, for on the previous night he had dreamed that he had prevented a she-ape from stealing the fledglings from a swallow's nest; he believed that the episode with Labrax was in some way a fulfillment of that dream and that the girls, therefore, were somehow important to him. But he had no more than got the girls inside the door than his wife, jealous of their youth and beauty, created an intolerable furor on the grounds that he had brought harlots into the house.

Meanwhile, Daemones' servant, Gripus, was making his way home from a morning's fishing, elated at having pulled up in his nets a large wallet which, unknown to him, had been lost by Labrax the night before and which contained, in addition to the procurer's own wealth, certain tokens which would help Palaestra to identify her parents if she should ever encounter them. Gripus intended to keep the contents of the wallet for himself, but on his way home Trachalio overtook him, recognized the wallet, and raised such a clamor that Daemones was finally brought out to arbitrate between them. Trachalio told the old man whose wallet it was and said that it contained, among other things, the identifying trinkets of Palaestra. To test Trachalio's story, Daemones asked Palaestra to describe the trinkets. Her description both fitted the contents of the wallet and revealed that the slave girl was Daemones' long-lost daughter. Father and daughter, united in great joy, ignored Gripus' claims to ownership of the remainder of the wallet's contents and went into Daemones' house.

By that time the case of Labrax had been tried by the court, and it had been decided that the procurer had no legal title to Palaestra, for she had been born free. Ampelisca, however, was adjudged rightfully his, and he returned to the temple to look for her. Overhearing Gripus grumbling about the wallet, he questioned him and to his joy learned that it had been recovered. Promising Gripus a talent of silver for identifying the wallet's present possessor, he was directed to Daemones, who, scrupulously honest, returned it willingly. The procurer was about to go off when Gripus protested that the talent of silver had not yet been paid. Although Labrax had sworn on the altar of Venus to give the money to the servant, who wanted to buy his freedom, Gripus would have had nothing for his pains if Daemones had not intervened. The old man suggested that Labrax give Gripus only half a talent and give Ampelisca her freedom for

the remainder. To this suggestion Labrax agreed. Even Gripus was content with it when he learned that Daemones was willing to give him his freedom for the half talent.

One of the first things that Daemones did in his newly recovered status as father was to betroth his daughter to Plesidippus. In addition, he agreed to encourage the young man to give Trachalio his freedom and permit him to marry Ampelisca if she were willing. Then everyone, including Labrax, had a hearty dinner with Daemones.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON

Type of work: Novel
Author: Anthony Trollope (1815-1882)
Type of plot: Domestic romance
Time of plot: Mid-nineteenth century
Locale: An unnamed county, "Barsetshire," London
First published: 1864

Principal characters:
CHRISTOPHER DALE, Squire of Allington
MRS. DALE, his widowed sister-in-law
LILIAN (LILY), her daughter
ISABEL (BELL), another daughter
BERNARD DALE, the squire's nephew and heir
ADOLPHUS CROSBIE, Lily's suitor
JOHN EAMES, another suitor
LADY ALEXANDRINA DE COURCY, a young woman of fashion
DR. CROFTS, in love with Bell
LORD DE GUEST, Eames' benefactor

Critique:

The Small House at Allington, fifth of the Barchester chronicles, was Trollope's own favorite of the series, although in the candor of his later years he admitted that Lily Dale was "somewhat of a French prig." In this novel the worldly-wise, conniving de Courcys are set in contrast to the honest, sturdy Dales of Allington, thereby adding another panel to the portrait of a complete Victorian society that the modern reader finds in Trollope's imaginary Barsetshire. Her creator's opinion of Lily Dale is perhaps too severe. She is the Victorian heroine, winning but also pathetic, and a perfect model of the type who has her counterpart in almost every novel of the period. Critics have read a great deal of Trollope's own story as a young man into the character of John Eames.

The Story:

There were two houses at Allington. The Great House was the residence of Squire Christopher Dale, a plain, seemingly dour man whose ancestors had been squires at Allington for generations. In the Small House nearby lived his sister-in-law, Mrs. Dale, and her two daughters, Bell and Lily. Mrs. Dale was the widow of the squire's youngest brother, who, dying young, had left his family in modest circumstances. When the squire had offered his brother's widow the Small House rent free, she immediately accepted his offer, not for her own sake but for that of her daughters.

The Dales were not the chief family of the neighborhood. Near the town of Guestwick stood Guestwick Manor, home of Lord de Guest and his sister, Lady Julia. Although not intimate, the families had a tie by marriage. Years before another brother of the squire's, Colonel Orlando Dale, had eloped with the earl's sister, Lady Fanny. Not having made a career for himself, the colonel lived with his lady in semi-retirement at Torquay. Bernard Dale, their only son and a captain in the Engineers, was the unmarried squire's heir.

Mrs. Dale was a woman whose pride was as great as her means were small, and her brother-in-law's gruff manners had done little to establish cordial relations between them during her ten years in the Small House. The uncle had been kind to his nieces in his rather ungracious manner, however, so that they enjoyed the social advantages if not the income of wealth. Bell was her uncle's favorite. It was his secret wish that she, as Bernard's wife, would someday be mistress of the Great House. At one time Mrs. Dale had believed that Dr. Crofts, the Guestwick physician, would declare himself; but he

had not spoken, and now there seemed little likelihood of a match in that quarter.

One summer Bernard Dale arrived to visit his uncle, bringing with him a London friend, Adolphus Crosbie, a senior clerk in the General Committee Office at Whitehall. At first Crosbie, a handsome, agreeable fellow, made the deeper impression on Bell, and Lily liked to tease her sister by calling him a swell because he was received in the drawing-rooms of countesses and cabinet ministers. Crosbie himself was attracted to Lily. When the squire, more gracious than usual to his nephew's friend, invited him to return in September for the shooting, Crosbie gladly accepted the invitation.

Lily had still another suitor in young John Eames, of Guestwick, a clerk in the Income Tax office in London. Although he had been hopelessly in love with Lily since boyhood, his meager income of a hundred pounds a year gave him no immediate prospect of marriage. Eames was awkward, callow, susceptible. While professing adoration for Lily, he had against his better judgment become entangled with Amelia Roper, the designing daughter of Mrs. Lupex, his London landlady.

Crosbie returned to Allington in September, and before long neighborhood gossip was confirmed—a marriage had been arranged between Lily Dale and Adolphus Crosbie. This was the news that greeted Eames when he arrived in Guestwick to visit his mother in October. He was made even more wretched by the half-languishing, half-threatening letters he received from Amelia during his stay. Lily's engagement made Squire Dale more anxious than ever to see fulfilled his own plans for Bernard and Bell. Encouraged by his uncle, the young officer proposed, but in such undemonstrative fashion that Bell refused him immediately. Not even the settlement of eight hundred pounds a year promised by the squire tempted her to change her mind.

Having made his choice, Crosbie hoped that the squire would make a financial settlement on Lily. But when he brought up the matter, that gentleman declared he felt under no obligations to provide for his niece's future. Crosbie was disappointed, but he consoled himself with the reflection that he was marrying for love and not for worldly advancement. So matters stood when he received from the Countess de Courcy an invitation to join a house party at Courcy Castle before he returned to London.

The de Courcy's entertained lavishly. One of the party was Lady Julia de Guest, a well-meaning busybody who soon spread the news of Crosbie's engagement. The countess, who had already had some experience in getting daughters engaged and then seeing their engagements broken, said nothing was likely to come of Crosbie's romance at Allington. She was right. So successful was her campaign to secure the clerk for her own youngest daughter, Lady Alexandrina, that long before the end of his visit Crosbie proposed and was accepted. He had not declared himself to Lady Alexandrina without severe twinges of conscience, it was true; but, after all, an earl's daughter would offer a better position in fashionable London life than would the penniless niece of a country squire. Lady Julia, hearing what had happened, denounced him as a deceiver and a miserable wretch. Crosbie recognized in her scorn the voice of public opinion; he wished that he could blot out his visit to Courcy Castle.

Meanwhile Squire Dale had learned from his nephew of Bell's refusal and had gone to his sister-in-law to enlist her aid in furthering the match. He was greatly put out when she insisted that Bell should be free to choose for herself. A short time later the squire received from Lady Julia a letter telling him of Crosbie's engagement to Lady Alexandrina. Learning that Crosbie had returned to London, the squire followed him there and tried to see the clerk at his club. Conscience-stricken, Crosbie refused to meet the old gentleman but sent a disapproving but obliging friend to talk with the squire. The next day Crosbie wrote to Mrs. Dale and confessed that he had broken his engagement to her daughter.

Shortly before the end of his vacation Eames saved Lord de Guest from being attacked by a bull on his estate. Gratefully, the earl decided to take an interest in the young man's future, and he invited Eames to spend Christmas with him at Guestwick Manor.

The two months before Christmas passed with heavy slowness at Allington. Mrs. Dale could only hope that time would heal Lily's hurt. The squire felt that there should be some redress for the slight to his niece. Lord de Guest, meeting Eames in London, realized the true state of that young man's feeling for Lily when Eames threatened physical punishment for Crosbie's deed. Crosbie, meanwhile, was deep in financial arrangements for his marriage. Under the fostering hand of Mortimer Gazebee, his future brother-in-law and a guardian of the de Courcy interests, he settled most of his income on Lady Alexandrina.

Crosbie went to Courcy Castle for Christmas, Eames, still involved with Amelia Roper, to Guestwick Manor. At a dinner the earl announced his intention of settling some money on Lily and Eames if they married. He asked the squire to do the same, but Lily's uncle refused to commit himself. Returning to London on the same train with Crosbie, Eames was unable to restrain himself when they met on the station platform. He thoroughly trounced Lily's faithless suitor.

Bernard, renewing his proposals to Bell, argued their uncle's wishes in the matter, but Bell told him, as kindly as possible, that she could follow no wishes but her own. Stubborn in his desires, the squire became angry with his nephew and niece, and he decided to be angry with his sister-in-law as well if she refused to reason with her daughter. After heated words had been exchanged, Mrs. Dale decided that it might be better for all concerned if she and her daughters moved away from the Small House.

A short time later Lily became ill with scarlatina, and Dr. Crofts was called in. He came daily, ostensibly to see his patient, but actually to be near Bell. In the meantime Mrs. Dale was preparing to move into a small cottage in Guestwick. During Lily's illness Dr. Crofts declared his love to Bell. Taking her evasive answer for a refusal, he drove away in dejection. Lily, aware of Bell's true feelings, urged him to ask her sister again. Crosbie and Lady Alexandrina were married in London in February.

After Lily's illness Lady Julia invited Mrs. Dale and her daughters to spend a week at Guestwick Manor. Eames was asked at the same time. But Lily saw through the scheme for bringing her and Eames together, especially after she learned that Squire Dale was to make another of the party, and she declined the invitation. The squire was so kind in his concern for Lily that Mrs. Dale began to regret her decision to move into the village. In the midst of her perplexities Dr. Crofts came to tell her that Bell had accepted him. Mrs. Dale was pleased. That night, while the doctor sat with the Dales beside the fire, as if they were already one family, the anxious mother was almost able to believe that happiness had returned to the Small House.

Eames, manfully escaping from the toils of Amelia Roper, arrived at Guestwick Manor. He had recently been made private secretary to the great Sir Raffle Buffle, largely through the earl's influence, and he was grateful. Since Lily had not gone to the manor, it had been decided that the squire and Bell should dine with the de Guests. On the next day Eames was to call at Allington and declare himself to Lily. To his dismay, however, she would not have him. When, after his departure, Mrs. Dale added her entreaties to his, Lily remained firm. She was, she declared, like her mother—widowed. And so matters had to stand.

But Mrs. Dale did not leave the Small House after all, for their family troubles had brought her and the squire closer together, and he announced his intention of settling three thousand pounds on each of his nieces. When Bell married Dr. Crofts in June, he threw open the Great House for the wedding. Bernard and

Eames did not attend.

Crosbie's wedded life lasted only a few months. Lady Alexandrina, bored with the humdrum of a government clerk's life, went off to join her mother at Baden Baden. Too late Crosbie discovered that the settlements he had made on his wife left him a poor man, and he went into cheap lodgings—happy at any price, however, to be free of her nagging and her aristocratic relatives.

SMALL SOULS

Type of work: Novel
Author: Louis Couperus (1863-1923)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: Nineteenth century
Locale: The Hague
First published: 1901

Principal characters:
CONSTANCE VAN DER WELCKE, a daughter of the once-prominent Van Lowe family
HENRI VAN DER WELCKE, her husband
ADDIE (ADRIAAN), their son
BERTHA, and
ADOLPHINE, her sisters
VAN NAGHEL VAN VOORDE, Bertha's husband

Critique:

Small Souls, written by one of the foremost of modern Dutch novelists, is the first of a series of four novels known as *The Books of the Small Souls.* Constance, who divorced her prominent husband and married for love is unable, even after twenty years, to escape the condemnation of a society which is comprised of small souls who are very tender to criticism and are engaged in schemes of attaining status by the use of gossip, rumor, scandal, and fear. This theme is conveyed through a realistic interplay of characters. The deft presentation of the dark, chill, and damp Dutch climate also serves to further the theme.

The Story:

Mrs. van Lowe was preparing for her usual Sunday family get-together. On this Sunday her daughter Constance was returning to Holland after a scandal that had kept her away for twenty years. After several respectable and loveless years with De Staffelaer, the Dutch envoy at Rome, Constance had had an affair with a young diplomat, Henri van der Welcke. When Constance divorced De Staffelaer and married Henri, the marriage proved the ruin of her new husband's political career, and they were now finally returning to their homeland. Everyone assured Constance that it was good to have her back, but she felt alien to her relatives; in the past twenty years her father had died and she had seen her mother only twice, briefly, at Brussels.

Some time later, Constance, Henri, and their son Adriaan, whom they called Addie, went to visit Henri's parents. This invitation was significant because it was the first time since the scandal that Henri's parents had paid any attention to Constance or even acknowledged Addie as their grandson. The interview was formal and oppressive. Constance was annoyed to see Henri's mother treating thirteen-year-old Addie as a child; he was, in fact, very mature and serious for his age, and he always managed to reconcile his parents when they had an argument.

For the most part, Constance felt happier all the time. She saw her mother daily; she had had an intimate talk with her sister Bertha; and she got along well with her brother Gerrit. Also, Constance was determined to like her sister Adolphine, despite her petty enviousness. But of all her brothers and sisters, she saw Paul most often because he got along well with Henri and Addie.

One day the Van der Welckes gave a quiet but decorous dinner for Paul and Van Vreeswijck, a friend of Henri's who was a chamberlain extraordinary to the

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queen regent. Adolphine, who knew that Constance was giving a dinner, pretended to be just dropping by, for she wanted to see what the dinner was like. When she saw the candles and flowers she became very envious. The next day Adolphine had a visit from Cateau, her brother Karel's wife, and she belittled Constance's dinner, saying that they had invited Van Vreeswijck in order to push themselves into higher social circles.

That summer Constance was happy because she thought that her family had forgiven her. One day, on Henri's thirty-ninth birthday, they had an unexpected visit from Henri's mother. When she arrived, she was surprised to meet Constance's mother, who also happened to be there. Without resorting to words, the two old women sought each other's forgiveness for the misdeeds of their children.

In The Hague, the gossip of the old scandal had been revived, although Constance never heard of it. One day, however, Addie had gone bicycling with Adolphine's children, one of whom, Jaap, called Addie an "Italian" and said that Addie was not Henri's son. When he got home, Addie told his father, who assured him that the rumors were false. Constance, hearing what had happened, wondered whether she had not made a mistake in returning to The Hague. Addie himself began to feel that there must be some reason why people always gossiped about his family. He became so gloomy that at last his father told him the story of the scandal in Rome. Once he knew the truth, Addie began to feel better. Constance and Henri began to see that their son was now no longer a child.

Having received an invitation, Henri and Addie went to visit Henri's parents for a week. When Henri confessed to his father that he had told Addie about the scandal in Rome, the old man was deeply shocked, for he felt that Henri had corrupted the child. Henri then realized that he and his father were strangers and could not communicate; he realized, too, what a great shock the scandal must have been to the old man and with what grief he must have ordered him, for the sake of propriety, to marry Constance, thus shattering Henri's promising diplomatic career.

While Henri and Addie were away, Constance had a visit from Adolphine, who proceeded to make slighting remarks about her. At last, Constance could tolerate no more. She told Adolphine just what she really thought of her and then dismissed her. After Adolphine left, Constance burst into tears because she had not been able, apparently, to return quietly to her homeland and live in peace.

One day Constance found in her mailbox a copy of the *Inspector,* a privately printed newspaper devoted to publishing scandal. She was startled to find a libelous article in it directed against Bertha's husband. The article also promised that the next issue of the paper would give the full details about an older scandal. When Henri heard about the article he grew furious, and a quarrel ensued in which Henri childishly claimed that Constance, by providing food for scandal, was ruining Addie's chances for a diplomatic career. Constance declared that she would at once try, for Addie's sake, to become accepted in higher circles, mainly through the influence of her sister Bertha, who was socially prominent.

To make good her resolve, Constance went to Bertha's at-home day, an important social function in which the Van Lowe family did not usually take part. Bertha's husband had been disturbed by the article in the *Inspector* and now Bertha herself was uncomfortable because the guests at her at-home day included friends and relatives of De Staffelaer, Constance's first husband.

On the following Sunday, when Constance went to her mother's weekly family get-together, she at once noticed an air of tenseness everywhere. She then learned that the next edition of the *Inspector* had appeared. Henri, who was reading a copy of it, had already become furious. Then Adolphine came in and

said that the revived scandal was all Henri's fault. A quarrel ensued in which Henri challenged Adolphine's husband to a duel. Everyone tried to hush up the whole disturbance, but just then Bertha and her husband, Van Naghel, arrived. Van Naghel, who had obviously seen the new article in the *Inspector,* greeted Constance coldly. Bertha told Constance that Van Naghel was very put out by her visit to Bertha's at-home day. Constance said that for Addie's sake she was determined to rehabilitate herself in society and that she wanted Bertha and Van Naghel to help her.

Constance then got Van Naghel and Henri together. She apologized to Van Naghel for going to Bertha's, but also asked him to help her in society and to invite her to their social functions. Van Naghel protested that he could not possibly invite her to their dinners, saying that she would be bored at them. Henri became furious at Van Naghel, who in turn said that he wanted nothing to do with the Van der Welckes. After exchanging insults with Henri, Van Naghel left. Constance fainted into Paul's arms. Addie, who witnessed the scene, scornfully said that all of this fuss was over nothing.

SMOKE

Type of work: Novel
Author: Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: 1862-1865
Locale: Germany and Russia
First published: 1867

Principal characters:
GRIGORY LITVÍNOFF, a serious Russian
TÁNYA SHESTOFF, his fiancée
KAPITÓLINA SHESTOFF, Tánya's aunt
IRÍNA, a fashionable lady
GENERAL RATMÍRÒFF, her husband
POTÚGIN, a retired clerk

Critique:

Smoke has for background the nihilistic movement in Russian politics just after the emancipation of the serfs. In background of period and place it is comparable to *Fathers and Sons*. But *Smoke* is different from its predecessor in time in that it is a pleasant, unencumbered love story, a novel of deftly drawn characters. The political theme of *Smoke* is not intrusive; few modern readers will even be aware of the political tensions involved. The character of Irína was modeled from a mistress of Alexander II.

The Story:

At Baden Grigóry Litvínoff decided to enjoy a few days of vacation. The fashionable German watering place was full of Russians, and there, in a week or so, Litvínoff was to meet Tánya Shestoff, his fiancée, who was coming to Baden with her Aunt Kapitólina.

Litvínoff was poor, comparatively speaking. His father owned a large farm with forests, meadows, and a lake, but Russian farming was so unproductive that he could barely make ends meet. After his university days, Litvínoff had decided to learn progressive farming, but because Russia was so far behind in agriculture he had to go abroad to study. He had been in the Crimea, in France, Switzerland, and England. Everywhere his keen mind had absorbed the latest agricultural methods, and he was particularly impressed by the superiority of the few pieces of American machinery he had seen. Full of ideas, his life was planned; he would make a model farm. But first, he would marry Tánya.

Quite by chance he ran into Bambáeff, a former acquaintance. Bambáeff was an ebullient person, filled with windy politics and intimate with the most advanced thinkers in Baden. When Bambáeff took Litvínoff to meet Gubaryóff, the idol of the liberals, Litvínoff was repelled by the company he met in Gubaryóff's room. They all talked long and loud in their assertions that Russia produced nothing good, that all virtue resided in Europe proper, that the emancipation of the serfs was a foolish step. He met Bindásoff, a choleric boor who borrowed a hundred roubles from him; he never repaid the debt, although Litvínoff later watched him win four hundred roubles with the money. Only one man in the gathering was quiet; he sat unnoticed in a corner.

The next morning the quiet man came to Litvínoff's room and presented himself; he was Potúgin, a former clerk in Moscow. They talked agreeably for a long time. Both men disliked very much their compatriots who were so sure that nothing good came out of Russia, and they both agreed that by hard work Russia could advance. At last, as Potúgin rose to go, he excused himself by saying that he had a girl with him. Seeing Litvínoff's look of polite blankness, he explained that he was looking after a

little child who had no parents.

After a short walk Litvínoff returned to his hotel. He had a letter from Tánya to read, and as he read he was bothered by a heavy sweet smell. Looking around, he saw a bunch of fresh heliotrope in a glass. Here was a mystery. The servant said that a lady had given him two gulden to get into the room. She must have left the flowers. Suddenly he remembered Irína.

Ten years before Litvínoff had been a student in Moscow. He was poor, and he visited frequently another poor family, the Osínins. The family was of the real nobility, but for generations the Osínins had declined, until they existed only on a small pension the father received from some obscure sinecures. Litvínoff was attracted greatly to Irína, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the household, but for a long time Irína paid little heed to the poor student. One day her haughtiness suddenly changed. Pliant and cheerful, she talked eagerly with Litvínoff of his ambitions. When he declared his love, Irína was pleased and grateful. Without any formal understanding, Litvínoff became her accepted suitor.

By a trick of fate, Prince Osínin, her father, received an invitation to the court ball. Now that Irína was grown, he decided to accept, to show his daughter in fine society. Litvínoff urged Irína to go to the ball. She repeated many times that she was going only at Litvínoff's insistence.

On the night of the ball, Litvínoff brought her a bunch of heliotrope to wear. She took the flowers and kissed him passionately. The next day Irína had a headache and refused to see him. Two days after the ball Irína had gone to St. Peterburg with Count Reisenbach, a distant cousin of her mother.

The explanation was brief and tragic. The count needed an ornament in his household. Grasping and ambitious as she was, Irína had accepted and had gone to stay with her debauched cousin. Litvínoff put her out of his mind; he had almost forgotten the incident until the heliotrope appeared mysteriously in his room.

Litvínoff wrestled with his conscience and decided not to see Irína again. He held to his resolve until Potúgin came to him with a pressing invitation to visit the home of General Ratmíroff. At the party he met Irína again, now the wife of General Ratmíroff, a vain, cruel aristocrat. Litvínoff was as much repelled by the empty smart set as he had been by the empty liberals he had met in Baden.

Irína would not let him ignore her. She begged her former suitor to love her again, and when she came to his rooms he admitted his love had never died.

Tánya and her Aunt Kapitólina appeared. Even naïve Tánya saw at once that something had happened to her fiancé; she was not wholly unprepared when he confessed his affair with Irína.

Potúgin tried his best to get Litvínoff to abandon Irína. He had good reason to do so. For love of Irína, he had agreed to marry a friend of hers who was soon to bear an illegitimate child. Although the girl fell ill and the marriage never took place, Potúgin was burdened with the care of the little girl. He had acted because of his hopeless infatuation for Irína, and he warned Litvínoff that only evil could come of leaving Tánya for the shallow aristocrat.

In his despair Litvínoff made a compact. He would not become Irína's secret lover; she must go away with him and be his alone. He named the train on which he would leave. Irína was not at the station and Litvínoff sadly took his seat. Just then he saw Irína, dressed in her maid's costume, rush to the platform. He motioned her to come aboard; she understood, but she refused by gesture and motioned him to dismount. She stood in a hopeless attitude on the platform as the train pulled out.

Litvínoff recovered almost wholly from his hurt. He was too quiet for his years, but he was fairly happy. He found his father's farm in bad shape, with not even enough income to keep up the

house. His father, pathetically glad to see him, abandoned the control of the estate to his son. That end accomplished, he died content. For a long time there was no opportunity to introduce new methods; Litvínoff had all he could do to remain solvent.

After three years he learned that Tánya was living on a farm a day's journey away. Resolved to mend his life, he decided to go to her and ask her forgiveness. He found Tánya ready to forget as well as forgive, and she was even embarrassed by his penitence. They were soon married.

Irina continued to attract admirers in St. Petersburg, for, in spite of her thirty years, she retained the freshness of youth. Although many gallants were in attendance upon her, she never singled out a special admirer. The society ladies all agreed that Irína was not generally liked; she had such an ironical turn of mind.

THE SNAKE PIT

Type of work: Novel
Author: Sigrid Undset (1882-1949)
Type of plot: Historical chronicle
Time of plot: Late thirteenth, early fourteenth centuries
Locale: Norway
First published: 1925

Principal characters:
OLAV AUDUNSSON, master of Hestviken
INGUNN STEINFINNSDATTER, his wife
CECILIA, their daughter
EIRIK, Ingunn's son by Teit
OLAV HALF-PRIEST, Olav's kinsman
TORHILD BJÖRNSDATTER, housekeeper at Hestviken

Critique:

The Snake Pit is the most hopeless and despairing of the four novels which make up *The Master of Hestviken.* Here Olav Audunsson and his wife Ingunn have passed the period of youthful passion, outlawry, and violence which gave *The Axe* its tragic poignancy. There is little warmth or color to brighten the years of Ingunn's illness and Olav's struggle with his conscience. Medieval man looked up to heaven or down to hell; earth was only a testing ground for the bliss or punishment of the future life. Olav, burdened by a sin which he cannot confess, is one of the doomed. In his person the writer unfolds a story of man's inner life and reflects the manners and morals of his age.

The Story:

After Olav Audunsson received his wife Ingunn from her kin, he returned with her to Hestviken to claim his inheritance. Lime trees were in blossom, and their scent brought back to him childhood memories of the manor which had not been his home since he was seven. Hestviken, on a ridge above Oslo fjord, had been a place of chieftains. One of the heirlooms of Viking days was a wood carving showing legendary Gunnar surrounded by vipers in the pit where Atle threw him.

While Olav was growing up as Steinfinn's foster son at Frettastein and during his years of warring and outlawry, an aged kinsman lived at Hestviken. Old Olav, called Half-Priest because he had studied for the Church before an accident crippled him, was more clerk than franklin. Under his stewardship the manor had not prospered, and young Olav had less wealth than he expected. Still, Hestviken was a rich homestead, and so he cheerfully set about repairing the houses, increasing his herds, and outfitting boats to trade by sea. Besides, he liked Olav Half-Priest and spent many evenings listening to stories of his ancestors and their deeds in the old days.

Olav Half-Priest had known four generations of the Hestviken men, and his greatest wish, as he often told Ingunn, was to see her son and Olav's before his death. But the child Ingunn bore the summer the old man died lived only a few seconds. In the next four years she had three more children, all stillborn. During part of that time Olav was away on raids against the Danes, but when he was at home there was little cheer between them. Ingunn was fretful and sick, resentful of Signe and Una, Olav's distant cousins, impatient with her maids. Olav knew that she was thinking of the healthy son she had had by Teit, the Icelander he had killed to hide her shame, but there was no mention of the boy between them.

Olav's crime weighed heavily upon his own spirit. If he had proclaimed it at the time men would have found justice in

THE SNAKE PIT by Sigrid Undset. By permission of the publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright, 1929, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Teit's slaying; his silence had made his deed secret murder. Unable to confess his guilt without bringing shame to Ingunn, whom he loved, he knew that he must live unshriven for his sin. Perhaps, he thought, the dead children were part of the chastisement he must suffer. He was always tender toward the useless wife whose misfortune he had taken by violence upon himself.

When Ingunn became really ill, Olav hired Torhild Björnsdatter whose mother had been a serving-woman at Hestviken, to keep his house for him. Afterward the manor was in better order, and for a time Ingunn's health improved, so that one spring she traveled to see Tora, her widowed sister, at Frettastein. While there, she went to see little Eirik, her son, at his foster mother's house. He was half-frightened of the richly dressed woman who gave him gifts and held him so tightly. On her return to Hestviken, Olav asked her if she longed greatly for the boy. She said that Eirik had been afraid of her.

Ingunn's brother Jon died and Olav rode north to collect her share of his goods. When he returned, he brought Eirik with him. In the neighborhood he let it be known that the boy was his child and Ingunn's, born during his outlaw years and for that reason given to foster parents in the Upplands. When Eirik, like Olav, followed him about, Ingunn sometimes grew fretful because the boy preferred her husband's company to her own. Then Olav, for the sake of peace, treated the child coldly. Often it seemed that he was never to have ease because of the Icelander's brat.

After Ingunn gave birth to a son, Audun, Olav realized how foolish his act had been, for in claiming Eirik he had defrauded his lawful son of his birthright. He became sharper in his manner toward Eirik, scolded him for childish lies he told, and to his own shame beat him for his boasting and loud ways. Sickly Audun died the next winter.

One year Arnvid Finnsson came to Hestviken, Ingunn's cousin and their true friend in the days of Olav's outlawry. Arnvid said that he had given his manor to his oldest son; he himself was to enter the order of the Preaching Friars. To him Olav told the story of the guilt weighing so heavily upon him, saying it was as if God's wrath pursued him and gave him no peace, night or day. Arnvid, kind and good man though he was, could say little to comfort his friend.

Ingunn gave birth to her last child, a fair daughter christened Cecilia. From that time the mother seldom left her bed. Years before she had lost the power of her limbs during an illness, and now her old sickness took her again. Sometimes Olav looked at her, pale and wasted, and wondered how the sick woman could have been the beautiful girl he had known years before. Yet he was not completely unhappy in their last years together. He looked after Ingunn with patience and pity for the sad life she had lived. Thinking she might become better if he were to make atonement for the slaying of Teit, he spoke to her one day of the matter, but she begged him to keep silent for her sake. Word came that Arnvid had died at Hamar. Olav felt that the only friend left from his youth was Ingunn, once so fair that he had killed two men for her sake.

The two had lived so much to themselves at Hestviken that they had never been popular with their neighbors. For that reason there was much gossip when it became known that Olav had fathered a child on his housekeeper. Feeling that his new sin went back to the old one from which he could never be free, and anxious to make amends to Torhild for the wrong, he gave her the farm at Auken for her own. Ingunn, who had always been jealous of Torhild's strong, healthy body, said nothing. Eirik showed in every way his dislike for the stern, aloof man he called father.

Torhild's child was a boy, Björn. On the day Torhild went to Auken, Ingunn sent to her and asked to see him, a lusty child

as fair as her own Cecilia. Afterward Eirik spat after Torhild and cursed her son. Ingunn begged him never to speak so of any woman's child.

Olav was at the Oslo fair when a servant brought word that Ingunn was dying. Memories of the past, remorse, and the conviction that God would be merciful if he would only confess his guilt plagued him as he rode homeward to be at her side. After her death he was minded to do as he had planned on that night ride, confess and welcome his punishment, whether holy pilgrimage or headsman's ax. But he could not, he realized at last, because of Eirik and Cecilia. Never could he abandon them to a kinsman's care or shame them by letting the world know their mother had been wanton.

Sometimes, in the slow, sleepless nights, he felt that he was Gunnar in the snake pit on the old carving—his hidden sin was the viper that had pierced his heart.

SNOW-BOUND

Type of work: Poem
Author: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)
Type of plot: Pastoral idyl
Time of plot: Early nineteenth century
Locale: Haverhill, Massachusetts
First published: 1866

Principal characters:
MEMBERS OF THE WHITTIER FAMILY
THE SCHOOLMASTER
A GUEST

Critique:

Snow-Bound, Whittier's popular idyl, is one of the most beautiful pastorals in American literature. The harshness of winter life on a New England farm is scarcely suggested, for the glow of the aging poet's memory gives the impression that in his youth life was serene, secure, and joyful. The title suggests a nature poem, but the poet's chief interest is not in the external world. He dwells upon the people who were dear to him, picturing a family circle which represents an idealization of the American home.

The Story:

One December day a wind from the east and a leaden sky forecast snow. As night came on, the members of the Whittier family brought in firewood, littered the cattle stalls with fresh straw, and fed the stock. All night the storm raged, and in the morning the Whittiers looked upon a world of fleecy snow. The elder Whittier, a man of action, ordered a path dug to the barn, and his sons merrily turned to the work, making a crystal-walled tunnel through the deepest drift. Though the snow no longer fell, all day a north wind drove bits of sleet against the windows of the house. Again, as night fell, wood was brought in for the great fireplace around which the family gathered. While the moon shone on the snow outside and the north wind still battered the house, the family stayed snug and warm inside.

As the poet recalled this happy scene of long ago, he paused a moment to think of the many changes which had later taken place. Only he and his brother now remained; death had taken all the others. Again his memory went back to the old fireside, the stories told there, the puzzles and riddles solved, the poems recited. The elder Whittier told of adventures he had had with the Indians, of fishing trips, and of the witches reputed to have inhabited the land in olden days. The mother told of Indian raids and of the happy times she had had as a girl. To these stories from her own life she added some which she had read in books by famous and revered Quakers. Next the poet called to mind the tales of the world of nature told by his uncle, a man unschooled in a formal way but seemingly filled with a boundless knowledge of moons and tides, of weather signs, of birds and beasts. The memory of the poet's maiden aunt brought her also vividly before him. He remembered how she lived for others instead of bewailing her lonely maidenhood. He saw again his elder sister whose rich, full nature had prompted many deeds of self-sacrifice. Tenderly he recalled his dearly loved younger sister, who had been with him until a year ago, but whose body now lay with the others in the earth.

From the members of his family, the poet turned to the young schoolmaster, a boarder in the Whittier home. The son of a poor man, the schoolmaster had as a boy learned independence. As a student he had helped to pay his way through Dartmouth College by taking varied jobs. Later as a teacher he had, when school was out, joined in schoolboy sports. In

the schoolroom he was the earnest shaper of youthful minds. The poet prayed that Freedom might have many young apostles like him.

Another guest of the Whittier household on that night of long ago came to the poet's mind. A strange woman, half-feared, half-welcome, she was as well-known for her violent temper as she was for her eccentric devotion to religion. Leaving her home, she later went to Europe and the Near East, prophesying everywhere the imminent second coming of Christ. The poet asked His mercy upon the poor woman whose mind had seemed so odd to her neighbors.

As the hour grew late the group about the fire retired for the night. The next morning teamsters came to clear the snow-filled roads. The young folks played in the snowbanks. Later, along the cleared road came the neighborhood doctor on his rounds. A week passed before the mailman finally delivered a newspaper to tell of happenings beyond the Whittiers' snow-bound world.

The poet shut the covers of his book of memory upon these happy scenes of the past, and he put the book away with the hope that readers in the future might pause with him to view for a little while these Flemish pictures of old days.

SO RED THE ROSE

Type of work: Novel
Author: Stark Young (1881-1963)
Type of plot: Historical romance
Time of plot: 1860-1865
Locale: Mississippi
First published: 1934

Principal characters:
MALCOLM BEDFORD, owner of Portobello
MRS. SARAH TAIT BEDFORD, his wife
DUNCAN,
MARY HARTWELL, and
FRANCES, their children
VALETTE, an adopted daughter
MIDDLETON, an orphaned nephew
HUGH MCGEHEE, owner of Montrose
AGNES MCGEHEE, his wife, Malcolm Bedford's sister
EDWARD, and
LUCINDA (LUCY), their children
SHELTON TALIAFERRO, a distant relative of the McGehees
CHARLES, his son
ZACH MCGEHEE, Hugh's nephew
AMELIE BALFOUR, Zach's fiancée

Critique:

Stark Young takes rather long to set the stage for the action in this novel. The gradual unfolding of character and scene is necessary, however, because the book is not so much a story of the political and military aspects of the Civil War as it is a study of the effects of the war upon those who stayed at home. The book presents an excellent picture of the background of plantation life prior to the Civil War, tells of people's thoughts at the time, and shows what happened to the civilian population during the war years.

The Story:

Malcolm Bedford was the owner of Portobello plantation, where he lived with his second wife, Sarah, and their three children, an adopted daughter, Valette, and an orphaned nephew, Middleton. Malcolm's sister Agnes had married Hugh McGehee, and they and their two children occupied a neighboring plantation, Montrose. Plantation life in Mississippi flowed easily in those days just preceding the Civil War, with frequent parties and visits between families to provide hospitality and entertainment. But other happenings, less pleasant, gradually intruded upon the serenity of plantation life. Talk of secession, states' rights, slavery, emancipation, Lincoln, and war began to be more seriously discussed and argued whenever a group of people assembled. Hugh McGehee and his son Edward discussed these problems and Edward's possible enlistment when the latter returned home for a short visit from the Louisiana Seminary of Learning and Military Academy.

Duncan Bedford was also in school, at Washington College in Virginia. In love with Valette, he accused her of leading other young men on. When he went back to college, they were no longer on friendly terms.

Shelton Taliaferro, a distant relative of the McGehees, and his son Charles came to visit Montrose. Edward was home for a visit at the time, and the two young men became friends. They spent

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a short time together at the seminary until Charles resigned. It was this young man, to whom life seemed to flow generously, who attached himself to Edward. A year after his first visit to Montrose he and Edward enlisted under General Beauregard. Shelton Taliaferro, his father, and Edward McGehee were the only two people for whom Charles cared, to the disappointment of Lucy, who had fallen in love with him. Duncan also enlisted, but without first coming home. He wrote a letter to Valette to tell her of his enlistment and to assure her that he still loved her.

About a year later, at the time of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, Agnes received a letter from her son. It was dated three days earlier and according to his letter the battle would be taking place at that moment she was reading the letter. Feeling instinctively that Edward was dead, she ordered William Veal, the butler, to hitch up the wagon so that they might set out for the battlefield and bring home the body of her dead son. When she returned, she brought with her Edward's body and those of two other boys of the neighborhood. She also brought word that the body of Charles Taliaferro had not been found, although it was almost certain that he was dead since he was not with the survivors of the desperate fighting. Lucy was heartbroken.

After the Emancipation Proclamation on January 2, 1863, many of the slaves deserted their former owners to flee to the Union lines. A short time later Malcolm Bedford, who had been helping to strengthen the defenses at Vicksburg, came home with a very bad case of dysentery from which he never recovered. He died, on the day Vicksburg fell, claiming that with the fall of Vicksburg the doom of the South was sealed.

Life went on at both plantations under much altered circumstances. Natchez, the nearest town, had been bombarded and occupied. Federal soldiers swarmed over the countryside, burning, looting, and carrying off horses, food, and clothing. More slaves ran away to the protection of Federal troops in Natchez, and many joined the Federal army to help fight against their former masters. But when disease broke out in the Natchez stockades, where the Negroes were confined, some of the former slaves, especially the older ones, began to return to the plantations, the only place they had ever known security.

Sherman, on a visit to Natchez, rode out to see the McGehees because he had known their son Edward when he was superintendent of the seminary Edward had attended. He was very much of an enigma to the McGehees, as he was to many. His kindness and personal interest could not be reconciled with his toleration of plunder and destruction by his troops. Shortly after his visit Montrose was destroyed by a mob of former slaves under the direction of a few white officers. They burned the place to the ground, after permitting the family to save only what could be rescued in twenty minutes. After the fire the family moved into a five-room cottage on the plantation.

The Bedfords at Portobello were having their own difficulties. One night a group of Confederate soldiers hanged three Federals on the trees not far from the house. A fourth soldier escaped, injured, and he was taken into the house and cared for until a way could be found to smuggle him out. The three Union soldiers were quickly buried to avoid reprisals.

There had been no word of Duncan for many months, and the Bedfords at Portobello believed that he must be dead. Now that the war was over, they thought that they should at least have a letter from him if he were still alive. Then one day Duncan, without any previous warning, walked in. He had been taken prisoner but had been booked for exchange soon afterward. A Union officer had spoken insultingly of General Lee, however, and Duncan had struck him. His order for exchange was immediately revoked and he was placed in irons,

charged with having struck an officer of the United States Army. When peace was declared and all prisoners were released, Duncan's charge still stood. But at his trial the judge, who felt that a great injustice had been done Duncan, dismissed the case.

The South was beginning to feel the vengeance of the North. Many of the plantations had been burned and many of the men had been killed. The slave labor gone, there was no one to work the plantations. Heavy taxes were imposed to make the South pay for its military government. Negroes were insolent and destructive and carpetbaggers were beginning to buy up mortgages on the plantations, thus gaining control of huge amounts of property. Mrs. Bedford and Duncan decided that they would not mortgage their property but would try to make the land productive once more. During those grim years Duncan found Valette kinder and more understanding than she had been in the proud old days at Portobello.

Amelie Balfour and Zach McGehee, nephew of Hugh, were to be married. Amelie convinced Valette that they should make it a double wedding. Their plans were all made on the spur of the moment, and the next evening at Homewood, the home of Amelie's aunt, Duncan and Valette were married. They were to have a honeymoon in New Orleans and then return to Portobello to live.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

Type of work: Poem
Author: Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)
Type of plot: Heroic romance
Time of plot: Remote antiquity
Locale: Western Asia, on the banks of the Oxus River
First published: 1853

Principal characters:
RUSTUM, a Persian chieftain
SOHRAB, a youth in the Tartar army
PERAN-WISA, leader of the Tartars
FEROOD, leader of the Persians
GUDURZ, another Persian chieftain

Critique:

The cloak of melancholy which envelops much of the work of Matthew Arnold in both prose and poetry is well illustrated in the story of *Sohrab and Rustum*. This mournful verse tale fused somberness and sentiment in just the right proportions to appeal to the taste of Victorian readers. Not only in its "high seriousness" — to use Arnold's own phrase — does *Sohrab and Rustum* accord with popular taste of the author's own time. Ordinarily, the Victorian passion for ornamentation and embellishment might seem difficult for the intellectual Arnold to satisfy in his poetry; but here the Oriental theme serves to justify, perhaps to demand, an unusual extravagance of language and emotion. Simile after simile decks the lines of iambic pentameter, flowing as smoothly and darkly as the fabled Oxus flows through the story's setting. Under Arnold's technical skill the implausibilities of the tale are generally covered up or shoved well into the background. The events of the poem were drawn from such accounts as Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia* (1815). Arnold telescoped the chronicle in order to bring his protagonists together for one fateful, climactic meeting; but in the main he is faithful to the story as it is usually given.

The Story:

The two powerful armies of the Tartars and the Persians were encamped along the banks of the Oxus River. It was night and the soldiers were asleep, but daylight would bring a great conflict between mighty forces.

To one Tartar, however, rest refused to come. In the grayness of the early dawn he left his bed and, solitary, made his way through the black tents of the great encampment to the quarters of Peran-Wisa, commander of the Tartar army. He was Sohrab, the youthful champion of the Tartars. Hardly more than a boy, he had developed into the mightiest fighter of the Tartar host. Young in years, famous in arms, he was nevertheless restless and discontented. Above everything else, he wanted to find the father he had never seen—the incomparable Rustum, invincible chieftain of the Persians.

Rustum, on his part, did not even know that he had a son. He had been told that a woman of Ader-baijan, after his departure from that place, had borne him a child. But that was years before; and Rustum, believing his offspring to be a girl child, had given the matter little thought. After Sohrab was born, the fearful mother, thinking to avoid having her son wrested away and reared for war, had deceived Rustum with that report. Nevertheless, Sohrab had become a warrior; his mother's ruse had availed nothing except to keep her son from a knowledge of his father.

Peran-Wisa, his slumber broken by Sohrab's entrance, listened to an unusual request: Sohrab wished to challenge a leader of the Persians to single combat,

the duel to occur as soon as arrangements could be made. Thirsty for reputation, he hoped that in this manner his fame as a fighter would reach the ears of his father. Peran-Wisa, urging patience, questioned his wisdom in thus tempting fate, but at last he agreed unwillingly to Sohrab's plea.

Thus challenged by their Tartar foe, the Persians were barely able to conceal their alarm. They had no champion to pit against the redoubtable young Sohrab except Rustum; and Rustum, estranged by slights from the young Persian ruler, had drawn apart, aloof and sullen. When the Persians appealed to him, cleverly implying that Rustum was hoarding his fame and reluctant to risk it with younger men, Rustum, roused to wrath, grudgingly consented to meet the Tartar champion, although he stipulated that he would fight unknown to the enemy and in plain armor. Otherwise, as had happened before, his great name might daunt the brash young challenger at the outset. Rustum was in no mood to forego the combat, now that his temper had been aroused.

Halfway between the waiting armies, Sohrab and Rustum came face to face. Before they fought words passed between them; and a strange disquiet settled over their spirits. But the moment passed and the conflict began. Sohrab's misgivings returned; when his nimbleness gave him the initial advantage, he forbore to follow it up. Stung with anger and shame, Rustum gave him no second chance. With a shout of "Rustum" he renewed his attack upon Sohrab who, thunderstruck at the sound, momentarily lowered his shield. Instantly he was transfixed by Rustum's spear and fell to the ground, mortally wounded.

As his life ebbed away, the unfortunate youth revealed to his adversary the secret of his birth. Rustum, at first incredulous, was finally convinced when Sohrab bared his arm to reveal the sign of Rustum's own seal, pricked there soon after his birth. Then the unhappy Rustum, beset by extremes of agony and remorse, could barely be restrained from taking his own life and dying with his son. Broken by grief, he promised to bear the body of Sohrab far away, so that it might be in death where it had never been in life, near the palace of snow-headed Zal, the boy's grandfather. There it would receive burial worthy of a son of Rustum.

So the quest of Sohrab for his father ended. Life passed from him; the day waned; night came on. The majestic river flowed on into the frosty starlight, and campfires began to twinkle through the fog; but grieving Rustum remained on the river sands, alone with his son.

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE

Type of work: Drama
Author: Thomas Otway (1652-1685)
Type of plot: Comedy of intrigue
Time of plot: c. 1680
Locale: London
First presented: 1681

Principal characters:
CAPTAIN BEAUGARD, a military officer out of service
LADY DUNCE, in love with Beaugard
SIR DAVY DUNCE, her elderly husband
COURTINE, Beaugard's friend and companion
SYLVIA, Sir Davy Dunce's niece
SIR JOLLY JUMBLE, an old rake turned pimp, a neighbor of the Dunces

Critique:

Restoration comedy, clearly and openly written to entertain and to create laughter, was intended chiefly for the corrupt courtiers of the time who patronized the London stage. As a result the comedy was witty, cynical, often crude, and by most standards immoral. Thomas Otway's *The Soldier's Fortune* is more or less a typical example. While some of the comic effect is that of the comedy of manners, much of the comedy depends on grossness, sex, and even the absurd for its humor. The characters are stock figures found again and again in Restoration drama: the elderly cuckold, the young wife, the disbanded officer, the loyal and shrewd servant, the male bawd, the young female who despises both men and marriage for a time. It should be noted, however, that the vague military background of Beaugard and Courtine is usually credited to Thomas Otway's own military service on the Continent during the 1670's.

The Story:

Captain Beaugard and Courtine, his companion-in-arms, returned to England from Flanders after a military campaign in the Low Countries. On their arrival they found themselves short of funds, for they had been paid in debentures which they had cashed at a discount. While they were bewailing their low state of affairs, Beaugard received a handful of gold pieces in exchange for his picture. Sir Jolly Jumble, an aged rake turned bawd, had brought him the money, saying that a fine and beautiful woman had arranged with him to get the picture for her because she was highly enamored of Beaugard. The woman was Lady Dunce, whose name at the time meant nothing to Beaugard. She had been in love with him a long time; however, when he went off to the wars she despaired of ever marrying him and finally accepted the suit of Sir Davy Dunce, a tobacco-chewing, onion-eating man of about sixty-five, not at all to the taste of a young and beautiful woman in spite of the size of his fortune.

Like most marriages so arranged, this one had proved a poor match. Sir Davy Dunce was an exceedingly jealous husband and fearful that he should be made a cuckold. His wife, still in love with Beaugard, disliked her husband and welcomed a chance to have an affair with the military gallant. With Sir Davy and Lady Dunce lived their niece Sylvia, who disliked the idea of marriage because of her observations of her aunt's plight. Next door to the Dunces lived Sir Jolly Jumble, an elderly rake who was only too glad to assist Lady Dunce in her amorous adventure, for Sir Jolly still enjoyed vicariously what he could not enjoy at firsthand.

Lady Dunce, deciding to use her rather thick-witted husband to further her own designs, gave him Beaugard's picture and told him the gallant had been paying her

unwelcome attentions. By sending her husband to return the picture and give Beaugard a message, she hoped he would further her designs and at the same time be convinced of her virtuous intentions. Sir Davy Dunce did exactly as his wife directed, but at first Beaugard did not comprehend the double meaning in the message that Sir Davy Dunce delivered. Misunderstanding, Beaugard thought he had been jilted by a woman who had made overtures of her own to him. In hope of revenge, Beaugard dispatched his servant to play some rascally trick upon Sir Davy. Meanwhile, Courtine had met Sylvia, but when he began to court her the young woman rejected his advances and treated him scornfully.

While Beaugard and Courtine were commiserating each other over their trials and misfortunes, Lady Dunce appeared. Seeing her, Beaugard realized that she was Clarinda, the girl whom he had loved and who had returned his affections before he went to the wars. Beaugard, hurt because he still supposed himself jilted and refusing to believe that she still loved him or wished to engage in an affair, doubted that she had sent him a ring as a token. He also tried to return the gold pieces she had sent him by Sir Jolly.

Shortly after she had gone, Sir Davy Dunce reappeared; he had forgotten to deliver the ring, which he believed a gift that Beaugard had sent to Lady Dunce. Beaugard, realizing the sincerity of Lady Dunce's affections for him, played up to Sir Davy Dunce by pretending that he had experienced a change of heart and was now heartily sorry for his attempt to steal the affections of such a virtuous wife. Simple-minded Sir Davy fell into the trap as quickly as he had fallen a victim to his wife's machinations. While Beaugard talked to Sir Davy, Courtine talked to Sylvia, who promised him a rendezvous on her balcony that night, at Sir Davy's house near Covent Garden.

Beaugard's servant went to Sir Davy and pretended that he was a messenger from the Lord Mayor, sent to invite Sir Davy to a dinner and a conference. Sir Davy fell for the ruse and rushed away, only to return unexpectedly and find Lady Dunce and Beaugard in each other's arms. After Beaugard had fled, Lady Dunce persuaded her husband that Beaugard had forced his attention upon her after breaking into the house. Sir Davy Dunce vowed revenge. He found Beaugard's servant, whose identity he did not know, and through him hired an assassin to kill Beaugard. Sir Davy hated to part with his money, but finally he himself became so frightened by the assassin that he paid one hundred pounds for the deed. Beaugard's servant went immediately to his master to report what had happened. Beaugard, the servant, and Sir Jolly Jumble planned to turn the situation to their own account.

Beaugard went to Sir Davy Dunce's home, where Lady Dunce and Sir Jolly Jumble arranged him to look like a corpse. When Sir Davy Dunce returned, he saw the supposed body and became fearful that he might be implicated in the crime and be hanged as an accomplice. In his fright he was easily persuaded by his wife and Sir Jolly to go off to another part of the house to pray while Lady Dunce tried to resuscitate the corpse in her room. After Sir Davy had gone, his wife and her lover had a long interval to themselves in her apartment. In the meantime Sir Davy prayed and imagined he saw ghosts, devils, and all kinds of evil spirits. Toward morning Sir Jolly Jumble proposed that he and Lady Dunce take the supposed corpse to Jumble's house next door for further treatment, a plan to which Sir Davy Dunce eagerly agreed.

During the same night Courtine had kept his rendezvous, albeit somewhat drunk, with Sylvia at her balcony. Sylvia tricked him twice. First she left him dangling for a time in a loop of rope midway between the ground and the balcony. Then she had her servants tie him up after he had collapsed from too much drink. When he awakened from his stupor, she chided him unmercifully, but before long they were confessing their

love for each other. Sylvia promised to marry Courtine if he would be a faithful, active, and devoted husband to her. He was only too willing to agree.

Once Beaugard's "body" had been removed to Sir Jolly Jumble's house, Sir Davy felt more secure. Calling the watch, he told them that a murder had been committed. Then he led them next door, where he expected to find a corpse whose death he could lay to Sir Jolly. When they entered the house, however, they found no dead man. Instead, they discovered an angry Beaugard with his sword in his hand. Beaugard told Sir Davy that the conspiracy to kill him meant that Sir Davy would have to acknowledge his wife as Beaugard's mistress, an admission the knight was only too glad to make, since conspiring to murder was a capital offense at the time. Courtine and Sylvia arrived to announce their plans to marry. Thus the four young people found happiness in love—Courtine and Sylvia through marriage, Lady Dunce and Beaugard in an acknowledged arrangement that left her free from Sir Davy's unwanted attentions.

THE SON AVENGER

Type of work: Novel
Author: Sigrid Undset (1882-1949)
Type of plot: Historical chronicle
Time of plot: Fourteenth century
Locale: Norway
First published: 1927

Principal characters:
OLAV AUDUNSSON, master of Hestviken
EIRIK, his heir
CECILIA, Olav's daughter
JÖRUND RYPA, her first husband
ASLAK GUNNARSSON, her second husband
BOTHILD ASGERSDATTER, Olav's foster daughter
GUNHILD BERSESDATTER, loved by Eirik
ELDRID BERSESDATTER, whom he married

Critique:

The Son Avenger gathers together the many threads of Olav Audunsson's story and brings to an inevitable and tragic close the second of Sigrid Undset's long novels dealing with Norse life in the Middle Ages. Some critics have complained that *The Master of Hestviken* lacks the human warmth of *Kristin Lavransdatter*. This judgment is true for an obvious reason: Olav's sin is greater than Kristin's, his remorse is more terrible, his confession is denied him when he dies speechless at the end. Like *Kristin Lavransdatter*, *The Master of Hestviken* is a great work of the historical imagination and of Christian morality. The novel lives in its gradual, richly detailed evocation of the past and in the writer's ability to create men and women who are true to the hopes, passions, and sufferings of humanity of any time or place.

The Story:

When young Aslak Gunnarsson came to Hestviken with the tale that he had slain a man, Olav Audunsson was not minded to shelter an outlaw. But he and Aslak had fought side by side in Duke Eirik's war, and he remembered his own outlawry in his younger days. So Aslak stayed at Hestviken that winter.

Cecilia Olavsdatter and Bothild, her foster sister, found Aslak such pleasant company that at last Olav began to believe that the dalesman and his daughter were friendlier than was needful. He was not sorry when he heard that Aslak's family had paid atonement for the killing and the time came for his guest to return home. When Aslak begged to return with his kinsmen and ask for Cecilia's hand, Olav spoke kindly but gave him no hope for his suit.

Late in the summer Eirik came home, bringing with him Jörund Rypa, his friend. Olav had no great liking for Jörund because of an act of boyish disloyalty to Eirik years before, but the young squire's pleasant manners and courteous speech made Olav feel that perhaps he had been mistaken in his judgment. When Jörund rode back to his family's manor at Gunnarsby, it was understood that his brothers would soon return to declare his suit for Cecilia.

Eirik, meanwhile, had become lustfully attracted to Bothild and, to her distress, wooed her with boorish rudeness. One night they went on an errand to Rundmyr farm. On the way back she tried to evade him, fell, and began to vomit blood. Then Eirik learned for the first time that she

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was ill with the wasting sickness. Remorseful, he left Hestviken. Bothild died shortly before Yule. Early in the new year Eirik returned, determined to make amends by asking Bothild's hand in marriage. Filled with feelings of guilt for her death, he suddenly decided to become a monk.

Olav was well pleased with Eirik's decision. For years he had brooded because a false heir, Ingunn's son by Teit, would inherit after him. Perhaps, he thought, God was protecting Cecilia's rights. Also, his unconfessed guilt in the secret murder of Teit had weighed upon him for years; now there might be a time when he could make contrition by confesssing the father's slaying to the son. Then, if Eirik accepted him, all might be well.

The news of Eirik's intention speeded Jörund's wooing, for Cecilia would be a rich heiress, and before long she journeyed to Gunnarsby for her wedding feast. Olav, seeing the great manor Jörund shared with his brothers, was well satisfied with her marriage.

But Eirik made a poor novice after all, so that the convent brothers sent him home. Meanwhile Cecilia had not been happy among the brawling Rypas at Gunnarsby. Shortly before the birth of her second child she and Jörund begged to be allowed to live at Hestviken. Jörund proved a poor son-in-law and husbandman. When Olav sent Eirik to collect some debts in Oslo, Jörund went with him and fell into old habits of dicing and drinking. Before they returned, he borrowed Eirik's purse containing Olav's silver and later claimed that he had used the money to pay a pressing debt. Olav seldom spoke to his son-in-law after that. Later Eirik heard that Jörund was often at the house of thieves and gamblers Liv and Arnketil kept at Rundmyr.

Eirik spent most of his time at Saltviken, an old farm he was reclaiming for himself. Pleased at last by his steady ways, Olav felt that the time had come for Eirik to marry. Gunhild, daughter of Berse of Eiken, was the girl decided upon, and Olav's distant kinsmen were asked to forward the suit. About that time Gunhild's uncle, rich Guttorm of Draumtop, was robbed of much silver when thieves attacked him and his wife while they were returning from a wedding feast. From the story Gunhild had told him, Eirik recognized some of the silver when he and Cecilia came upon it by chance in Jörund's chest. Jörund said that he had bought it from some travelers near Rundmyr. Doubting the story, Eirik buried the silver in a field. Later he would pretend to find it and return it to Guttorm.

All worked out as he had planned. Then the authorities captured some robbers who knew of Jörund's part in the affair, and Berse refused to marry his daughter into a family whose kinsman had received stolen goods.

Gunhild had an older sister, Eldrid, who had caused great scandal and who lived by herself at Ness. When Berse planned to wed Gunhild to an older man, the girl sent Eirik a message asking him to meet her at her sister's house. Eirik went there, but Gunhild, her plan discovered, never arrived. Eirik felt that he was a man whose efforts always came to nothing. Eldrid was kind. He married her and went to live at Ness.

Olav, weary of everything and feeling that it was his own sin which had brought sorrow and disgrace to his house, moved to Saltviken. Word reached him that Björn, his son by Torhild Björnsdatter, had married the daughter of an old friend, and he went to see the boy and his bride in Oslo. They were young, he thought, happy, and lucky. Björn was the son he could never claim, and so family troubles would never touch him.

When Cecilia could stand Jörund's drunken brutalities no longer, she rode to Ness and begged Eirik to go back with her to Hestviken. Jörund, he found, was like a madman. Leaving a house-carl to guard him, Eirik went to Saltviken for his father. The next morning, on their return, they found Jörund stabbed in his bed.

Old Olav, convinced that Cecilia had killed her husband, saw his own secret

murder repeated in his daughter's deed. Horrified and sorrowful, he went to Oslo and in the convent there told his story to a monk he knew, the son of his old friend, Arnvid Finnsson. The monk gave him a day to prepare for his confession. Early the next morning Eirik arrived from Hestviken with news that Arnketil had killed Jörund to avenge the ruin of a daughter. Overcome, Olav suffered a stroke which left him partially paralyzed and speechless. Arnketil's body was found a long time later in a swamp; there were whispers that Eirik had shielded the slayer, but nothing came of that gossip.

After Cecilia had been a widow for more than a year, she married Aslak Gunnarsson, who had been her first choice. Old Olav, his mind filled with memories of Ingunn and their younger days, dragged his crippled body about the manor. At last he died, his sin still unconfessed.

Eirik and Eldrid went into holy orders, she to the convent in Gimsöy, he to the Minorite convent in Oslo. Cecilia and Aslak inherited Hestviken and prospered, so that Olav's grandchildren were all well provided for. When they visited him in the convent, Eirik never tired of telling them about their grandfather's manly and upright life. Eirik himself died when he was threescore years old.

SONEZAKI SHINJÛ

Type of work: Drama
Author: Chikamatsu Monzaemon (1653-1725)
Type of plot: Domestic romance
Time of plot: Eighteenth century
Locale: Osaka, Japan
First presented: 1703

Principal characters:
O HATSU, a popular geisha
TOKUBEI, her lover, an apprentice
KYÛEMON, Tokubei's uncle and employer
KUHEIJI, Tokubei's friend, also in love with O Hatsu
GIHEI, a wealthy countryman

Critique:

Of the three literary giants who appeared simultaneously on the Japanese literary scene during the early half of the Tokugawa Period (1600-1868), Chikamatsu Monzaemon was the playwright. He wrote the books (called *jôruri*) for the puppet theater which came into its own in Osaka because of the happy appearance of both Chikamatsu, and a great chanter (Takemoto Gidayû), a talented *samisen* accompanist (Takezawa Gon'emon) who put Chikamatsu's words to music, and a superb puppeteer (Tatsumatsu Hachirobei) who boldly appeared on the stage with his puppets and yet, through sheer artistry, made the audience forget his physical presence in the movements of the puppets he manipulated. Chikamatsu also wrote for the live *Kabuki* theater then centered in Kyoto and Edo (now Tokyo). Chikamatsu's dramatic works fall into two classes according to the subject matter treated: the historical and the domestic, the latter dealing with contemporary events and with people chiefly of the merchant, or common, class. The *Sonezaki Shinjû*, translated as *The Love Suicides at Sonezaki*, was the first of the domestic plays written by Chikamatsu. He was fifty years old at the time. First staged in Osaka in 1703, it is a dramatization, with additions, of an actual occurrence in Osaka earlier that same year. Originally written for the puppet theater, it was soon presented also on the *Kabuki* stage as well. The play has lost none of its original popularity in the modern Japanese theater.

The Story:

Gihei, a rich man from the country, was trying to decide how to spend the evening in Osaka. Two friends urged him to hire O Hatsu, the famous geisha or courtesan for the evening. She begged off, however, and remained with her maids, meanwhile thinking about her lover Tokubei, a clerk, who had been neglecting her.

To her great joy, he arrived a short time later, but with word that Kyûemon, his uncle and employer, had arranged for his marriage to an heiress and that his aunt had already received and spent the dowry. When Tokubei refused to marry the girl, the dowry had to be returned. Tokubei had managed to collect the money but later lent it to his friend Kuheiji. Now Kyûemon wanted Tokubei to leave Osaka.

O Hatsu, in spite of this disturbing news, was happy once more; she had feared Tokubei no longer loved her. While the lovers were talking, Kuheiji and a group of his friends appeared. When Tokubei asked for the money owed him, Kuheiji pretended to know nothing about the loan. Desperately, Tokubei attacked Kuheiji, whose friends joined the fight and overwhelmed Tokubei. During the uproar Gihei returned and compelled O Hatsu to go off with him.

Not knowing what had happened to

Tokubei, O Hatsu was afraid that he had been killed in the quarrel. When Kyûemon arrived, she went outside to speak to him. Saying that she was a bad influence on the young man and that she was not truly in love with him, Kyûemon begged her to give up Tokubei. He also asked where Tokubei could be found. O Hatsu insisted that her love was real, and that she was ignorant of her lover's whereabouts. Kyûemon went inside, but O Hatsu, still fearful, remained in the street.

She was still standing there when a shabby Tokubei appeared. As she told him of Kyûemon's visit, Kuheiji and his gang reappeared and insisted that O Hatsu join them. She was able to hide Tokubei under the porch while she sat above him on a step, and from his hiding place he was able to communicate his understanding by fondling her foot tenderly. It developed that Kuheiji had come to ransom O Hatsu, using Tokubei's money. O Hatsu, seeing no solution but suicide, managed to convey her resolve to Tokubei through her conversation with Kuheiji. Kuheiji, the braggart, went away to close the deal, and O Hatsu was forced to withdraw without talking to Tokubei again.

That night O Hatsu stole away secretly to meet Tokubei, and the lovers fled to the woods of Sonezaki. Meanwhile, Kuheiji and his servant, while discussing the plan to gain O Hatsu and malign Tokubei, had been overheard by Kyûemon. After confronting the evil Kuheiji, Kyûemon went in haste to find the lovers. He was too late. They had already committed suicide together.

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

Type of work: Novel
Author: Franz Werfel (1890-1945)
Type of plot: Religious chronicle
Time of plot: 1858-1875
Locale: Lourdes, France
First published: 1941

Principal characters:
BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS, a religious mystic
LOUISE SOUBIROUS, her mother
FRANÇOIS SOUBIROUS, her father
DEAN PEYRAMALE, the parish priest
SISTER MARIE THERESE, Bernadette's teacher and superior

Critique:

Franz Werfel wrote this book as a fulfillment of a vow he made while hiding from the Nazis at the beginning of World War II. Every fact he records is absolutely true, but from the records of the actual apparition at Lourdes he has produced a novel of great interest and emotional power. Franz Werfel did not write a purely religious story; his book is a story of people who have the same emotions, the same hopes and fears, that all men and women share. For that reason *The Song of Bernadette* is a masterful work, haunted by shadows of the unknown, filled with delicate beauty and a strong affirmation of man's essential goodness.

The Story:

In Lourdes the Soubirous family had fallen into pitiful poverty. François Soubirous, having lost the mill whose products provided a livelihood for his family, was reduced to taking odd jobs that he could beg from the prosperous citizens of the little French village. His wife Louise helped out by taking in washing. But their combined earning, scant and irregular, were insufficient for the care of the children. The family lived in the *Cachot*, a dank, musty building that had been abandoned as a jail because it was unhealthy.

The oldest Soubirous child, Bernadette, was weak and suffered from asthma. At school she was considered, both by her schoolmates and her teacher, Sister Marie Therese, to be the most ignorant and stupid of all the children. Her ignorance extended even to religion. Although fourteen years old and the daughter of Catholic parents, she did not understand the meaning of the Holy Trinity. It was clear that little could be expected from the daughter of the poor and uneducated Soubirous family.

One day the children were sent out to gather firewood near the grotto of Massabielle. Close to the grotto ran a small stream into which the offal of the town was emptied. Carcasses of dead beasts were swept along by the current, and earlier that day Francois Soubirous had dumped there a cartload of amputated limbs and filthy bandages from the contagion ward of the local hospital. It was rumored that the spot had once been the scene of pagan religious ceremonies.

Slower than the rest, Bernadette became separated from the other children and went to the cave alone. Suddenly, to her great astonishment, a strange light shone at the mouth of the grotto. She was unable to believe her eyes when a beautiful lady appeared before her. Dressed in blue, her face shining with brilliant light, her bare feet twined with roses, the lady smiled at the frightened child. Bernadette threw herself on her

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knees and prayed.

When the other children came upon her they found her kneeling on the ground. After making the others promise to keep her secret, Bernadette told of her vision. But the children told and soon the whole town was laughing at stupid Bernadette. The next day she returned to the grotto and saw the lady once more. The vision told her to return each day for fifteen days.

When she returned again and again to the grotto, the townspeople were aroused. To the local intellectuals and the atheists, Bernadette's vision was an example of ignorant superstition. To government officials, it was a plot of the Church against the state. To the Church, it was a dangerous event that could lead to disaster for Catholics. No one in authority believed Bernadette, but the common people became more and more interested. Soon many went with her when she made her daily visits. At last the authorities tried every method to make the girl confess that her vision was a hoax, but without success.

One day the lady told Bernadette to ask Dean Peyramale to build a chapel on the site of the grotto. When Bernadette told the dean of the request, he angrily asked who the lady was. If she were truly a heaven-sent vision, persisted the dean, let her give some sign that would prove it. Let her make the rose bush in the cave bloom with roses in February.

The lady smiled when she heard the dean's message. She beckoned to Bernadette, wanting her to come forward. The girl moved toward the lady, bent down, and kissed the rose bush, scratching her face on the thorns. Then the lady told her to go to the spring and drink from it. When Bernadette started for the stream, the lady shook her head and told the girl to dig with her hands. In a short while, Bernadette reached moist soil. Scooping it up with her hands, she tried to drink the little water in it. The earth that she swallowed made her ill, however, and she vomited.

The crowd that had followed her was disgusted. To the people her actions had seemed those of a lunatic because they had seen no lady there, only the gray stone walls of the cave and its opening. They scoffed when Bernadette was taken away.

A few days later one of the townspeople went to the grotto. There, where Bernadette had dug, water had begun to flow. He scooped up some of the moist soil and applied it to his blind eye. After a while he could see; his blindness was gone. Local experts swore that there could be no spring there, that no water could flow from solid rock. By that time both the Church and the government were thoroughly aroused. Bernadette was forbidden to visit the grotto, and the place was barred to the public.

Reluctantly the dean began to wonder whether a miracle had occurred. After he discovered that roses were indeed blooming in the cave, he persuaded the Church authorities to set up a commission to investigate the whole affair. The dean was at last convinced that Bernadette had seen the Blessed Virgin. The commission agreed with his views. Finally the emperor ordered that the public be allowed to visit the grotto.

Throughout all the excitement Bernadette remained calm and humble. After the Church had given its sanction to her vision, she agreed to enter a convent. There her immediate superior was her former teacher, Sister Marie Therese. The nun, proud, arrogant, skeptical, refused to believe in Bernadette's vision.

As a nun Bernadette won the hearts of everyone by her humility, her friendliness, her genuine goodness. The prosperity of Lourdes, where pilgrims came from all over the world to be healed by the miraculous water, did not matter to her. When her family came to visit her, she was glad to see them, especially her father; but she was relieved when they left. For more than seventeen years she lived in the convent.

At last a tumor of the leg afflicted

her with a long and agonizing illness. As she lay dying, Sister Marie Therese admitted her error and confessed belief in the miracle. In Lourdes, the town atheist was converted. Dean Peyramale, disappointed and sad because the Church authorities had ignored him in the establishment of a shrine built at the grotto, went to visit Bernadette during her last moments. Her death was peaceful and serene.

After her death the fame of Lourdes became world-wide. Bernadette has been canonized and is now a saint of the Roman Catholic Church.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Type of work: Poem
Author: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)
Type of plot: Legendary romance
Time of plot: Aboriginal period
Locale: Indian territory around Lake Superior
First published: 1855

Principal characters:
HIAWATHA, an Indian hero
MINNEHAHA, whom he married
NOKOMIS, his grandmother
MUDJEKEEWIS, the West Wind, Hiawatha's father

Critique:

Longfellow based his story on traditional legend among North American Indians of a warrior hero sent to clear the rivers, forests, and lakes, and to unite the tribes in peace. With this legend the poet combined other Indian traditions. Of particular interest are the folklore stories of the way the woodpecker got a red streak on his tuft of feathers, the introduction of picture writing, the gift of corn to man, and the origin of the peace pipe.

The Story:

Weary of the constant fighting of his people, the Great Spirit called together all Indian tribes to reprimand them for their foolish ways. He had given them fertile lands, abundant streams, and forests, but they had continued to hunt each other. He promised to send a prophet who would guide and teach them. Should they fail to follow his counsel, they would perish. Breaking off a piece of a red-stone precipice, he molded a pipe as a symbol of peace among them. He told the warriors to plunge themselves into the stream and wash the war paint from their faces, the bloodstains from their hands.

One evening in twilight the beautiful Nokomis fell to earth from the full moon. There among the ferns and mosses she bore a daughter, Wenonah. As Wenonah grew tall and lovely, Nokomis feared for her daughter and warned her to beware of Mudjekeewis, the West Wind. When Wenonah failed to heed the warning and succumbed to his wooing, she bore a son, Hiawatha. Deserted by the false and faithless Mudjekeewis, Wenonah died grieving for his love.

Hiawatha grew up in the wigwam of Nokomis. From boyhood he was skilled in the craft of hunters, in sports and manly arts and labors. He was a master of speed and accuracy with a bow and arrow. He had magic deerskin mittens which gave him great physical power. Upon his feet he wore magic moccasins which allowed him to stride a mile with each step.

Aroused by the story of his father's treachery, he vowed to visit Mudjekeewis and seek revenge. In the land of the West Wind the two fought for three days. At last Mudjekeewis told Hiawatha that it would be impossible for him to kill his immortal father. Pleased with the boy's courage, however, Mudjekeewis sent him back to his people as the prophet who had been promised. On his long journey home Hiawatha stopped in the land of the Dacotahs to purchase arrowheads from an old man. There he saw Minnehaha, the arrow-maker's lovely daughter.

When Hiawatha returned to his people, he built a wigwam in the forest and went there to fast. On the fourth day of his fast, as he lay exhausted on his couch, Hiawatha saw a youth dressed in green and yellow garments with green plumes over his forehead. The stranger informed Hiawatha that his prayers had been heard and that they would be answered

should Hiawatha overcome him. In spite of his weakness, Hiawatha struggled bravely until the young stranger yielded himself. He ordered Hiawatha to strip his green and yellow garments and bury him, and then to guard his grave until he leaped again into the sunshine. Hiawatha faithfully guarded the grave until a green shoot appeared, then the yellow silk, and finally the matured ear of corn which was to feed his people.

Hiawatha next shaped a canoe from the birch tree. Then he set out with his strong friend, Kwasind, and cleared the rivers of roots, sandbars, and dead trees, to make the streams safe for the people. At another time he rid the lake of its greatest menace, the sturgeon.

Nokomis then bade Hiawatha to undertake the destruction of Pearl-Feather, the magician, who was responsible for fever, pestilence, and disease. Hiawatha prepared to battle the dozen serpents that guarded the entrance to the wizard's domain. As he approached, he killed them with his arrows. A woodpecker helped Hiawatha to overcome the magician by telling him to aim his arrows at the roots of the wizard's hair. Hiawatha rewarded the woodpecker by dabbing his tuft of feathers with the magician's blood, which the woodpecker wears to this day.

When Hiawatha told Nokomis that he intended to make Minnehaha his wife, Nokomis urged him to marry a woman of his own tribe. Hiawatha refused to listen to her arguments, however, and assured her that the marriage would unite the two tribes. On his return with Minnehaha, they were honored at a huge banquet at which Hiawatha's beloved friend, Chibiabos, sang his famous love songs, and Iagoo related his fanciful tales.

Hiawatha's people prospered in peace and raised abundant crops of corn. In order to keep a record of their tribal history, Hiawatha invented picture writing to tell their story.

One winter famine struck Hiawatha's people. Snow covered the forests and lakes so deeply that it was impossible for hunters to seek food. Hiawatha's people were starving and dying of fever. When Minnehaha died, Hiawatha mourned her death for seven days.

At last came the warmth and fertility of spring, and life began to return to the earth. There were rumors of the approach of white men in large canoes with sails. Hiawatha confirmed the rumors, for he had seen the white men in a vision. He urged his people to welcome the strangers and be friendly, adding that if they ignored his counsel the tribes would only destroy themselves.

As Hiawatha stood by the wigwam of Nokomis one evening, three white men approached, one of them a priest. Hiawatha welcomed them and invited his people to hear the stories the priest told of the Saviour. That night, as the white men lay sleeping, Hiawatha told Nokomis that the time for him to leave had arrived. Having fulfilled his promises, he left to travel through the portals of the Sunset, to the Land of the Hereafter.

THE SONG OF ROLAND

Type of work: Tale
Author: Unknown
Type of plot: Chivalric romance
Time of plot: About 800
Locale: Western Europe
First transcribed: Medieval manuscript

Principal characters:
ROLAND, prince in Charlemagne's court
OLIVER, his friend
CHARLEMAGNE, the Holy Roman Emperor
OGIER THE DANE, Roland's friend
GANELON, a wicked courtier
BERTHA, Roland's mother

Critique:

The Song of Roland is the latest of great hero tales. As a result it incorporates all of those which go before. In its narrative framework are legends of the Greeks and the Germans, and a fusing of historical accounts from the dark ages of Europe with folklore from the Far East. Poetic legends of the troubadours, the tales of Virgil, Dante, and Hebrew testament all blend together in this vast fabrication of chivalric ideals and romantic lore.

The Story:

The boy Roland grew up far from his home country and lived with his penniless mother in a cave formerly occupied by a lonely monk. Nevertheless, his mother had taught him that some day he should be a brave hero like his father, Milon, and serve with the great army of Charlemagne. When he asked his mother to tell him the story of his birth, he learned that through his father he was descended from great heroes of old, Trojan Hector on one side and Wotan, king of the Norse gods, on the other. His father, Milon, having incurred the wrath of Charlemagne for taking the king's sister, the Princess Bertha, as his wife, had come to Italy and there had died fighting pagans in single-handed combat.

One summer, when he was still only a lad, his friend Oliver, the son of a local prince, met him and the two watched the coming of the great Charlemagne into Italy, where the king was to receive the blessing of the Pope at Rome.

Roland was impressed by the royal pageant but not overawed. That night he walked into Charlemagne's banquet hall and demanded his rights for himself and his mother. Amused by the boy's daring, Charlemagne ordered that Bertha be brought to him. When the emperor recognized his long-lost sister, he rejoiced and gave her and her son a place of honor in his court.

Roland's boyhood years passed quickly and with increasing honors. At first he was merely a page in the court, his duties being to attend the ladies, to carry messages, and to learn court etiquette. He was permitted to accompany the king's knights during war with the Saxons, and he was present when the swan knight, of the race of Lohengrin, appeared at the court of Charlemagne.

When Roland was fourteen years old, he became a squire and made the acquaintance of Ogier the Dane, a hostage prince at Charlemagne's court. The two boys became great friends. Then, urged by a new queen, Ogier's father, Duke Godfrey, planned a revolt against Charlemagne. In retaliation Charlemagne threatened to kill Ogier. Roland intervened and saved his friend's life.

In the meantime barbarians attacked Rome. In an effort to save the Pope, Charlemagne ignored the rebellion of the Danes and set off to the south, taking

Ogier with him as a prisoner. The great army was assisted on its passage across the Alps when a magnificent white stag appeared to lead the army through the mountain passes.

In the battles which followed, Charlemagne's army was divided. One force, led by the cowardly son of Charlemagne and the false knight Alory, attempted to retreat and placed the emperor's life in jeopardy. Roland and Ogier, aided by other squires, donned the garments of the cowards and saved the day. Charlemagne knighted them upon the battlefield.

One of the pagan knights proposed a personal combat. In this encounter Charlot, a son of Charlemagne, and Ogier met two barbarians, Prince Sadone and Karaheut. The pagans trapped Ogier and threatened to put him to death, but Charlot escaped. Karaheut, who was to have fought Ogier, rebelled against the unchivalrous action of his pagan prince and gave himself up to Charlemagne, to be treated exactly as Ogier would be treated. Reinforcements came to the pagans, among them the giant king of Maiolgre. In a dispute over the marriage of Glorianda, a Danish prisoner, Ogier fought for Glorianda and put his enemy to rout. Charlemagne attacked at the same time. Ogier and Roland were reunited. The Pope was restored to his throne.

Roland was invested with royal arms. His sword was the famous Durandal; his battle horn was the horn of his grandfather, Charles the Hammer. None but Roland could blow that horn. His armor was the best in the kingdom.

A new war began when Count Gerard refused homage to the emperor. Oliver, grandson of the count, was among the knights opposed to Charlemagne. After the French had besieged the fortress of Viana for seven months, it was decided to settle the war by encounter between a champion from each army. Roland was chosen to fight for Charlemagne. Unknown to him, his adversary was to be Oliver, his boyhood friend. When the two discovered each other's identity, they embraced.

A few weeks later Charlemagne on a boar hunt near Viana was captured by Count Gerard. The two leaders declared a truce and Count Gerard agreed to be a faithful liegeman of the emperor thereafter. Roland met Oliver's sister, Alda, and became betrothed to her.

At Christmas time the Princess of Cathay arrived with her brothers at Charlemagne's court. She proposed a contest between a Christian knight and her brother Argalia. If one of Charlemagne's knights were the victor, he should have her hand in marriage. If the knight were defeated, he should become a hostage. Malagis, the wizard, discovered that the princess and her brothers really sought by sorcery to destroy Charlemagne. He visited the apartment of the foreigners but was discovered by them. They complained and Charlemagne, not understanding the wizard's desire to help him, sentenced Malagis to be imprisoned in a hollow rock beneath the sea forever.

The jousts began. After Argalia had defeated the first knight, Ferrau, the fierce Moor, began combat. Unhorsed, the Moor fought Argalia on foot and overpowered him. Then the princess became invisible, and Argalia rode away, the Moor in pursuit.

In the forest of Ardennes the Moor discovered Argalia sleeping, killed him without honor, and seized his wonderful helmet. Roland, having followed them, discovered the murder of Argalia, and sought the Moor to punish him for his unknightly deed.

Reinold of Montalban found the Princess of Cathay in the forest after he had drunk from the waters of the fountain of Merlin, and the effect of this water was to make him see the princess as an ugly crone. She thought him handsome, but he felt disgust and hurried away. Roland discovered the Moor and challenged him to combat, but the Moor suddenly remembered that his liege lord in Spain was in need of his help and did not remain to fight with Roland.

When the Princess of Cathay saw the

Moor wearing her brother's helmet, she knew a tragedy had occurred and she transported herself by magic to her father's kingdom.

Roland went on a quest to the Far East in search of the complete armor of Trojan Hector. Whether by chance or by evil design he came to a fountain and there drank the water of forgetfulness. He was rescued by the Princess of Cathay and fought many a battle for her sake, even though she was a pagan princess.

At last he came to the castle of the fairy queen, Morgan the Fay, where the armor of Trojan Hector was said to be hidden. Overcome for the first time, he failed to gain the armor and was ordered to return to the court of Charlemagne.

He arrived home in time to help the Danes resist an invasion of their country. When Ogier's father, Duke Godfrey, summoned help, Ogier and Roland set out for Denmark. The invaders fled. At the same time Ogier's father died, but Ogier, on the advice of Morgan the Fay, renounced his rights to his father's holdings in favor of his younger brother.

On his way back to France, Roland heard of a fierce orc said to be the property of Proteus. The orc devoured one beautiful maiden each day until Roland overcame it and was rewarded by Oberto, the king of Ireland, whose daughter he had saved.

In the meantime Charlemagne's forces were being attacked by Saracens, and Roland set out to help Charlemagne's knights. On the way he was trapped in a wizard's castle. From this captivity he was saved by Bradamant, a warrior maiden. She, having won a magic ring from the Princess of Cathay, overcame the wizard and released all of the knights and ladies held prisoner in the wizard's castle.

Ferrau, the Moorish knight, lost the helmet he had stolen from Argalia and vowed he would never again wear a helmet until he should wear that of Roland. By trickery he managed to get Roland's helmet.

Roland was set upon by Mandricardo, the fierce knight to whom fortune had awarded the arms of Trojan Hector. They fought for the possession of Durandal, Roland's sword, the only part of Trojan Hector's equipment which Mandricardo did not possess. At last Mandricardo was forced to flee for his life.

Roland visited the forest where the Princess of Cathay and Medoro, a Moorish prince, had fallen in love. Some declared it was jealousy for the princess but others declared it was sheer exhaustion which caused Roland now to lose his mind. He cast his armor away from him and went wandering helplessly through the forest. Mandricardo seized Durandal and made Roland his prisoner.

Astolpho and Oliver set out from the court of Charlemagne to save Roland. Astolpho journeyed on the back of a flying horse to the fabulous land of Prester John. Having freed Prester John from a flock of harpies, Astolpho journeyed to the rim of the moon and there saw stored up all the things lost on earth. There he found Roland's common sense, which he brought back with him and returned to Roland so that the knight became his former self.

In a battle against the Saracens the wicked Ganelon betrayed the knights of Charlemagne and they, greatly outnumbered, fell one by one to their enemies.

Roland, unwilling to call for help, refused to use his famous horn to summon aid, and he died last of all. Charlemagne, discovering the dead hero, declared a great day of mourning. Alda, the betrothed of Roland, fell dead and was buried with many honors. Then Charlemagne died and was buried with great pomp. Only Ogier the Dane, remained, and it is said that Morgan the Fay carried him to Avalon where he lives in company with Arthur of the Round Table.

It is said also that Charlemagne dwells inside a vast mountain cave with all his heroes gathered around him. There they wait for the day when they shall march out to avenge the wrongs of the world.

THE SONG OF SONGS

Type of work: Novel
Author: Hermann Sudermann (1857-1928)
Type of plot: Naturalism
Time of plot: Early twentieth century
Locale: Germany
First published: 1909

Principal characters:
LILLY CZEPANEK, daughter of a music master
FRITZ REDLICH, a student
COLONEL VON MERTZBACH, Lilly's elderly first husband
WALTER VON PRELL, Lilly's first lover
RICHARD DEHNICKE, Lilly's lover and later her husband
KONRAD RENNSCHMIDT, Lilly's great love

Critique:

The Song of Songs belongs to the naturalistic movement in European literature. In its detailed study of a woman's fall from virtue, the novel resembles in many ways the novels of Balzac and Zola. There is no mistaking the critical purpose and the symbolism behind Sudermann's frank study of social hypocrisy and vice.

The Story:

Lilly Czepanek was fourteen years old when her temperamental father, a music master, disappeared from home. The girl and her mother became destitute, but they looked forward every day to Czepanek's return since he had left behind his cherished musical composition, *The Song of Songs*, around which the entire family had built its hopes for success.

Lilly grew into an attractive young woman. She attended school in preparation for a career as a governess. Meanwhile Mrs. Czepanek, beginning to lose her mind, projected mad schemes to regain her social position. One day, in a fit of rage, she attacked Lilly with a bread knife and was subsequently committed to an asylum. Lilly, now alone, took work as a clerk in the circulating library of Mrs. Asmussen; she assuaged her loneliness by reading voraciously. She admired a high-minded young student, Fritz Redlich, who spurned her because he misunderstood her overtures of friendship.

Mrs. Asmussen's two worldly daughters, home after having failed to find their fortunes elsewhere, coached Lilly in the ways of catching a man. Lieutenant von Prell, attached to the local regiment, came to the library, saw Lilly, and was overwhelmed by her simple charm. His visit was followed by the visits of many young officers and men of fashion of the town. The sisters, Lona and Mi, jealous of Lilly, hated her for her ability to attract men without even venturing out of the Asmussen house.

When Colonel von Mertzbach, the commander of the regiment, offered Lilly a job as his secretary and reader in order to save her from such sordid surroundings, she declined because she was suspicious of his intentions. She received dozens of fine Christmas gifts from the colonel, but she returned them all. At the colonel's request, Lilly went to his quarters, where he proposed after revealing his passion for her. Seeing a chance for freedom and luxury, Lilly accepted and became his wife. Soon she discovered, however, that the colonel had only a physical attraction for her and that she was little more than his chattel. Their wedding trip to Italy was interrupted when the colonel, who was extremely

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jealous, saw Lilly take a passive interest in a young man who shared their compartment.

The couple went to East Prussia to the colonel's castle. The colonel, retired from military service, devoted his time to molding Lilly into an aristocratic Junker lady, and in this task he was assisted by the housekeeper, Miss von Schwertfeger.

Von Prell, who had resigned his commission, was now employed on the estate of his former commanding officer. He taught Lilly to ride, and on one of their jaunts together into the countryside she surrendered herself to him. Having access to the castle, he made his way to her room secretly at night. One night the colonel returned home unexpectedly from one of his frequent trips to the nearby town and almost surprised the two together. Miss von Schwertfeger covered up Lilly's infidelity, however, and later told her mistress that she hated von Mertzbach because he had forced her for years to be a party to mad orgies which had taken place in the castle. But she forbade any further relations between Lilly and von Prell.

Later Lilly, hearing that von Prell was philandering in the town, went to his lodge. The colonel discovered them together, and ordered Lilly off the estate. She went to Berlin; von Prell went to the United States.

Lilly, now divorced, assisted a maker of lampshades until, being herself proficient, she opened her own shop. When her business venture proved unsuccessful, she went to Dehnicke, a friend of von Prell, who was a bronze statuary manufacturer and who, von Prell had assured her, would help any friend of his. To escape Dehnicke's attentions, Lilly left him and went to Kellermann, a glass painter, whom Dehnicke recommended to her. Kellermann made advances, but Lilly immediately made him understand that she was there only to learn glass painting. As she produced transparencies, Dehnicke took them and acted as her agent in selling them. One day Dehnicke gave Lilly a large check drawn on an American bank and sent to her, he said, by von Prell. With her new wealth, Lilly was able to establish her studio in a fine apartment in a decent part of the city. But soon she lost interest in her transparencies and began to live as Dehnicke's creature. She toured the bronze factory, but was barred from entering one small storeroom.

Lilly, now virtually a prisoner in the luxurious surroundings provided by Dehnicke, grew morose and melancholy. She and Dehnicke attended an elaborate carnival at Kellermann's studio. There she learned that not one of her transparencies had sold, that the forbidden storeroom in the factory was their repository.

One day Dehnicke, a bachelor and very much under the influence of his mother, announced to Lilly that at his mother's insistence he intended to marry an heiress. Lilly, confused and helpless, yielded herself to Kellermann. But Dehnicke gave up the heiress and returned to Lilly; their old way of life was resumed. Still Lilly grew more lonely and waited for the one man in her life to appear.

After several years in Berlin, Lilly again met Fritz Redlich. Seeing that the former student was a failure and in extreme poverty, she prepared to dedicate her life to regenerating him. She fed and clothed him, made him a frequent guest at her table, and finally secured for him a position as tutor in another part of Germany. Still misunderstanding her interest in him, he refused to have dinner with her the night before he was to leave for his new job.

Lilly next met Konrad Rennschmidt, a young student of art history. There was an immediate sympathy between the two, and Lilly knew what she thought was real happiness at last. Because Konrad did not know all the true facts of Lilly's past, she told him many lies in her frantic desire to keep his friendship. At last she surrendered herself to Konrad and drifted away from Dehnicke, whose mother still had hopes

that her son would marry well.

Konrad had a rich uncle who came to Berlin to meet Lilly when he heard that his nephew planned to marry her. The old uncle, an adventurer of sorts, tricked Lilly into disclosing her true tortured and fallen soul to him. Sure that Lilly would do Konrad no good and that his family and friends would not accept her, he persuaded Lilly never to see Konrad again.

Having never been essentially evil, and seeing little hope of happiness in her life, Lilly attempted to throw herself in the River Spree after her last great disappointment. But she failed even in that attempt. She did, however, throw *The Song of Songs* into the river. For years she had guarded the musical composition as a symbol of all that was fine and good in life. At last, when his mother had resigned herself to the inevitable, Dehnicke again asked Lilly to marry him. She accepted. It seemed to her by this time that Dehnicke was her fate.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

Type of work: Novel
Author: Willa Cather (1876-1947)
Type of plot: Impressionistic realism
Time of plot: Late nineteenth, early twentieth centuries
Locale: Colorado, Chicago, New York
First published: 1915

Principal characters:
THEA KRONBORG, a young singer
DR. HOWARD ARCHIE, her friend and adviser
PROFESSOR WUNSCH, a music teacher
ANDOR HARSANYI, a concert pianist
FREDERICK OTTENBURG, a wealthy art patron
TILLY KRONBORG, Thea's aunt

Critique:

The West, the past—one is the physical background of Willa Cather's writing, the other its spiritual climate. Against her chosen backgrounds she projected her stories of pioneers and artists, men and women of simple passions and creative energies. The very nature of her material determined her own values as an artist: to find in the people of her creation those realities of the spirit which have been almost overwhelmed in the complexity and confusion of the present. *The Song of the Lark*, which carries Thea Kronborg from an obscure Colorado town to the concert and opera stage, is a novel rich and sustaining in homely realism. The character of Thea was drawn in part from the late Olive Fremstad, but there is much of Miss Cather's own story in the experiences of her heroine. Like Thea, she made common things and disciplined effort the shaping influences of her art. The story of the artist in America is usually sentimentalized or idealized. This novel is a notable exception.

The Story:

Thea Kronborg was the daughter of the Swedish Methodist pastor in the small town of Moonstone, Colorado. A tall, fair girl with grave, candid eyes, her shy awkwardness hid restless depths of thought and feeling. Although she grew up in a lively household of brothers and sisters, she had no real friends among children her own age. Of her family, only her aunt, Tilly Kronborg, seemed to understand her. But Tilly was so ridiculous in her speech and actions that neighbors only laughed when she told them that the day was coming when Thea would make Moonstone sit up and take notice.

One of her few friends was Dr. Howard Archie, the town physician, who, when she was eleven, saved Thea's life during an attack of pneumonia. He was unhappily married to a mean-spirited woman who wanted only three things in life: to have her cigar-smoking husband away from home as much as possible, to keep her house closed against dust, and to live on food from cans. Having no children of his own, Dr. Archie loved Thea in a fatherly way, and he often wondered what would become of a girl so passionate and determined.

Another friend of her childhood was gruff, disreputable old Professor Wunsch, her music teacher. A drunkard, but at one time a talented pianist, he had drifted casually into Moonstone, and Fritz Kohler, the German tailor, had pitied him and given him a home. The two old men, both with memories of their younger years in Europe, became cronies. Fiercely resenting demands of family and school upon her time, he gave Thea her first

THE SONG OF THE LARK by Willa Cather. By permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1915, by Willa Sibert Cather. Renewed, 1943, by Willa Sibert Cather.

glimpse of artistic endeavor, just as the Kohler house gave her a knowledge of true old-world simplicity and friendliness. Wunsch, unable to understand Thea's stubborn reserve, compared her to the yellow prickly pear blossoms of the desert.

Through these friends she also knew Spanish Johnny from the Mexican settlement on the outskirts of town. He was another wanderer and drunkard, who always came back to Moonstone and his patient wife to recover from his debauches. The neighbors were scandalized when the minister's daughter went with the doctor and Wunsch to hear Spanish Johnny sing Mexican folk songs. Mrs. Kronborg, wiser than her husband, quietly allowed Thea to go her own way.

Still another man who took great interest in Thea was Ray Kennedy, a railroad conductor on the Denver run. He was waiting until she grew up; then he intended to marry her. In his way he was the most protective of all.

Thea was fifteen when old Wunsch, in a drunken frenzy, smashed the furniture in the Kohler house and left town. After his departure Thea took over his pupils. A year later Ray Kennedy, injured in a wreck, died, leaving Thea six hundred dollars in insurance. Dr. Archie advised her to take the money and study music for a winter in Chicago. After much discussion the Kronborgs agreed, if the doctor would take her there and get her settled.

In Chicago, living in cheap rooms and earning extra money by singing in a church choir, Thea was homesick for the sand dunes and deep, silent snows of Moonstone. She hated the city, but she worked hard for Andor Harsanyi, under whom she studied. Like Wunsch, the brilliant young musician was baffled by qualities of Thea's imagination and will. He was almost in despair over her when he discovered that her real talent was in voice. Relieved yet sorry, he told her that she would never make a great pianist. She might, however, become a great singer.

The next summer Thea went back to Moonstone. There she disturbed her family by refusing to sing at the funeral of Maggie Evans, a neighbor. Persuaded by her mother, she finally consented. Later she shocked the town and disgusted her brothers and sisters by going to a party in the Mexican village and singing with Spanish Johnny and his friends.

Returning to Chicago, she studied under Madison Bowers, a teacher whom she both admired and disliked. At his studio she met for the first time Fred Ottenburg, son of a rich brewer and an amateur musician. Bowers was cynically amused that the wealthy young man was attracted to the strange girl from the West. Through Ottenburg's influence Thea was given singing engagements at the parties of his fashionable friends.

That winter Thea caught a severe cold. Her convalescence was slow, and she felt weak and dispirited. Ottenburg, concerned for her welfare, urged her to go away for a rest at his father's ranch in Arizona. There Thea discovered a West different from the crude, vulgar Moonstone she had known. Prowling among the cliff-dwellers' ruins in Panther Canyon, she felt herself part of an older West, a land closer to the everyday simplicities of sun, wind, and water. Thoughts of those primitive people aroused her own half-awakened nature; the desert country, ancient but filled with relics of human endeavor, gave her a realization of art as form given to hope and experience.

Rested, and grateful to Ottenburg, she accepted his proposal of marriage when he arrived at the ranch. On the way to Mexico, however, she learned that he already had a neurotic, invalid wife. Hurt and shocked, she refused his offers of assistance, borrowed money from Dr. Archie, and went to Germany for further study.

Years passed. By that time Dr. Archie was a widower, his wife having been killed when some cleaning fluid exploded, and he had moved to Denver to take charge of some mining investments which had prospered. From time to time reports reached him of Thea's progress abroad, and he was pleased when Ottenburg brought word that she had sung Elisabeth

at the Dresden Opera. He alone understood why Thea, at a critical point in her career, had been unable to return to Moonstone for her mother's funeral.

He was in New York on that great night when the sudden illness of a famous singer gave Thea her chance to sing Sieglinde in *Die Walküre* at the Metropolitan Opera House. He and Ottenburg, whom Thea had forgiven, heard the performance together, both pleased and proud because they were the two men who had meant most in her career.

By 1909 Tilly was the last Kronborg in Moonstone. She never tired of boasting to her neighbors about Thea's successes and her marriage to wealthy Frederick Ottenburg after his wife's death. Best of all, she liked to remind the townspeople that Thea had once sung in Moonstone at Maggie Evans' funeral.

SONG OF THE WORLD

Type of work: Novel
Author: Jean Giono (1895-
Type of plot: Impressionistic romance
Time of plot: Early twentieth century
Locale: Basses-Alpes region, France
First published: 1934

Principal characters:
ANTONIO, a man of the river
SAILOR, a woodcutter
JUNIE, his wife
DANIS, their son
MAUDRU, a wealthy ox-tamer
GINA, his daughter
CLARA, a blind woman
JÉRÔME, called Monsieur Toussaint, Junie's brother

Critique:

Jean Giono exhibits a talent that is remarkable in the field of contemporary fiction. His novels achieve a quality of timelessness because in most of his work he deliberately ignores the discoveries of modern science and men's mechanical inventions. Instead, he presents in his books pictures of semi-primitive and pastoral life such as survived until a decade or two ago in his remote region of France. Giono's feeling for nature is deeply mystical, and he attempts to bridge the worlds of inner and outer reality by the use of poetic images and metaphors. His style is vigorous and sensuous. Nowhere does he show himself a lyric novelist of the soil better than he does in *Song of the World,* a novel which is both an exciting adventure story and a paean in praise of nature and the simple, rustic life.

The Story:

For years the man called Sailor had lived with his wife Junie and their twin sons in a woodcutter's camp in the forest beyond Christol's Pass. Shortly after one of the twins had been killed by a landslide in a clay pit, leaving a widow and a child, the other red-haired twin went north into the Rebeillard country to cut fir trees and raft them down the river. When he failed to return, two months later, Junie became alarmed and sent her husband to ask help of Antonio, who lived on the isle of jays.

Antonio was a fisherman, a fierce, hardy, yet strangely compassionate fellow, wise in the ways of streams and the weather. He carried three scars on his body, a knife wound, a man's bite, and the slash of a billhook, for he was as reckless in a fight as he was daring in making love to the maidens and wives of the river villages. Men called him Goldenmouth. He promised to help Sailor search the river and creeks for some sign of Danis, the red-haired twin.

The men started early the next morning, Antonio on one side of the stream, Sailor on the other. Both were armed, for the Rebeillard region was wild country beyond the gorges. There Maudru, the ox-tamer, kept his great herds, and his word was the only law. The wind blowing from the north was chill with frost as the two men worked their way up the river. Although they found no sign of Danis or his logs, they saw some of Maudru's drovers and heard their horns, which seemed to signal the coming of strangers into the district. Antonio wondered why Maudru's men were on watch.

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At nightfall he swam across the river to join Sailor. While they sat by a fire which they had built to warm themselves and cook their food, they heard the moaning of a creature in pain. Investigating, they found a young woman suffering in childbirth. Following the directions of a drover who had been spying on their fire, they carried her and her newborn child to the house of a peasant woman called the mother of the road. The next morning Antonio learned that the unmarried woman he had saved was named Clara and that she was blind. When he saw her for the first time in the daylight he loved her. That day, over the protests of Maudru's men, he killed a wild boar to provide meat for the house. Four drovers came to the house at twilight. They had been sent to the fields near the river gorges to keep two travelers from leaving the country. Because Antonio and Sailor had come into the district, the watchers were uneasy. While Antonio and Sailor waited to see whether the drovers would make a fight of the matter, signal beacons flashed on the northern hills. From what was said Antonio realized that the red-haired twin, for whom the whole country was searching, had been sighted or captured.

Antonio asked the mother of the road to keep the blind woman for him while he and Sailor traveled on toward Villevielle, where they hoped to have some word of Danis' doings from Junie's brother Jérôme, the almanac-vendor and healer. On the way they overtook a cart carrying Médéric, Maudru's nephew, wounded. Danis had shot him, Antonio learned, and the young herder was likely to die. For that reason beacons had burned on the hills. A drover told the story. Years before Gina, Maudru's sister, had run away from her brother's farm at Puberclaire with twenty-three of his drovers and had taken the Maladrerie estate as her own. There she ruled her fields and her bed and bred her sons as she did her bulls. Médéric was the last of her children. Maudru married and had a daughter, Gina. It had been planned that the cousins should marry, but Danis had shot old Gina's son and carried off her namesake. While Maudru's men were searching for the fugitives, the wounded man was being carried to Puberclaire to die.

Giving as their reason a wish to visit the healer of Villevielle, Antonio and Sailor entered the old medieval town and found the house of Jérôme, a hunchback whom the Rebeillard folk called Monsieur Toussaint. Danis and young Gina were hiding in his house. The twin had cut his trees and hidden the raft in Villevielle creek; it was still there. Then he had stolen Gina, but before they could escape down the river Maudru had sent out an alarm. Now his men watched the river and every hamlet and road. The lovers were trapped.

Winter came early in the Rebeillard country. After the first snows Jérôme sent a messenger to tell Junie that Danis and Sailor still lived. Since they were unknown in the town Antonio and Sailor visited the wineshops from time to time and heard the news. Gina grew fretful. Sometimes she treated Danis with great tenderness; sometimes she mocked him because he was not stronger and more clever than her father, or complained because they lived like cuckoos in another's house. In spite of Jérôme's efforts Médéric died. Antonio went to the burial at Maladrerie and met Maudru, a powerful, slow-spoken man. One day Danis went out on skis to inspect his raft and was almost captured. A short time later three of Maudru's men, pretending to be sick, came to Jérôme's house. The inmates realized then that the fugitives had been located. When he ventured out thereafter, Antonio went and came through passages connecting the cellars of the old houses.

One day, when there was a touch of spring in the air, Antonio and Sailor went out through the cellars and drank at an inn. Both became drunk. Antonio pursued a woman whom he mistook for

Clara and left Sailor alone. To Sailor, confused by the brandy he had drunk, it seemed that he was young again and about to embark on a long sea voyage. Forgetting to be cautious, he never heard the two drovers who crept up behind him and stabbed him in the back.

Antonio, returning home, discovered that Clara had arrived with Jérôme's messenger. Her child had died and she no longer wished to be alone. In his joy at seeing her Antonio forgot Sailor completely, until Jérôme became alarmed by his absence. Then, with Clara's sense of hearing to tell them where danger might lurk in the darkened streets, Antonio and the healer searched for the old man. When they found him, they carried his body back to the house and called Danis to look at his dead father.

Danis was enraged. That night he and Antonio went to Puberclaire and fired Maudru's barns and house. Many of his prize bulls and tame oxen died in the blaze as the great bull farm was destroyed.

The light of the burning drew off Maudru's watchers, and under cover of the confusion Danis, Gina, Clara, and Antonio started off down the flooded stream on the log raft. Below the gorges they saw green on the trees; spring had arrived. Danis was planning the house he would build for Gina. Antonio thought of his life with Clara on the isle of jays. None of the travelers saw Maudru, alone on horseback, as he watched from a high peak the raft passing below him and out of sight toward the south.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

Type of work: Poetry
Author: Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)
First published: 1850

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* are among the most famous and most frequently read of all English love poems. Their popularity, originally heightened, perhaps, because they were the first products from Mrs. Browning's pen after her romantic marriage and flight to Italy with Robert Browning, has been great ever since they first appeared to the public in 1850.

The poems themselves have come, in the popular mind, to stand for the sincere love for and faith in her husband held by the woman who had previously believed herself a hopeless spinster invalid. Her devotion to her husband, her genuine and articulate thanks to him for having made her a vital woman, shine through the poems and give them a simple autobiographical value not often found in poetry. Mrs. Browning, in these poems, has no poses, no artifice, little facility for exploring technique; she is simply a woman grateful for her husband's love.

Sonnets from the Portuguese consists of forty-four sonnets that Mrs. Browning wrote to her husband during the first few years of their relationship. Many of the sonnets indicate her feelings of humility, her doubts that she deserved the love and attention of such a great and strong man. Other sonnets simply tell of her gratitude, describe her deep appreciation of the fact that Browning saved her from the life of the sheltered invalid. Still other sonnets, pursuing the theme of gratitude, tell of her pleasure in living in terms of this world rather than, as she formerly did, in terms of the next. In one way, these sonnets tell the story of Mrs. Browning's growing interest in earth and its life, her growing abandonment of her former concentration on Heaven and the spiritual life. In Sonnet XXIII, after talking of her love for her husband, she concludes:

> Then my soul, instead
> Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
> Then, love me, Love! look on me . . . breathe on me!
> As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
> For love, to give up acres and degree,
> I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
> My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

In spite of this movement toward earth and life, Mrs. Browning retained a good deal of her religious interest and religious conviction. The sonnets are full of her devotion to God and her assurance that she shall be with her husband after death as well.

Although many modern readers find these sonnets banal and undistinguished, they have always had great appeal for the popular audience, less for serious critics or practitioners of poetry. The poems are not distinguished by either sharpness or intricacy of diction to cloak unashamed expression of a woman's simple love and devotion. When the simple emotion is decorated, it is likely to be given a decoration, an applauding angel or a direct emotional address, that was a Victorian commonplace.

The limitations of the sonnet form keep these poems more technically accurate and meaningful than many of Mrs. Browning's other poems, but the form is not enough to give them any technical distinction. Mrs. Browning neglects the dramatic possibilities of the sonnet as well as the technical intricacy possible within the scope of fourteen rhyming, iambic pentameter lines. Occasionally, however, she uses some striking poetic images. Sonnet XXIV, for example, opens with the following image:

Let the world's sharpness, like a clasping knife,
Shut in upon itself and do no harm
In this close hand of Love, now soft and warm,
And let us hear no sound of human strife
After the click of the shutting.

The "sound of human strife" may be an easy cliché, and the "soft and warm" hand of Love may sound banal to the contemporary reader, but the whole image of the clasping knife and the sense of warmth in a closed, sheltering hand of love provides an image of some power and unusual quality for the poem. Similarly, Mrs. Browning also uses floral images effectively in order to express the flowering of her love. In addition to these occasional images, Mrs. Browning's sonnets sometimes have a sense of rhetorical movement that distinguishes them from the merely pedestrian. Although she does not use the form dramatically, she often uses it with a sense of musical and emphatic movement. The emotion is still essentially simple and the clichés are still present; but the poem itself is sometimes a rhetorically emphatic statement that carries strong feeling with ease, simplicity, and grace. Such an effect is found in Sonnet XLI:

I thank all who have loved me in their hearts,
With thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks to all
Who paused a little near the prison-wall,
To hear my music in its louder parts,
Ere they went onward, each one to the mart's
Or temple's occupation, beyond call.
But thou, who, in my voice's sink and fall,
When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's
Own instrument didst drop down at thy foot,
To hearken what I said between my tears, . . .
Instruct me how to thank thee!—Oh, to shoot
My soul's full meaning into future years,
That *they* should lend it utterance, and salute
Love that endures, from Life that disappears!

Although the opening lines are clotted with thanks, the poem does move with grace and power, and, in the last few lines, carries its romantic theme with compression and strength.

Critics have long pointed to the fact that such distinction is rare in Mrs. Browning's work, that much in *Sonnets from the Portuguese* is sentimental, hastily written, undistinguished in diction or pace. Yet these considerations have not diminished her appeal for her many faithful followers, an appeal based on the simple and genuine emotion and devotion given to her knight by a distinguished romantic heroine who had long been imprisoned in her father's dingy castle.

SONS AND LOVERS

Type of work: Novel
Author: D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930)
Type of plot: Psychological realism
Time of plot: Late nineteenth century
Locale: England
First published: 1913

Principal characters:
GERTRUDE MOREL, a devoted mother
WALTER MOREL, her husband, a collier
WILLIAM, her oldest son
ANNIE, her daughter
PAUL, her favorite son
ARTHUR, another son
MIRIAM LEIVERS, Paul's sweetheart
CLARA DAWES, Paul's mistress
BAXTER DAWES, Clara's husband

Critique:

Sons and Lovers is a realistic novel developing two significant psychological themes. The first is the story of Paul Morel's beautiful but terrible relationship with his mother, who gives to him all her warmth of feeling because her husband has denied her the love she craves. The second is a study of attraction and repulsion in love, presented through Paul's relations with two quite different women, Clara and Miriam. It is, on the whole, a tragic story of work, love, and despair. Lawrence's psychological insight and the poetry of his style make this novel one of the great landmarks in modern autobiographical fiction.

The Story:

Walter Morel, a collier, had been a handsome, dashing young man when Gertrude had married him. But after a few years of marriage he proved to be an irresponsible breadwinner and a drunkard, and his wife hated him for what he had once meant to her and for what he now was. Her only solace lay in her children, William, Annie, Paul, and Arthur, for she leaned heavily upon them for companionship, lived in their happiness. She was a good parent; her children loved her. The oldest son, William, was successful in his work but he longed to go to London, where he had promise of a better job. After he had gone, Mrs. Morel turned to Paul for the companionship and love she had found in William.

Paul liked to paint. More sensitive than his brothers and sister, he was closer to Mrs. Morel than any of the others. William brought a girl named Lily home to visit, but it was apparent that she was not the right kind of girl for him; she was too shallow and self-centered. Before long, William himself became aware of that fact, but he resigned himself to keeping the promise he had made to his fiancée.

When William became ill, Mrs. Morel went to London to nurse her son and was with him there when he died. Home once more after she had buried her first son, Mrs. Morel could not bring herself out of her sorrow. Not until Paul became sick did she realize that her duty lay with the living rather than with the dead. After that she centered all her attention upon Paul. The two other children were capable of carrying on their affairs without the constant attention that Paul demanded.

At sixteen Paul went to visit some friends of Mrs. Morel. The Leivers were a warm-hearted family, and Paul easily gained the friendship of the Leivers

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children. Fifteen-year-old Miriam Leivers was a strange girl, but her inner charm attracted Paul. Mrs. Morel, like many others, did not care for Miriam. Paul went to work at a stocking mill, where he was successful in his social relationships and in his work. He continued to draw. Miriam watched over his work and with quiet understanding offered judgment concerning his success or failure. Mrs. Morel sensed that some day her son would become famous for his art.

By the time Miriam and Paul had grown into their twenties, Paul realized that Miriam loved him deeply and that he loved her. But for some reason he could not bring himself to touch her. Then through Miriam he met Clara Dawes. For a long while Mrs. Morel had been urging him to give up Miriam, and now Paul tried to tell Miriam that it was all over between them. He did not want to marry her, but he felt that he did belong to her. He could not make up his own mind.

Clara Dawes was separated from her husband, Baxter Dawes. She was five years Paul's senior, but a beautiful woman whose loveliness charmed him. Although Clara became his mistress, she refused to divorce her husband and marry Paul. Sometimes Paul wondered whether he could bring himself to marry Clara if she were free. She was not what he wanted. His mother was the only woman to whom he could turn for complete understanding and love, for Miriam had tried to possess him and Clara maintained a barrier against him. Paul continued to devote much of his time and attention to making his mother happy. Annie had married and gone to live with her husband near the Morel home, and Arthur had married a childhood friend who bore him a son six months after the wedding.

Baxter Dawes resented Paul's relationship with his wife. Once he accosted Paul in a tavern and threatened him. Paul knew that he could not fight with Baxter, but he continued to see Clara.

Paul had entered pictures in local exhibits and had won four prizes. With encouragement from Mrs. Morel, he continued to paint. He wanted to go abroad, but he could not leave his mother. He began to see Miriam again. When she yielded herself to him, his passion was ruthless and savage. But their relationship was still unsatisfactory. He turned again to Clara.

Miriam knew about his love affair with Clara, but the girl felt that Paul would tire of his mistress and come back to her. Paul stayed with Clara, however, because he found in her an outlet for his unknown desires. His life was a great conflict. Meanwhile Paul was earning enough money to give his mother the things her husband had failed to provide. Mr. Morel stayed on with his wife and son, but he was no longer accepted as a father or a husband.

One day it was revealed that Mrs. Morel had cancer and was beyond any help except that of morphine and then death. During the following months Mrs. Morel declined rapidly. Paul was tortured by his mother's pain. Annie and Paul marveled at her resistance to death, wishing that it would come to end her suffering. Paul dreaded such a catastrophe in his life, although he knew it must come eventually. He turned to Clara for comfort, but she failed to make him forget his misery. Then, visiting his mother at the hospital, Paul found Baxter Dawes recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. For a long time Paul had sensed that Clara wanted to return to Dawes, and now, out of pity for Dawes, he brought about a reconciliation between the husband and wife.

When Mrs. Morel's suffering had mounted to a torturing degree, Annie and Paul decided that anything would be better than to let her live in agony. One night Paul gave her an overdose of morphine, and Mrs. Morel died the next day.

Left alone, Paul was lost. He felt that his own life had ended with the

death of his mother. Clara, to whom he had turned before, was now back with Dawes. Because they could not bear to stay in the house without Mrs. Morel, Paul and his father parted, each taking different lodgings.

For a while Paul wandered helplessly trying to find some purpose in his life. Then he thought of Miriam, to whom he had once belonged. He returned to her, but with the renewed association he realized more than ever that she was not what he wanted. Once he had thought of going abroad. Now he wanted to join his mother in death. Leaving Miriam for the last time, he felt trapped and lost in his own indecision. But he also felt that he was free from Miriam after many years of passion and regret.

His mother's death was too great a sorrow for Paul to cast off immediately. Finally, after a lengthy inner struggle, he was able to see that she would always be with him and that he did not need to die to join her. With his new found courage he set out to make his own life anew.

THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER

Type of work: Novel
Author: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)
Type of plot: Sentimental romance
Time of plot: Mid-eighteenth century
Locale: Germany
First published: 1774

Principal characters:
WERTHER, a sentimental young man
CHARLOTTE (LOTTE), his beloved
ALBERT, betrothed to Charlotte

Critique:

Many teachers of literature consider *The Sorrows of Young Werther* the starting point of a certain phase of the romantic movement which in England reached its peak in the early nineteenth century and which at a later date left its mark upon the novels of Charles Dickens and others. The interest in landscape, in excessive emotion, and in despairing passion developed more freely and earlier on the continent, but when such books reached England they found immediately a sympathetic audience of readers and many imitators among the writers of the period. Today, however, the novel belongs almost exclusively to poets, scholars, and special readers of one kind or another. Perhaps it will always appeal to the very young in spirit.

The Story:

Young Werther, having left his former home, wrote to his friend Wilhelm to describe the secluded region where he had gone to forget the unhappiness of his earlier years. He had discovered a pleasant cottage surrounded by a lovely garden, and he felt that in his peaceful retreat he could live in happy solitude forever.

A few days later he reported that his soul had recovered in his rustic surroundings. He did not want books or the companionship of his old friends, for he had been transported into a new world of kinship with nature. He mentioned a nearby hamlet called Walheim and the village inn where he could drink good coffee, sit in solitude, and read his Homer. Several letters to Wilhelm told the same story of Werther's simple life among scenes of natural beauty.

Suddenly there was a break in his letters. Then he wrote to tell his friend that he had met an angel. At a ball he had been introduced to Charlotte S., the daughter of a judge who had retired to a hunting lodge not far from Walheim. Charlotte was a beautiful and charming girl, and in spite of the fact that she was betrothed to another, Werther had fallen deeply in love with her at first sight.

Perhaps his passion ran all the more deeply because he had been warned not to fall in love with her, since she was betrothed to a young man not present at the ball. The warning went unheeded. At the dance Werther had demanded much of her attention. He had begun to ask her some questions about the Albert to whom she was betrothed when a storm suddenly interrupted the dance. The hostess led the guests into a room protected by curtains and shutters. There they played a game called counting. Once Werther kissed Charlotte's hands. When the party broke up at sunrise, he took her to her home through a dazzling world of raindrops and morning sun.

From that time on he called every day on Lotte, as he referred to her in his letters. He grieved over their separation when she went to attend a sick woman whom she knew. One day he went with her to visit an old pastor; he noted that her youthful presence seemed to bring new life to the old man as well.

Because he could not bear to have her

out of his sight, Werther began to object to the time Lotte gave to sick friends and to other acquaintances. A glimpse of her as she rode away on some errand was enough to set his head spinning and his heart beating wildly. If her finger accidentally touched his, the blood pounded through his veins. To his friend he confessed that he had done little of the painting he had intended; all of his time was taken up with his love for Charlotte.

After his friend Wilhelm had written, advising him either to press his suit for Lotte or else to give up his hopeless passion, Werther decided to see the girl less frequently. His decision was further strengthened when Albert returned to Walheim. Jealous of Albert, Werther wrote nevertheless that he admired his rival's fine character. In answer to further urging from his friend, Werther replied that he could neither give up Lotte nor hope to win her from Albert.

Werther grew more and more melancholy. Because he could hope to possess Lotte only in his dreams, he was plunged into gloom and despair. At last, deciding that he must leave Walheim, he asked Wilhelm to secure a government post for him. When Wilhelm suggested a post with an ambassador, Werther postponed his acceptance or refusal of the position. But Wilhelm obtained the appointment without waiting to hear from his friend, and so Werther's course was decided for him. During the two last hours he spent with Lotte and Albert, he pretended all the time that he was not going away. He felt that their farewells would be more than he could bear.

At first the official duties of his new position kept Werther from brooding over his sorrows. But as time passed he began to dislike the ambassador under whom he worked. No longer interested in government affairs, he reproached Wilhelm for securing his appointment. He chafed constantly at the responsibilities he was forced to assume.

At last he wrote a letter to Lotte. Albert wrote to him in reply and informed him that the two had been married some time before.

Meanwhile Werther had resigned his position at court. Failing in his attempt to enter the army, he accepted the offer of a young prince to spend the summer on his estate. When he failed to find in the nobleman's household the peace and calm for which he had hoped, he decided at last to return to Walheim in order to be near Lotte.

His first encounter with Albert and Lotte threw him into such a state that his letter to Wilhelm was almost incoherent. He could not understand why Albert did not look more distractedly happy. Lotte pitied Werther and Albert sympathized with him, but they were unable to help him. At the same time Werther was concerned with the fate of a peasant who had been convicted of murder. Failing to save the man from his fate, Werther was more wretched than ever. At last, following her husband's suggestion, Lotte suggested that Werther visit her house less frequently. In despair, he wrote that when he could bear his sorrows no longer he intended to end his life.

The rest of his story was told by others. One night, while Albert was away from home, Werther went to Lotte's house. Frightened by his speech and appearance, she asked him to read aloud some passages from Ossian. After he had seized her in a wild embrace, she fled and locked herself in her room. He stood outside the door and begged her to speak so that he could hear her voice for the last time.

The next day he sent a servant to Albert and asked for the loan of a brace of pistols to take with him on an unexpected journey. He shot himself that night, but he was not quite dead when his servant found him the next morning. He died at noon without regaining consciousness. Charlotte, hearing of his death, fell into a swoon so deep that her life was despaired of. Workmen of the village carried Werther's body to its resting place under the lime trees at Walheim.

SOTILEZA

Type of work: Novel
Author: José María de Pereda (1833-1906)
Type of plot: Regional realism
Time of plot: 1880
Locale: Santander, Spain
First published: 1884

Principal characters:
SILDA (SOTILEZA), an orphan girl
MECHELÍN, her foster father, a crippled fisherman
MOCEJÓN, her guardian
CLETO, Mocejón's son
CARPIA, his daughter
MUERGO, an orphan, Mechelín's ward
CAPTAIN PEDRO BITADURA, of the S. S. *Montañesa*
ANDRÉS, his son
VENANCIO LIENCRES, a merchant
LUISA, his daughter
TOLÍN, his son
PADRE APOLINAR, a priest

Critique:

José María de Pereda, outstanding among Spanish realists, was the chronicler of the mountainous and coastal region in the north of Spain. A conservative with aristocratic prejudices, he hated the middle class but admired the virtues of the miserable lower classes. His fishergirl heroine has the finer feelings of a great lady, while the upper-class Luisa is snobbish and ill-bred. The other characters are well portrayed. Vivid descriptions and realistic details of the fishermen's lives make this one of the great sea stories of Spanish literature.

The Story:

Among the ragged youngsters being taught the catechism by Padre Apolinar was a tough ten-year-old called Muergo, or Clam. He lived with Mechelín, a fisherman crippled after years of exposure to the sea. Muergo had for his playmate a barefoot orphan girl named Silda, Mocejón's ward. One day after school the children and the old fisherman went to the waterfront to await the coming of the steamship *Montañesa,* arriving from Cuba under Captain Bitadura. The captain's young son Andrés was there also, along with Cleto, Mocejón's son, and Colo, who was studying for the priesthood.

Silda was badly treated by Mocejón and Carpia, his nineteen-year-old daughter, and at Andrés' request Padre Apolinar transferred her to Mechelín's tenement apartment. There she learned to keep herself neat, even washing her face once a week, until her admiring foster father said she was as dainty as the leader on his fishing line and because of the likeness nicknamed her Sotileza.

Andrés wanted to study navigation, but his mother, fearing that the sea would destroy him as it had so many others, apprenticed him to Venancio Liencres, to learn bookkeeping. Luisa, Liencres' daughter, embarrassed Andrés by her admiration for the young man.

Sotileza was not beautiful, but as she grew older she became exciting to men. Although she treated her admirers coldly, she kept a warm affection for ugly Muergo and tried to make him save his money for clothes instead of spending it on drink. She paid no attention to Cleto until the day he came home laden with fishing gear and bumped her out of his way on the stairs, making her nose bleed. She got her revenge by flirting with him. His parents were disturbed; they wanted to have nothing to do with a penniless orphan.

Mechelín was torn between his dislike for Mocejón's son and his desire to assure Sotileza's future by marriage to a young man as hard-working as Cleto was. Andrés also liked Sotileza, though without serious intentions. When his sympathy for crippled Mechelín made him persuade his father to help the fisherman get a small boat of his own, spiteful Carpia spread the gossip that Andrés was trying to buy Sotileza. Half believing the report, Cleto begged the priest to intercede with Mocejón for permission to marry the girl.

One day Sotileza decided to accompany the others in Mechelín's boat. When they went ashore to eat their lunch, Muergo fell asleep. Andrés put his arm around Sotileza and tried to make love to her. She repulsed him.

That night, as Andrés was on his way to the theater with the Liencres family, Luisa criticized the girl she had seen in his company. Reminded of Sotileza, he sneaked away to see her and apologize for his behavior. She forgave him but said that she would never have given in, since honor was all she could offer her foster parents in return for their care. Carpia, having seen him leaving, whispered around that Andrés was seeing Sotileza when she was alone in her apartment.

Rumors that men were to be drafted to serve three years in the Spanish navy hastened many marriages in Santander, and many couples appeared before Padre Apolinar. Cleto courted Sotileza, but she gave no sign of her feelings toward him. The priest carried Cleto's request to Mocejón and his wife.

In the meantime the lower town had challenged the upper town to a regatta, to be held late in August. Sotileza went with Muergo, who was so dressed up that she was amazed. When she tried to comb his ruffled hair with her fingers, he seized her, and she escaped only by picking up a stick and beating him with it. She forgave him, however, and helped him to brush his rumpled suit before they went to the boat races.

At the regatta she cheered the sixteen oarsmen of Cleto's red-striped boat, which won by covering the six miles in twenty-five minutes. That evening, while the fishermen celebrated, everyone took her marriage to Cleto for granted.

Later that night Andrés went to her home and proposed marriage. Sotileza said that she could never accept him. While they argued, Carpia locked them in and then slipped the key under the door before she summoned all the people in the tenement. When Sotileza opened the door, she found the hall full of witnesses. She denounced Carpia's scheme so fiercely that the others were convinced of her innocence, especially after several confessed that they had seen Mocejón's daughter locking the door.

Andrés went home and told his family what had happened. Because he had promised never to see the girl again, his angry father drove him from the house. Captain Bitadura then went to see Mechelín in order to learn the truth. Sotileza assured the captain that she had no intention of marrying his son.

Andrés' mother visited Liencres to discuss a marriage between Luisa and her son. At the same time Luisa asked her brother Tolín to suggest to Andrés that the young clerk give up Sotileza and marry her. When Tolín tried to refuse, Luisa threatened to find Andrés and speak for herself.

Meanwhile Andrés, angry over what had happened, learned from his friend Reñales that the fishermen were going out early the next morning, to make up for days of fog which had kept them ashore. Andrés offered to go along when the boats put out immediately after mass. In one of the other boats was Muergo, making his last trip before being drafted. He was too drunk to know what was happening.

The day was beautiful. The fishermen passed schools of sardines as they went out farther and farther, hunting hake. They came upon thousands of fish and

everyone, including Andrés, began to pull them into the boats. In their excitement the fishermen failed to notice a gathering storm. It struck, scattering the fishing fleet. High waves battered the boats. The corpse of Muergo floated by. Reñales, trying to seize the body, was knocked unconscious against the gunwale of his boat. No one in the boat expected to survive, even though they worked valiantly against the power of wind and waves. At last they neared the shore, only to realize that they would be compelled to steer between the narrow walls of the breakwater, a feat none had attempted except Reñales, who lay too bruised and weak to be of any use.

In desperation Andrés finally took the big oar and with injured Reñales to direct him brought the boat in safely. Captain Bitadura, who was watching from a point nearby, cheered for his son.

Muergo was dead; there would be no naval service for him. Cleto, called up, delayed his departure for his wedding ceremony to Sotileza, who had accepted him at last. When the sailors from Santander marched away, Luisa and Andrés watched them from her balcony as they passed.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Type of work: Novel
Author: William Faulkner (1897-1962)
Type of plot: Psychological realism
Time of plot: 1910-1928
Locale: Mississippi
First published: 1929

Principal characters:
MRS. COMPSON, the mother
BENJAMIN, her idiot son
QUENTIN, another son
CANDACE, her daughter
JASON, another son
SYDNEY HERBERT HEAD, Candace's husband
QUENTIN, Candace's daughter
DILSEY, a Negro servant

Critique:

Beneath its involved and difficult technique, *The Sound and the Fury* is a compelling study of the dissolution of an old southern family gone to seed. The members of the Compson family are victims of lust, incest, suicide. The story is told through the minds of the various characters, and the scene jumps from 1928 to 1910 without so much as a change of sentence. The lack of punctuation is effective, but confusing, for it is difficult to tell where reality ends and memory begins. The book is divided into four parts, but only in the last two parts does the story fall into a clear pattern. Then the pieces of the puzzle begin to fit into place and the reader finds that he is experiencing stark tragedy and horrible reality. The novel is not easy to read, but it is powerful work that will haunt the reader for many days after the last page has been turned.

The Story:

The Compson family had once been a good one, but the present generation had done everything possible to ruin the name of Compson for all time. In the little Mississippi town in which they lived everyone laughed and made slighting remarks when the name Compson was mentioned.

Mrs. Compson had come from what she considered good stock, but she thought she must have sinned terribly in marrying a Compson and now she was paying for her sins. For eighteen years she had been saying that she did not bave long to live and would no longer be a burden to her family. Benjamin was her greatest cross. He was an idiot who moaned and cried and slobbered all day long. The only person who could quiet Benjamin was Candace, his sister. When they were small, Candace loved Benjamin very much and made herself his protector. She saw to it that the other children of the family and the Negro servants did not tease him. As Candace grew up, she continued to love Benjamin, but she also loved every man she met, giving herself freely to any man who would have her. Mrs. Compson thought Candace was another cross she had to bear and did very little to force her daughter to have better morals.

Quentin, another son, was a moody, morose boy whose only passion was his sister Candace. He loved her not as a sister, but as a woman, and she returned his love. Quentin was sent to school at Harvard. But although she loved Quentin in the spirit, Candace could not keep away from other men. Sydney Herbert Head was the one serious lover she had. He wanted to marry her. Head, a banker,

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promised to give her brother Jason a job in his bank after they were married. When Quentin learned that Candace was in a condition which made her marriage necessary, he was wild. He lied to his father and told him that he had had incestuous relations with Candace and that she must not be allowed to marry. His father did not believe him, and the family went along with their plans for the wedding. At last Quentin could stand no more. On the day of his sister's wedding he drowned himself in the Charles River in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mrs. Compson resigned herself to one more cross.

When Candace had a baby too soon, Head threw her out of his house with her child. Her mother and father and her brother Jason would not let her come home, but they adopted the baby girl, Quentin. Jason believed that Quentin was the child of his brother Quentin and Candace, but the rest of the family refused to face such a fact and accept it. They preferred to believe, and rightly, that Quentin was the child of some other lover who had deserted Candace. Candace stayed away from the little town for many years.

Quentin was as wild as her mother as she grew up. She, too, gave herself to any man in town and was talked about as her mother had been. Every month Candace sent money to Mrs. Compson for Quentin's care. At first Mrs. Compson burned the checks, for she would have none of Candace's ill-gotten money. When Mr. Compson died, Jason became the head of the family. He blamed Quentin for his not getting the job in the bank, for if the child had not been born too soon Head would not have left Candace and would have given Jason the job. Hating his sister, he wrote checks on another bank and gave those to his mother in place of the checks Candace had sent. The old lady was almost blind and could not see what she burned. Jason then forged her signature on the real checks and cashed them, using the money to gamble on the cotton market.

Quentin hated her Uncle Jason as much as he hated her, and the two were always quarreling. He tried to make her go to school and keep away from the men, but Mrs. Compson thought he was too cruel to Quentin and took the girl's part.

A show troupe came to town and Quentin took up with one of the performers. Jason locked her in her room each night, but she climbed out the window to meet her lover. One morning she did not answer when old Dilsey, the colored mammy who had cared for the family for years, called her to breakfast. Jason went to her room and found that all her clothes were gone. He also found that the three thousand dollars he had hidden in his room had been stolen. He tried to get the sheriff to follow the girl and the showman, but the sheriff wanted no part of the Compson family affairs. Jason set out to find the fugitives, but he had to give up his search when a severe headache forced him to return home for medicine.

Jason felt more than cheated. His money was gone and he could not find Quentin so that he could punish her for stealing it. He forgot that the money really belonged to Quentin, for it was part of the amount he had saved from the money Candace had sent for the girl's care. There was nothing left for Jason but blind rage and hatred for everyone. He believed that everyone laughed at him because of his horrible family—because Benjamin was an idiot, Candace a lost woman, Quentin a suicide, and the girl Quentin a village harlot and a thief. He forgot that he, too, was a thief and that he had a mistress. He felt cursed by his family as his mother was cursed.

When he saw Benjamin riding through town in a carriage driven by one of the colored boys, he knocked the colored boy down and struck Benjamin with all his force, for there was no other way for him to show his rage. Benjamin let out a loud moan, then settled back in the carriage. He petted a wilted flower and

his face assumed a calm, quiet, blankness, as if all the strife in the world were over and things were once more serene. It was as if he had understood what old Dilsey meant when she said she had seen the beginning and the end of life. Benjamin had seen it all, too, in the pictures he could never understand but which flowed endlessly through his disordered mind.

SOUTH WIND

Type of work: Novel
Author: Norman Douglas (1868-1952)
Type of plot: Social satire
Time of plot: Early twentieth century
Locale: Island of Nepenthe
First published: 1917

Principal characters:
BISHOP HEARD OF BAMPOPO, an Anglican clergyman
MRS. MEADOWS, his cousin
DON FRANCESCO, a Catholic priest
MR. VAN KOPPEN, an American millionaire
FREDDY PARKER, proprietor of a drinking club
MR. KEITH, a hedonist
MR. EAMES, an elderly scholar
COUNT CALOVEGLIA, an antiquarian
DENIS PHIPPS, a student
RETLOW, ALIAS MUHLEN, a blackguard

Critique:

Whether the imaginary island of Nepenthe is also the very real island of Capri remains a topic of dispute. The matter is unimportant, however; Norman Douglas was writing sly and humorous fiction, not a guidebook. *South Wind* is a collection of character sketches and incidents dealing with a most unusual and amusing group of people who are all affected by the mellow climate of Nepenthe and the warm sirocco winds which blow from the south. The reader is introduced to the inhabitants through a visitor, Bishop Heard, who serves as an observer and interpreter of the people and their problems. Along with the several plots which carry the action, Douglas tells much of the imaginary yet somehow real history of the island. The novel, blandly sophisticated in tone, abounds in touches of absurdity and satire.

The Story:

Bishop Heard went to Nepenthe to meet his cousin, Mrs. Meadows. Her second husband having been unable to leave his post in India, the bishop was to escort Mrs. Meadows and her child to England. The bishop himself was returning from ecclesiastical labors in Bampopo, Africa.

The bishop was introduced to Nepenthe society by Don Francesco, a priest he had met on the boat. The social leader was the American-born Duchess of San Martino, who was about to join the Church through Don Francesco's influence. Other figures were Mr. Keith, a wealthy hedonist; Denis Phipps, a frustrated college student; Mr. Eames, a faithful compiler of material for an annotated edition of a forgotten work on the *Antiquities* of Nepenthe; Count Caloveglia, an antiquarian interested in the Golden Age of Greece, and Freddy Parker, proprietor of a drinking club which served a strange brand of whiskey bottled by his stepsister.

There was also much talk of some religious fanatics, disciples of an unwashed Russian mystic named Bazhakuloff. Because of a virile apostle named Peter, the group was favored by Madame Steynlin and had access to her villa by the sea. One of the few Englishwomen on the island was Miss Wilberforce, who frequently drank to excess and undressed in the streets at odd times of the day and night. Fortunately, the bishop had de-

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veloped a tolerant point of view while living among African natives, and he was able to accept these strange characters as he found them.

Except for a festival in honor of Saint Dodekanus and a call on his cousin, who did not seem pleased to see him, the first days of the bishop's stay were uneventful. Then one of the old springs on the island suddenly dried up and the natives reported several unusual births. Next Mr. Parker's stepsister was bitten by a strange insect. She died swiftly and would have been as swiftly buried if the volcano had not erupted at the same time.

Mr. Parker, watching ashes falling over the city, was saddened both by his stepsister's death and by news that a cabinet minister of Nicaragua had been removed from office. Since the minister had made Parker the Nicaraguan finance commissioner for southeastern Europe, the proprietor feared that he was about to lose his pretentious but empty title. Hoping that the Vatican would intercede for him if he were to become a Catholic, he consulted the parish priest and suggested a procession in honor of the island's patron saint to bring an end to the eruption. The priest was delighted to hear such a pious suggestion from a non-Catholic, and before long the holy procession was winding through the ashy streets. Miraculously enough, the ashes stopped falling and rain which followed washed away all traces of nature's upheaval.

The eruption ended, life went on as usual. Several parties were given for Mr. Van Koppen, an American millionaire who visited the island every year. At these parties the bishop heard more about the life of the colony. He talked with Denis and learned about his problems. He heard with amusement of Van Koppen's promise to contribute liberally toward a clinic for Miss Wilberforce, if Mr. Keith would give a like sum. Van Koppen knew that Keith, believing that people should be allowed to do what they liked with their lives, would never part with the amount he had promised.

One day the bishop, visiting Count Caloveglia, found him about to sell the American a small bronze statue of wonderful antique Greek workmanship. To authenticate the statue, which had been unearthed on the count's property, Van Koppen had called in an English art expert. Although the expert declared the piece a real masterpiece and a rare find, Van Koppen knew that the work was a fake. He was willing to pay the price, however, as a compliment to the count's ability to deceive the expert.

The next day the bishop went for a walk along the cliffs with Denis, who was still perturbed about his problem of where to go and what to do. While they rested, the bishop saw that they were in sight of his cousin's villa. As he watched, he saw Mrs. Meadows come out of her house and walk along the cliff with a man who had called himself Muhlen when the bishop met him on the boat. Later he had heard that the man was a blackmailer whose real name was Retlow. He wondered what his cousin was doing with such a person. Suddenly the man disappeared and Mrs. Meadows walked briskly back to her house. The bishop had just watched a murder.

Suddenly he remembered where he had heard the name Retlow before; it had been the name of his cousin's first husband. Doubtless he had been blackmailing her. So far as the bishop could see, she had been justified in killing him. He remembered that on the boat Retlow had said a particularly annoying child ought to be thrown overboard. The bishop decided that Retlow's own end was consistent with his ideas.

Unfortunately, a gold piece which had belonged to Retlow came to light in the possession of a native boy. When the boy was accused of murder, the case became a battle of rival factions. The boy was a cousin of the village priest and Signor Malipizzo, the magistrate, was a

Freemason who hoped to discredit the Church through that relationship. To defend the boy, the priest called in the Commendatore Morena, a lawyer who had risen to fame and power through his membership in the Black Hand.

At the trial the boy was judged innocent, chiefly because of Morena's eloquence. He first called the jurors' attention to the crime they would commit if they removed the boy from his mother, a relationship which had been important to so many famous men. Then, learning that the boy was an orphan, he shifted his argument to show what an injustice they would commit if they convicted an innocent boy. The accused went free. Under the circumstances the bishop resolved to say nothing of Mrs. Meadows' guilt. She seemed a different woman, now that her fears of blackmail had been removed, and nobody had suffered from the murder but Retlow, who deserved his fate.

Denis finally became angry at Mr. Keith's drunken meddling, and he told the old hedonist to shut up. It was the first time Denis had ever made a decision for himself and carried it through. His visit to Nepenthe had started him on the road to manhood.

On the whole, reflected the bishop, most matters affecting the people of Nepenthe turned out well in the end.

THE SPANISH FRIAR

Type of work: Drama
Author: John Dryden (1631-1700)
Type of plot: Tragi-comedy
Time of plot: Fifteenth century
Locale: Aragon, Spain
First presented: 1681

Principal characters:

TORRISMOND, son of Sancho the deposed king, defender of Aragon against the Moors
LEONORA, Queen of Aragon, the daughter of the usurper, engaged to Bertran
BERTRAN, made a duke by Leonora's father, now in military disgrace
RAYMOND, foster father of Torrismond
DOMINIC, a licentious friar
LORENZO, a young gallant and soldier
GOMEZ, an elderly usurer
ELVIRA, his young wife

Critique:

The Spanish Friar, or, The Double Discovery is of more interest to historians of the theater than to critics. Its popularity in Dryden's day was perhaps attributable to its anti-Catholic sentiments, but the poet laureate's later conversion made him sympathetic to the action of James II in banning the play. Many Dryden scholars consider this work his most successful fusion of the love-honor theme and ribald comedy. The modern reader's delight in the Falstaffian priest-pimp should not obscure the fact that the language, style, and structure of the drama are of a high order.

The Story:

Aragon was in a state of siege because the usurper king, lately dead, had refused to acknowledge and reward the services of the Moors in gaining the kingdom for him. Queen Leonora, promised on her father's deathbed to Duke Bertran, regretted this alliance as well as the fact she held in a dungeon deposed King Sancho, a righteous and beloved ruler. Bertran's forces had been routed three times by the Moors before Torrismond, supposed son of one of the leading nobles, Raymond, rallied the scattered Christians and saved the kingdom from the infidels.

Young Lorenzo, a valiant colonel in Torrismond's army, brought news of the victory and confided to his friends his desire to celebrate with the first prostitute available. He boasted that he had robbed his Moorish victims of gold and jewels. Elvira, the young wife of a jealous old money-lender named Gomez, made welcome advances to the handsome soldier. Her husband, however, immediately thwarted plans for the assignation, plans put in motion by Friar Dominic.

Torrismond, on his triumphal return, offended Bertran by open ridicule of the latter's ineptness and by his own naïve declaration of love for the queen. Leonora, in turn, was smitten with love for the young hero, thereby creating a strange problem. Bertran, betrothed to the queen, vowed vengeance and responded to her suggestion that by killing King Sancho, he would hasten the marriage. Leonora really intended by this deceit to make Torrismond her king-husband; he, in turn, was filled with anxiety because he remained loyal to the old king and his supposed father, Raymond.

Clandestine love, in spite of all, prevailed in the palace, though not in Gomez' mansion. Friar Dominic, ghostly father to Elvira, had made a series of arrangements for the young wife and her hopeful gallant to meet, but each meet-

ing, unfortunately for the three, was discovered by the near-cuckolded husband. Bertran, too, did his best to keep the other lovers apart by testing the reaction of the populace to the supposed murder of King Sancho.

Raymond, incensed by such intrigues, finally confessed that in the troublesome days of the Moorish invasion King Sancho had entrusted to him his son Torrismond. Raymond urged Torrismond to take over the kingdom, to depose or kill the usurpers and so avenge the old king's death. Torn between love and duty (love for Leonora but filial duty to his foster father to avenge his real father's death), Torrismond could not commit so bloody a deed. He declared his belief that Leonora's repentance and his own attempt to thwart the regicide settled that score. After learning Torrismond's decision, Raymond departed to rouse the citizens. At the same time he was moved to compassion over his adopted son's predicament.

Meanwhile, the intrigue involving Elvira and Lorenzo had come to nothing; no amount of bribing, blackmailing, or disguising could bring the two together, in spite of the fact that Friar Dominic was a master of all possible trickery and knavery. Finally, the friar was disgraced when Lorenzo's father revealed that Elvira was his daughter, married to Gomez the usurer in order to prevent her suffering a worse fate in those troubled times. Thus it was revealed that the affection Elvira and Lorenzo had felt for each other was based on the family relationship of brother and sister.

To this double discovery—the true parentage of Torrismond and Elvira—was added a third: King Sancho was not dead. Bertran, suspicious of the queen's motives and aware of the people's loyalty to the old king, had merely spread the rumor of King Sancho's death. Knowing also that the queen was devoted to Torrismond rather than to himself, Bertran begged forgiveness for his part in the many sad events that had occurred in the kingdom. Leonora, much relieved, wished only for King Sancho's permission for her marriage to his son. Torrismond assured her that the good king, quick to forgive, would grant such a boon.

THE SPANISH GIPSY

Type of work: Drama
Authors: Thomas Middleton (1580-1627) with William Rowley (1585?-1642?) and possibly John Ford (1586-c. 1640?)
Type of plot: Tragi-comedy
Time of plot: Early years of the seventeenth century
Locale: Madrid
First presented: 1623

Principal characters:
FERNANDO DE AZEVIDA, the corregidor of Madrid
RODERIGO, his son
LOUIS DE CASTRO, and
DIEGO, Roderigo's friends
ALVAREZ DE CASTILLA, an exiled lord disguised as the father of the gipsies
CONSTANZA, Fernando's daughter, disguised as a gipsy
JOHN, a young nobleman in love with Constanza
PEDRO DE CORTÉS, an elderly Spanish don
CLARA, his daughter

Critique:

A graceful tragi-comedy with an extremely complicated story, *The Spanish Gipsy* apparently derives most of its action and background from portions of two novels by Cervantes. There are two plots which develop side by side and are occasionally interwoven. One of them, which furnishes the play with its title, concerns a Spanish nobleman who has been exiled from his country; he returns secretly to Spain as leader of a band of gipsies who, under his influence, eschew stealing or cheating to lead a utopian, idyllic existence as popular singers and entertainers. A charming pastoral mood pervades this portion of the drama. The major plot, however, is tinged with violence and tragedy, involving Roderigo and Clara as protagonists. The opening situation is so striking as to be almost unique, and it is no small feat that after a very melodramatic first act the interest of the play can be maintained at such a high level. Some scholars contend that Middleton and Rowley had some assistance from John Ford on this play.

The Story:

Roderigo, son of the corregidor of Madrid, was a pleasure-bent, reckless youth. One night, while roaming about the outskirts of the city with two young noblemen, he acted on a rash and outrageous impulse. When a pretty girl came along, accompanied by her elderly parents, Roderigo decided to have some fun; on the spur of the moment he determined to kidnap her. After a bit of urging he won the somewhat reluctant coöperation of Louis de Castro and Diego, who restrained the distraught mother and father while Roderigo carried off the protesting maiden. Taking her to his apartment in the corregidor's palace, Roderigo yielded to his lust and raped her. Meanwhile, back on the road, Louis learned to his dismay that the mistreated family was that of Pedro de Cortés, an influential Spanish don. Worse still, the girl stolen by Roderigo under the cloak of night was Clara, the object of Louis' own affections.

Clara, overcome by shame, asked Roderigo to kill her, whereupon he sullenly strode from the apartment. While he was gone, Clara examined the room for any clues to the identity of her attacker. From the window she saw below a starlit garden containing a curious alabaster fountain. In the chamber itself she discovered a precious crucifix, which she quickly concealed in her bosom as she heard Roderigo's footsteps approaching once more.

Beginning to feel repentant for his deed, Roderigo readily agreed when Clara

asked him never to speak of her ravishment and to take her back to the road where he met her. Afterward, meeting the anxious Louis, Roderigo denied harming the girl. Nevertheless, he found himself falling in love with her. To avoid seeking her out again, he planned to leave Madrid for studies in Salamanca.

At an inn of Madrid, the gipsies danced and sported for their admiring following. Disguised as their leader was Alvarez de Castilla, banished from Spain in previous years for the death of Louis de Castro's father. With Alvarez was his wife Guiamara and her niece Constanza, both supposed to have been lost earlier in a shipwreck. Constanza, called Pretiosa among the gipsies, was the great attraction to their audiences. Young and very beautiful, she was a magnet for the young gentlemen of the city. Deeply in love with her was John, son of a Spanish nobleman. Constanza, half in play, told him that if he would turn gipsy for two years she would requite his love; and he immediately took steps to comply with her conditions.

When Louis tried to tell Clara of his love, she skillfully managed to parry his proposal of marriage. To her father, Louis revealed that Fernando, the corregidor, wished to pardon and recall Alvarez from banishment. To this proposal he had sought the agreement of Louis, and Louis now requested the counsel of Pedro on the matter. Secretly, Louis thirsted for revenge on Alvarez and hoped the return of the latter would bring him within reach of Louis' sword.

Roderigo found his thoughts directed more and more to the unknown girl whom he had wronged. He decided to deceive his father and friends into thinking that he had gone to Salamanca, though he would actually remain near Madrid. Meeting the gipsies, he posed as an Italian poet and joined them as a helper with their plays and entertainments. Soon afterward, when the gipsies performed for the corregidor's court, Fernando quickly detected his son among the supposed gipsies but held his peace. The gipsies presently began to engage in fortune-telling, whereupon Louis asked that Clara be sent for so that she might be diverted by the general festivity.

On her way to the palace, Clara found herself in a mob of people attracted to the scene of a street accident. In the crowding and confusion, she fainted and was carried into a chamber of the nearby palace. When she revived, she was amazed and frightened to find herself in the same room where she had previously been taken by her kidnapper. Learning that it was Roderigo's room, she decided that it was time to reveal her secret. To Fernando, who had hastened to her side with her father and mother, she told the story of her treatment by Roderigo. Fernando was shocked and dismayed by Clara's story, but convinced of its truth when she produced the crucifix that she had previously taken from the room. When the corregidor declared that his son's life should be forfeited for the deed he had committed, Clara convinced him that a live Roderigo, rather than a dead one, could much more effectively clear her name.

The gipsies ceremoniously inducted John into their tribe, and Constanza renewed her vow to marry him if he lived the vagabond life for two years. But from the first John encountered difficulties in his new existence. The trouble started when he fell under the eye of Cardochia, a rich heiress who had been acting as the sponsor and hostess of the gipsies. Infatuated with John, she offered him herself and her possessions. When he rebuffed her attentions, she vowed revenge. To Diego, an old suitor, she falsely accused John of improper and obscene behavior toward her.

When the gipsies performed a play for Fernando's court, the corregidor insisted that Roderigo, still in his ineffectual disguise, take the role of a debased libertine. The play was interrupted by a tumult caused by a fight between John and Diego. Diego was wounded; and, after

Cardochia had aggravated John's plight by charging him with theft, Fernando angrily ordered him to prison, to be held for trial. Next, in pretended anger at finding his son among the gipsies, Fernando confronted Roderigo. When he threatened Roderigo with marriage to an atrociously ugly heiress, the young man pleaded to be allowed the alternative of paying court to a beauty whom he had glimpsed in the palace audience of the gipsies. Fernando slyly assented, knowing the lady in question to be Clara herself.

Roderigo, still unaware of Clara's real identity, courted and married her. After the ceremony Fernando told Roderigo the truth, and the young couple promised to turn their backs on the past and be true to each other. For John and Constanza, however, the path to a happy ending proved less easy. Alvarez, hearing that John was condemned to die, offered Louis an opportunity to face his father's killer in return for Louis' help in saving John. Louis eagerly accepted; but when Alvarez unmasked himself as the man sought by Louis, the latter decided that revenge was no longer important to him. John's true identity was made known; Cardochia was revealed as a liar; and gipsies and court celebrated these happy results with a lively dance.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

Type of work: Drama
Author: Thomas Kyd (1558?-1594)
Type of plot: Tragedy of revenge
Time of plot: Sixteenth century
Locale: The Spanish and Portuguese courts
First presented: c. 1586

Principal characters:

GHOST OF DON ANDREA, a murdered Spanish nobleman
BALTHAZAR, Prince of Portugal
LORENZO, a Spanish nobleman
BEL-IMPERIA, fiancée of Don Andrea before his death
HIERONIMO, a Spanish general
HORATIO, Andrea's friend and Hieronimo's son
ALEXANDRO, and
VILLUPO, Portuguese noblemen

Critique:

The Spanish Tragedy, one of the most popular English plays of the sixteenth century, marked a change from the earlier, stilted English drama. Kyd built his plot on a foundation of three conventional devices found in the Roman tragedies of Seneca. One was a ghost; the second was revenge for a murdered relative, and the third was a liberal use of bombast and soliloquy in the dialogue. To these he added queer and amazing characters with strange psychological twists: madmen, murderers, suicides. He also employed a play within the play, public hangings, and other items new to English drama As a pioneer playwright, Kyd, in this play, pointed the way to the lurid, bloodthirsty revenge plays of the Jacobean and Caroline stage. The popularity of *The Spanish Tragedy* can be partly seen in the fact that it is known to have gone through at least ten editions by 1634.

The Story:

Don Andrea, a Spanish nobleman, was killed in battle with the Portuguese. When his soul descended to the underworld, Pluto sent it with the Spirit of Revenge to learn what had happened after his death.

At the Spanish court Andrea heard that the Portuguese had been defeated in war and that Balthazar, Prince of Portugal, had been taken prisoner. Balthazar, he learned, was the man who had killed him. A quarrel had developed between Lorenzo and Horatio, each claiming the honor of capturing Balthazar.

Meanwhile, at the Portuguese court, Villupo told the viceroy that his son Balthazar was dead, having been killed by traitorous Alexandro. Alexandro was then sentenced to death.

Balthazar, while a prisoner, fell in love with Bel-Imperia, as did Horatio. Bel-Imperia, who had been the fiancee of dead Andrea, fell in love with Horatio. At this time plans were proposed for a treaty of peace between Spain and Portugal. These events were all distasteful to Andrea's Ghost. He was comforted, however, by Revenge's promise that grim fate would overtake all concerned.

Balthazar, aided by Lorenzo, planned to win the love of Bel-Imperia. Lorenzo sent a servant to spy on Bel-Imperia and to discover whom she loved. When he returned to tell his master that Bel-Imperia was in love with Horatio, Lorenzo and Balthazar plotted Horatio's death.

But the King of Spain planned to make diplomatic use of Bel-Imperia by marrying her, his niece, to Portuguese Prince Balthazar, thus cementing the friendship of the two countries. The king warned her that she must do his will.

One night, when Bel-Imperia and Horatio met in the garden, Horatio was set

upon by Balthazar and Lorenzo and hanged. After his death Bel-Imperia was taken away by Lorenzo and Balthazar. When the body was discovered, Hieronimo, Horatio's father, went mad, as did his wife. Seeing all, Andrea's Ghost became even more bitter. The Spirit of Revenge told him to be patient.

The ambassador to Spain, returning to the Portuguese court, arrived in time to prevent the death of Alexandro, for he brought word that Balthazar still lived. Villupo, who had plotted Alexandro's death in hopes of preferment, was sentenced to die.

In Spain, Hieronimo, partly recovered from his madness, plotted to avenge his son's murder. Afraid of Hieronimo, Lorenzo and Balthazar planned to murder one of their accomplices, lest he give away their secrets. They had him slain by another of their accomplices. When the murderer was arrested and sentenced to hang, they told him he would be saved with a pardon. The man went to his death in silence, or so Lorenzo and Balthazar believed. Before his execution, however, he had written a confession in which he told the true story of Horatio's death, and he had sent the document to Hieronimo.

Meanwhile Lorenzo and Balthazar had imprisoned Bel-Imperia in hopes of forcing her to marry Balthazar. She, bewildered by all that had happened, finally believed Lorenzo's statement that she would only suffer her father's and the king's anger if she failed to marry Balthazar willingly.

Balthazar and Lorenzo enlisted Hieronimo's aid in presenting an entertainment for the Spanish court and the Portuguese viceroy, who had arrived to swear fealty to the King of Spain. Hieronimo suggested that they do a play that he had written and silenced their protestations with the observation that even Nero had not considered it beneath his dignity to act in a play. The play, he told them, was to be a tragedy befitting royal actors and onlookers.

In the meantime Hieronimo's mad wife, still lamenting the death of her son, cut down the arbor where he was hanged by his assailants, and stabbed herself. Hers was the fourth death in the action watched by Andrea's Ghost and the Spirit of Revenge.

That evening the royal party gathered for the play which Hieronimo and the others were to present. When the party entered, Hieronimo insisted that they all enter a gallery, lock the door, and throw the key down to him. The king, thinking nothing amiss, agreed to do so. Thus the stage was set for Hieronimo to avenge the murder of his son.

In the play Balthazar played the Emperor Soliman, Lorenzo played a bashaw, and Bel-Imperia played a Christian girl captured and given to Soliman. While Soliman and the bashaw argued over the girl, a third character, acted by Hieronimo, entered and killed the bashaw, and the captured Christian girl killed the stage emperor. Then, stopping the applause for the fine performance, Hieronimo introduced the body of his dead son and assured the audience that the deaths they had watched were real. Then he ran to hang himself before the royal party could break out of the locked gallery.

Overtaken by courtiers before he could kill himself, he bit out his own tongue to prevent a confession. Told to confess in writing, he gestured for a knife to sharpen the pen. With that weapon he stabbed the king's brother and himself, thus bringing the number of deaths to eight.

At the end, Andrea's Ghost, which had been watching all the while, announced to the Spirit of Revenge that he was satisfied; all his enemies had received their just deserts. Revenge told him that they would return to the underworld, where Andrea could watch his enemies in their torment and consort happily with his friends.

THE SPOILERS

Type of work: Novel
Author: Rex Beach (1877-1949)
Type of plot: Adventure romance
Time of plot: The Alaska gold rush
Locale: The Yukon
First published: 1906

Principal characters:
ROY GLENISTER, the owner of the Midas gold mine
BILL DEXTRY, Glenister's partner
MR. MCNAMARA, a politician
HELEN CHESTER, the girl with whom Glenister is in love
JUDGE STILLMAN, her uncle
CHERRY MALOTTE, a notorious woman in love with Glenister
MR. STRUVE, a dishonest lawyer

Critique:

The Spoilers is a lusty book about a raw new land filled with adventurers and gamblers of all kinds. Blood and thunder leap forth from every page. The real fault of the novel is the number of coincidences. In his scenes of action the author is at his best. His descriptions and dramatic incidents, like the battle at the mines or the epic bare-handed duel between the hero and the villain, are his best work. The merit of the book lies in such, not in the loosely-planned plot or the love story.

The Story:

Trouble began for Glenister and Dextry, the owners of the Midas mine, the moment they started from Seattle back to the frozen North. First of all a young woman, Helen Chester, enlisted their aid in stowing away aboard their ship. Then Roy Glenister fell in love with her. After they were aboard Dextry told Glenister that the government was sending a court to institute law and order in the gold country and warned him that they would have to be careful lest they lose their claim to the Midas mine.

In Nome Helen delivered a packet of documents to the law firm of Struve and Dunham and then went with the two partners up to the Midas mine. There was no place else for her to go for the time being.

Two weeks later her uncle, Judge Stillman, arrived in Nome with a politician named McNamara. Stillman had been appointed the first Federal judge in Nome, Alaska. Trouble soon brewed for the owners of the mines on Anvil Creek, including Glenister and Dextry. Their claims were relocated and possession of the mines was given to McNamara as a receiver appointed by the court until the claims could legally be cleared. Convinced that the receivership was dishonest, Glenister and Dextry robbed their mine of ten thousand dollars in gold with which to send their attorney to San Francisco. By the time the attorney had made the trip and returned, all the mine owners on Anvil Creek realized that there was collusion between Judge Stillman and McNamara. When the attorney tried to serve an injunction which would force the judge to return the mines to the owners, Stillman refused to recognize the writ from the San Francisco court. Glenister and Dextry immediately smuggled their attorney aboard a ship bound for San Francisco, with a request that United States marshals be sent to Nome to serve the writ and arrest Stillman for contempt of court.

Meanwhile Glenister and Dextry spied on McNamara and discovered the part

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Helen Chester had played in bringing in the documents which had made possible the theft of the mines by McNamara. Cherry Malotte also told Glenister that Helen had informed McNamara of the money Glenister and Dextry had at their camp. The last straw for Glenister was the announcement that McNamara and Helen were to be married.

Deciding to repossess their mines by violence, the owners on Anvil Creek formed a vigilante committee with the intention of lynching McNamara and tarring and feathering the judge.

After spreading the word that troops were going to guard the mines, McNamara laid a trap for the vigilantes at his office in Nome. He thought that the mine owners, not daring to attack the troops, would attack his own office. To his surprise, the owners attacked the mines and seized them after a short, sharp battle. They discovered that the defending force had been only a few guards posted by McNamara.

In the meantime Helen Chester had gone to Struve to discover what she could about the dealings of her uncle and McNamara. At a deserted hotel outside Nome he tried to bargain with the girl for the documents he had, papers which would incriminate himself, the judge, and McNamara of collusion to rob the mines. After Helen had read the papers, he tried to attack her. As he was about to overpower her, a gambler—Helen's long-lost brother—appeared on the scene and shot Struve. Helen and her rescuer set out through a terrific storm to return to Nome and turn over the incriminating documents to Glenister and other mine owners.

A few hours after they had left, Glenister himself came to the hotel and discovered the wounded man. Struve told Glenister that Helen had left the hotel with a cheap gambler. Furious, Glenister rode back to Nome. He resolved to hunt down McNamara and the gambler and to kill them both.

When Glenister arrived in Nome early the following morning, he found McNamara alone in his office. Glenister laid aside his coat and gun to fight the man hand-to-hand. In their struggle they demolished the office. A crowd gathered to watch them. Feeling himself slipping, McNamara tried to reach for a pistol. As he did so, Glenister seized him in a hammerlock and slowly broke his arm. At that moment Judge Stillman arrived at the office with several soldiers and put Glenister under arrest.

As he was being led away to jail, a ship sailed into the harbor. Shortly afterward Glenister's attorney came ashore with several United States marshals and the court orders from San Francisco. With Stillman's power broken, Glenister was quickly released. When he returned to his cabin to rest, Dextry told him that his fight with McNamara was the talk of the town, for no one had ever seen a combat like it in all the rugged North country. Glenister, too tired to care, stumbled into his bunk and fell asleep.

He was finally awakened when Helen and her gambler brother entered his cabin. Helen told Glenister of the gambler's real identity and tried to prove to him that she had not willingly been a partner in the plot to rob the mine owners of Anvil Creek. What she told him convinced Glenister that she was telling the truth. She also told him that she had seen his fight with McNamara, that she could never marry a man who was more of a brute animal than a civilized human being.

The next day all was again peaceful in Nome. Glenister planned to return to his mine and resume operations there. While he was preparing to leave, Dextry walked into his cabin. Dextry told him that he was going to sell his share of the Midas mine and leave Nome. His excuse was that law and order had finally come to Alaska, so that the country was growing too civilized for an old frontiersman like himself.

After Dextry left, Glenister wandered down toward the beach, too downhearted to finish his preparations for going to the mine. Helen Chester saw him on the

beach. Calling him to her, she told him that she finally understood why he could be as brutal as he was, for her own battle with Struve had shown her how thin the veneer of civilization was in the far North, where life had to be fought for against both men and the elements. Glenister pretended not to understand what she meant, and asked her when she was leaving. Her reply to him was that she did not intend to leave, unless he sent her away.

THE SPOILS OF POYNTON

Type of work: Novel
Author: Henry James (1843-1916)
Type of plot: Social morality
Time of plot: Late nineteenth century
Locale: England
First published: 1897

Principal characters:
MRS. GERETH, mistress of Poynton
FLEDA VETCH, her companion
OWEN GERETH, her son
MONA BRIGSTOCK, Owen's fiancée

Critique:

This novel, written in the middle period of Henry James's career, shows the detailed character analysis, careful development, and acute insight into human affairs for which he has become famous. Here we have a kind of tragedy, but not one in the classical sense. This novel is tragic first because many beautiful things are unavoidably given up to one who has no appreciation of them, and secondly because these same objects are completely destroyed in a freak accident. The human emotions involved are seen to be somewhat mean in spite of the grandeur of the objects with which they are connected; and throughout the novel we have James's astute comments on, and impressions of, the society in which the action takes place.

The Story:

While visiting one weekend at Waterbath, the country house of the Brigstock family, Mrs. Gereth met and was immediately drawn to a young woman named Fleda Vetch. The basis of the attraction was a mutual sensitiveness to beautiful things; each guessed that the other possessed such a feeling when they met one morning while obviously trying to escape the house and the rest of the party. Their aversion was caused not by the fact that Waterbath was exceptionally ugly, but rather because it was so very ordinary while pretending to be lovely. The house and the garden might have been quite attractive, and should have been so, but the Brigstocks, people without even a hint of feeling or taste, had had everything done over to fit the very latest fashion. It was this air of fashionable conformity that Fleda and Mrs. Gereth objected to. They recognized what the estate would have been naturally, and they could only be repulsed by what it had become.

Mrs. Gereth's horror of Waterbath was particularly acute because of the comparison she inevitably made between it and her own home at Poynton. Everything at Poynton was exquisite. She and her late husband had gradually furnished it after years of scraping and saving so that they might have the best. Every article in the house had been carefully chosen during their travels in various parts of the world, and she rightly considered it the most beautiful place in England. Unfortunately, the estate had been left to her son Owen, and she knew that she would have to give it up, along with her beloved treasures, when he married. Her secret dread was that he would marry a woman with as little a sense of the beautiful as he himself had. She therefore spent much of her time at Waterbath trying to turn his attention from Mona Brigstock, who personified everything she dreaded, to Fleda Vetch, the one person of her acquaintance who would appreciate and preserve Poynton as it was.

When Mrs. Gereth, with somewhat ulterior motives, invited Fleda to come to Poynton as a friend and permanent companion, Fleda, who had no real home

of her own, readily accepted. To the chagrin of both women, Owen soon wrote that he was planning to marry Mona and that he was bringing her down within a week to see the estate. Mona, of course, approved. Although she failed to appreciate its beauty and immediately began planning certain changes, she did realize that every article in the house had some value, and she insisted that Mrs. Gereth leave all but her personal belongings as they were. Mrs. Gereth was to be given the smaller, but still charming, estate called Ricks.

At first Mrs. Gereth refused to be moved, but she finally agreed to make the change when it was decided that she could take a few of her prized objects with her. Owen, who was very much disturbed at being pushed by Mona to the point of having a serious conflict with his mother, had solicited Fleda's aid in getting his mother to make the move quickly. This request only complicated matters, however, for Fleda soon fell in love with Owen and could not really be effective as an agent for both parties in the controversy. She encouraged Mrs. Gereth to move quickly and quietly, leaving Poynton essentially as it was; but, because of her feelings toward both her friend and the estate, she also encouraged Owen to give his mother more time.

During these negotiations it became necessary for Fleda to go to London to see her father. While she was gone Mrs. Gereth left Poynton. Her moving was quick and quiet. When Fleda rejoined her at Ricks, she found that the woman had moved virtually all of the furnishings from Poynton. Needless to say, Owen and Mona were less than pleased. In fact, Mona postponed the wedding; she refused to marry Owen until Poynton again held its rightful belongings. Again Mrs. Gereth was stubborn, and more negotiations ensued, with both sides once more depending on Fleda for aid.

This time it was Owen's turn to fall in love. His strained relations with Mona, which caused a rather close relationship with Fleda, left him emotionally unstable. He had also lately come to realize how much Poynton, as he had always known it, meant to him and to appreciate anyone who understood its beauty and value as Fleda did. He knew that his life would have been much more satisfactory at this time if he were about to marry Fleda instead of Mona. Mrs. Gereth, who had always been willing to give up Poynton to anyone who could love it as she did, would gladly send back everything for Fleda. A realization of this fact finally caused Owen to declare his love for Fleda and to ask her to marry him.

Fleda, although she acknowledged her own feelings, would make no move until Owen had completely broken with Mona Brigstock, and it was to this end that she sent him away. When Mrs. Gereth heard of these developments she thought that the situation had finally worked out to her liking, and she immediately sent everything back to Poynton. This act proved a mistake, however, for as soon as Mona heard that the furnishings had been returned she immediately became her former charming self and again captivated Owen. Unfortunately, because of his honor as a gentleman, Owen could not break the engagement unless the lady demonstrated that she wished to do so; Mona Brigstock now made it clear that she did not wish to end the engagement. She quickly married him and moved at once to Poynton in order to acknowledge and secure her possession of the house and its contents. Soon the couple began an extended tour of the Continent.

Fleda and Mrs. Gereth again took up residence at Ricks and succeeded in making quite a charming place out of it, in spite of having little to work with and of having to do it with broken hearts. Sometime later Fleda received a letter from Owen asking her to go to Poynton and take whatever object she most prized, and because of her love both for Owen and the estate, she resolved to do so. When she arrived at the station, still more than a mile from Poynton, she saw great billows of smoke rising from that direction. It was a porter who told her

that everything was lost. In a fire which was probably caused by a faulty lamp and aided tremendously by a strong wind, Poynton and all its beautiful furnishings were destroyed.

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY

Type of work: Poetry
Author: Edgar Lee Masters (1869-1950)
First published: 1915

Like Edward FitzGerald and a few other poets, Edgar Lee Masters is that rarity among men of letters: he established his reputation on the basis of one work, *Spoon River Anthology*. Masters was a prolific writer, producing many volumes of verse, several plays, an autobiography, several biographies, essays, novels, and an attempt to recapture his great success in a sequel, *The New Spoon River;* but except for a handful of individual poems from the other volumes, he will be remembered as the re-creator of a small Middle Western town which he calls Spoon River, but which was probably Lewiston, Illinois, where he studied law in his father's office and practiced for a year before moving on to Chicago.

In form and style *Spoon River Anthology* is not a work that sprang wholly out of Masters' imagination; it is modeled on *The Greek Anthology* and the style of the character sketches owes a considerable debt to Browning. But Masters has written his book with such an effortless brilliance and freshness that some forty-five years after its first publication it still retains a kind of startling inevitability, as if this were the best and only way to present people in poetry. From their graveyard on the hill Masters lets more than two hundred of the dead citizens of Spoon River tell the truth about themselves, each person writing what might be his or her own epitaph. The secrets they reveal are shocking—stories of intrigue, corruption, frustration, adultery. Because of its unrelenting frankness, *Spoon River Anthology* provoked howls of protest from disturbed readers who felt that it presented too sordid a picture of American small-town life. Distorted or not, Masters' approach to his subject undoubtedly helped open the way for dozens of novels whose authors seem to use grappling hooks to break that placid surface of life and dredge up secrets from the murk below.

Masters' book, however, is not a novel in verse, and while many of the poems are interrelated and a certain amount of suspense is created by having one character mention a person or incident to be further developed in a later epitaph, the anthology is not centered around a unifying theme. About the closest approach to such a theme is the tragic failure of the town's bank, chiefly attributed to Thomas Rhodes, its president, and his son Ralph, who confesses from the grave:

> All they said was true:
> I wrecked my father's bank with my loans
> To dabble in wheat; but this was true—
> I was buying wheat for him as well,
> Who couldn't margin the deal in his name
> Because of his church relationship.

Many people suffered from the bank's collapse, including the cashier, George Reece, who had the blame placed on him and served a term in prison; but a far more corroding effect was the cynicism generated in the citizens when they found that their leaders, the "stalwarts," were weak and culpable.

Masters has pictured many vivid characters in *Spoon River Anthology*. They range all the way from Daisy Fraser, the town harlot who

> Never was taken before Justice Arnett
> Without contributing ten dollars and costs
> To the school fund of Spoon River!

to Lucinda Matlock, who

> Rambled over the fields where sang the larks,

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY by Edgar Lee Masters. Excerpts reprinted by permission of Ellen C. Masters. Published by The Macmillan Co. Copyright, 1914, 1915, by William Marion Reedy. Copyright, 1915, by The Macmillan Co. Renewed. All rights reserved.

And by Spoon River gathering many a shell,
And many a flower and medicinal weed—.
Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to the green valleys.
At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.

Others are the town physicians, Doc Hill and Doc Myers, both of whose lives are scarred; Petit, the Poet, whose "faint iambics" rattled on "while Homer and Whitman roared in the pines"; Ann Rutledge, from whose dead bosom the Republic blooms forever; Russian Sonia, a dancer who met old Patrick Hummer, of Spoon River, and went back with him to the town, where the couple lived twenty years in unmarried content; and Chase Henry, the town drunkard, a Catholic who was denied burial in consecrated ground but who won some measure of honor when the Protestants acquired the land where he was buried and interred banker Nicholas and wife beside the old reprobate.

Spoon River Anthology is weighted so heavily on the sordid side—abortions, suicides, adulteries—that the more cheerful and "normal" epitaphs come almost as a relief. Lucinda Matlock and Ann Rutledge fit this category; others are Hare Drummer, who delights in the memory of a happy childhood; Conrad Siever, content in his grave under an apple tree he planted, pruned, and tended; and Fiddler Jones, who never could stick to farming and who ended up with "a broken laugh, and a thousand memories,/And not a single regret."

One especially effective device that Masters makes use of in his collection is the pairing of poems so that the reader gets a startling jolt of irony. Thus when Elsa Wertman, a peasant girl from Germany, confesses that her employer, Thomas Greene, fathered her child and then raised it as his and Mrs. Greene's, we find in the next poem that Hamilton, the son, attributes his great success as a politician to the "honorable blood" he inherited from Mr. and Mrs. Greene. There is also Roscoe Purkapile, who ran away from his wife for a year, telling her when he came back that he had been captured by pirates while he was rowing a boat on Lake Michigan. After he told her the story

She cried and kissed me, and said it was cruel,
Outrageous, inhuman!

However, when Mrs. Purkapile has her say in the next poem, she makes it known that she was not taken in by his cock-and-bull story, that she knew he was trysting in the city with Mrs. Williams, the milliner, and that she refused to be drawn into a divorce by a husband "who had merely grown tired of his marital vow and duty."

Masters displays an amazing variety of effects in these short poems. His use of free verse undoubtedly helps to achieve this variety, for a stricter form or forms might make the poems seem too pat, too artificial. Sometimes Masters lets his character's only remembrance of life be a simple, vivid description, as when Bert Kessler tells how he met his death. Out hunting one day, Bert killed a quail and when he reached down by a stump to pick it up he felt something sting his hand, like the prick of a brier:

And then, in a second, I spied the rattler—
The shutters wide in his yellow eyes,
The head of him arched, sunk back in the rings of him,
A circle of filth, the color of ashes,
Or oak leaves bleached under layers of leaves.
I stood like a stone as he shrank and uncoiled
And started to crawl beneath the stump,
When I fell limp in the grass.

Bert tells of his death without comment, but when Harry Williams describes how he was deluded into joining the army to fight in the Spanish-American War, in which he was killed, the poem is full of bitterness, horror, and brutal irony.

To say that every poem in this volume

is successful would be as foolish as to contend that each entry in Shakespeare's sonnet sequence is a masterpiece. Masters frequently strains for an effect; for instance, "Sexsmith the Dentist" seems to have been created so that Sexsmith may remark, at the end, that what we consider truth may be a hollow tooth "which must be propped with gold"; and Mrs. Kessler, a washerwoman, was probably included so that she might observe that the face of a dead person always looked to her "like something washed and ironed." And there are other poems in which the characters just do not come alive. One suspects that the poet wrote a number of philosophical lyrics, some of them marred by clichés and cloying rhetoric, and then titled them with names selected at random.

In the main, however, Masters has done a remarkable job in *Spoon River Anthology*. Anyone living in a small town will recognize in these poems the people he sees every day; and, though he may not like to admit it, when these people die they may carry to the grave secrets as startling and embarrassing as those revealed by the dead of Spoon River.

THE SPY

Type of work: Novel
Author: James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851)
Type of plot: Historical romance
Time of plot: 1780; 1812
Locale: New York State
First published: 1821

Principal characters:
HARVEY BIRCH, a peddler
MR. HARPER, General George Washington
MR. WHARTON, a Loyalist sympathizer
FRANCES, his daughter
SARAH, another daughter
HENRY, his son
MAJOR PEYTON DUNWOODIE, an American officer
CAPTAIN LAWTON, another American officer
COLONEL WELLMERE, a British officer

Critique:

Judged by modern standards, *The Spy: A Tale of the Neutral Ground* is still a satisfactory historical novel. As Cooper remarked in the introduction to his novel, however, his purpose in *The Spy* is frankly patriotic. If the reader bears this fact in mind, he can understand that Peyton Dunwoodie is supposed to represent the ideal American soldier and officer; Frances Wharton, the ideal of American womanhood; and Washington, of course, the ideal father of his country, combining Roman strength and vigor with American humanity and humility. This understanding will help the reader to appreciate Cooper's point of view. The great historical novelist of the early nineteenth century was an intensely nationalistic individual who, conscious of the past achievements and potentialities of his country, looked forward eagerly to the development of a great nation.

The Story:

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, Harvey Birch, a peddler, became a spy against the British. Because of the extremely secret nature of Birch's work, few Americans were aware of his true mission. As a matter of fact, they suspected that he was a British spy, and they denounced him as a bold and shameless Tory.

At the time, Westchester County in New York was considered common ground for both the rebels and the Loyalists, and the inhabitants of the county affected a neutrality they did not feel. This was the case of Mr. Wharton, a British sympathizer, who at the outbreak of hostilities had retired to his country estate with his two daughters, Sarah and Frances, and their aunt, Miss Jeanette Peyton.

One evening as a storm was approaching a horseman rode up to the Wharton house, The Locusts. He was a tall man of powerful frame, military in his bearing but plain and sober in his dress. After being let into the house by the Whartons' Negro servant, Caesar Thompson, the traveler introduced himself as Mr. Harper and asked for shelter from the storm. Mr. Wharton courteously granted the traveler's request, and the two men were soon engaged in conversation concerning the progress of the war. Mr. Wharton expressed his views cautiously in order to determine Mr. Harper's sentiments, but the stranger remained tight-lipped and uncommunicative in his replies.

The conversation between the two men was interrupted by the arrival of Henry Wharton, Mr. Wharton's son and a captain in the British army. The young man wore a disguise because he had been

compelled to cross the American lines in order to visit his home. He was disconcerted when Mr. Harper recognized him, despite the disguise.

Later Harvey Birch, the peddler believed by all in the neighborhood to be a royalist spy, came to the Wharton home, bringing with him laces for the ladies, tobacco for Mr. Wharton, and news of the war — news which included a report of the hanging of Major André. During Birch's visit, Caesar, the colored servant, remarked to his master that he had heard voices in Mr. Harper's room. There seemed to be no reason why the traveler and the peddler should have matters to talk over in private.

With the return of fair weather, Mr. Harper said goodbye to his host. Before he departed he promised to help Henry Wharton, if the latter ever needed help, in return for Mr. Wharton's hospitality. Shortly after Mr. Harper left, the Wharton home was surrounded by a troop of Virginia cavalry looking for a man answering Mr. Harper's description. When the American soldiers entered Mr. Wharton's house, they discovered Henry, whose disguise was so hastily assumed that Captain Lawton, in command of the troop, was able to discover the deception. The captain was certain that Henry was a spy because he knew that Birch, whom he believed a British spy, had recently been visiting the Whartons.

Not certain what course he should follow with Henry, Captain Lawton consulted his superior, Major Peyton Dunwoodie, who was interested not only in Henry Wharton but also in Henry's sister, Frances. She pleaded with her lover for Henry's release, but when Henry was found to have a pass signed by General Washington, Major Dunwoodie thought that the case warranted Henry's arrest.

Further investigation by Major Dunwoodie into the matter was halted by a report that British troops were in the neighborhood. The major rushed to his command, leaving Henry guarded by two soldiers.

In the confusion Henry escaped. He reported to his superior, Colonel Wellmere, leader of the advancing British troops, who professed to be in love with Sarah Wharton. When Henry advised the colonel to be wary of Major Dunwoodie and his Americans, Wellmere scorned the advice and determined to force a fight with the rebels. In the brief engagement which followed the British were routed and Captain Lawton succeeded in recapturing Henry, who was returned under guard to his father's home. Colonel Wellmere, also taken prisoner, was slightly wounded in the action. Chagrined by his defeat and capture, he gave the impression that his injuries were mortal, much to the distress of Sarah Wharton.

Birch was watching Major Dunwoodie's success from a distant hill when he was sighted by Captain Lawton, who determined to capture the spying peddler dead or alive. In the pursuit, Captain Lawton overtook Birch, but he fell from his horse and found himself at the peddler's mercy. Birch, however, spared Captain Lawton's life, and for that act of magnanimity the captain would not allow his men to overtake the peddler.

A price was put on Birch's head. One night his house was ransacked and burned by a band of lawless men called Skinners, who surprised the peddler and his dying father. They then delivered Birch to Captain Lawton and claimed their reward. Major Dunwoodie, who was also present when the peddler was brought in, accused him of treason. Although Birch possessed a paper which would have cleared him of the charge, he swallowed it rather than betray the confidence of his secret employer. Captain Lawton paid the Skinners in gold for their captive, but he also ordered them whipped for burning, robbing, and murdering.

Birch was put in jail, but that night he escaped in the guise of a washerwoman who visited his cell. The next morning, on the outskirts of the American camp, he confronted Major Dunwoodie again. With a gun pointed at the officer, to prevent recapture, the peddler warned

him to be on guard against danger to the Whartons. Major Dunwoodie was alarmed by the thought of danger threatening Frances Wharton. He was also much disturbed because he felt that he could never win Frances if her brother were executed as a spy. Major Dunwoodie's troubles were magnified when, after assuring Frances that he would try to get General Washington's help for her brother, she turned from him coldly because she believed that he was in love with Isabella Singleton, the sister of an American officer who was recuperating at The Locusts from injuries sustained in the battle.

Meanwhile Sarah Wharton had accepted Colonel Wellmere's proposal of marriage, and a date for the wedding had been set, the night when there was to be an exchange of prisoners at the Wharton house. Major Dunwoodie and Captain Lawton were among the guests during the truce arranged for the exchange and the wedding. The ceremony was suddenly interrupted, however, by the appearance of Birch, who told the colonel that the Englishman's wife had crossed the ocean to meet him. Sarah fainted. Captain Lawton challenged Colonel Wellmere to a duel. The Englishman missed his mark, but Captain Lawton was prevented from killing his adversary when the Skinners leaped upon him and overpowered him. Colonel Wellmere fled the scene, and Captain Lawton was able to escape his enemies only after a fierce struggle.

The Skinners then proceeded to burn Mr. Wharton's house. Captain Lawton returned to the scene with troops he had met on the road, and after routing the Skinners he rescued Frances from the blazing house. Birch rescued Sarah and again Captain Lawton permitted the peddler to escape. A bullet fired at Captain Lawton from the darkness, apparently by the Skinners, struck Isabella Singleton and wounded her mortally. On her deathbed she confessed to Frances her love for Major Dunwoodie but said that he thought of her only as a friend.

At his trial Henry Wharton admitted that he had used a disguise in order to pass through the American lines, but he insisted that his reason for doing so had been for the one purpose of visiting his family, especially his aged father. Major Dunwoodie himself vouched for Henry's character. Frances, however, ruined her brother's chances for acquittal when she confessed that Henry had had dealings with Birch, who, she told the court, had given her brother his disguise. Henry's fate seemed certain. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on the following day.

Major Dunwoodie declared that he would go to General Washington to make an appeal for the life of his friend. His attempt was unsuccessful, however, for the commander-in-chief was not at his headquarters.

Soon afterward a tall, gaunt man in clerical dress appeared and announced himself as a minister from a nearby village, come to offer spiritual comfort to the condemned man. Admitted to Henry's cell, he revealed himself as Harvey Birch. He helped Henry to disguise himself as Caesar Thompson, the faithful black servant of the Whartons, and led the young officer past the unsuspecting sentinel with the remark that the black servant was being sent on an errand for his master.

Frances, hearing of the escape, thought that her brother and the peddler would probably hide in a cabin not far away. Stealing away from the American lines, she set out to join them. But to her surprise, she found the cabin occupied by Mr. Harper, who was poring over an outspread map. Recalling his promise to help her brother, she told him the whole story. He reassured her that all would be well and told her to return to headquarters to await Major Dunwoodie.

Orders from General Washington arrived in time to relieve Major Dunwoodie of the necessity of tracking down Henry, who was thus allowed to escape. Several days later Birch saw him safely aboard a British man-of-war in New York

harbor.

Frances and Major Dunwoodie decided to be married immediately. Within a short time, however, their bliss was tempered by the news that Captain Lawton had fallen in battle with the British.

Some time later Birch appeared at the headquarters of the American army in a New Jersey town. There he had a long interview with a grave and noble man whom the Whartons would have recognized as Mr. Harper. The peddler called him General Washington. During their talk the general attempted to reward his faithful spy by giving him money. The peddler refused to accept payment for his services to his country, but he did welcome a letter of approbation from his commander-in-chief. It was agreed that the peddler's real mission as an American spy should remain a secret which only they would share.

Thirty-two years later, in the War of 1812, a gaunt old peddler appeared on the Canadian border and carried word of British troop movements to the American lines. There he met Captain Wharton Dunwoodie, the son of Major Peyton Dunwoodie and his wife Frances. To him the peddler acknowledged his earlier acquaintanceship with the young officer's parents.

A few days later, during a battle, the old peddler threw away his pack and with a musket seized from a fallen soldier rushed into the fight. After the battle Captain Dunwoodie found the old man's body and on his person a letter, signed by George Washington, which revealed Harvey Birch, not as a despicable spy but as a loyal, heroic, and long-suffering patriot.

THE STAR OF SEVILLE

Type of work: Drama
Author: Unknown, but sometimes attributed to Lope de Vega (1562-1635)
Type of plot: Cape-and-sword tragedy
Time of plot: Thirteenth century
Locale: Seville
First presented: c. 1617

Principal characters:
KING SANCHO THE BRAVE
ESTRELLA TABERA, The Star of Seville
DON BUSTOS TABERA, her brother
DON ARIAS, the king's confidant
DON PEDRO DE GUZMÁN, and
DON FARFÁN DE RIVIERA, alcaldes of Seville
DON SANCHO ORTIZ, a nobleman of Seville
CLARINDO, Don Sancho's servant

Critique:

With the reasoning that *The Star of Seville* is an excellent play and that Lope de Vega was an excellent playwright, people have believed for centuries that he wrote it; but scholars have recently taken a closer look at the two extant versions and have begun to doubt his authorship. Needing clarification is the fact that the author's name, in the final quatrain of one version, is given as "Cardenio," an emendation that corrected a line imperfect when "Lope" was put there. Technically, too, the play is unlike dramas that Lope is known to have written. It is noticeably lacking in humor, and the lagging of interest in the last act is unworthy of a master of plot construction. Experts, on the lookout for another possible author, have suggested that the drama represents the reworking of a play, possibly by Lope, by a less skilled hand. One nomination is the obscure Córdoba dramatist, Pedro de Cárdenas y Angulo, who is known to have used "Cardenio" as his pen name, but no play by him exists for comparison. Another candidate is the actor-manager, Andrés de Claramonte, known to have been in Seville in 1622, who may have rewritten an earlier play. A number of his plays exist, signed "Clarindo" and containing some excellent scenes but careless poetry. In *The Star of Seville,* a character named Clarindo recites the final appeal to the audience. But whoever the author may have been, he produced, in spite of certain shortcomings, a masterpiece of the Golden Age.

The Story:

Sancho IV, King of Castile, was delighted with his welcome to Seville, and he was especially charmed by a black-haired beauty seen on a balcony. The alcaldes of the city identified her as Estrella Tabera, the Star of Seville. King Sancho whispered orders to his confidant, Arias, telling him to arrange for the monarch to visit her the next evening. He also sent for her brother, Don Bustos Tabera, in the hope of winning his agreement to the royal suit.

When he offered Don Bustos Tabera the command of the military post at Archidona, already sought by two veteran soldiers, the nobleman amazed the king by refusing the honor and by accepting with obvious reluctance other friendly gestures; his excuse was that he did not deserve them.

At home, Don Bustos found his sister and Don Sancho Ortiz planning their marriage. Before long the disguised king appeared, but Don Bustos, pleading a house in disorder and foreseeing the possibility of a scandal, did not invite him in. However, Arias did succeed in entering the house. When he revealed his errand, Estrella indignantly refused his request that she be kind to the king. He had bet-

ter luck when he tried to bribe Matilde, the maid, who promised to admit the king to the house after dark.

That night, after the king had been admitted, Don Bustos returned home unexpectedly and found the monarch there. Pretending not to believe that the intruder was the king, since a noble and just ruler would not stoop to dishonor, Don Bustos insulted him as a masquerader. The angry king, with no legal way to get his revenge for the insults he had endured, sent for Don Sancho Ortiz and offered to arrange the young nobleman's marriage to anyone he should choose, in return for ridding the king of an enemy. Don Sancho was given a paper on which was written the name of the man he was supposed to kill.

In the meantime Don Bustos, having forced Matilde to confess her treachery, hanged her from the king's balcony. Then he instructed Estrella to arrange for her marriage to Don Sancho at once, and the girl sent her lover a message informing him of the plan and asking him to come to her. The two notes posed for Don Sancho a conflict between duty and inclination. He loved Estrella, but he had sworn to serve the king faithfully; and so, when he met Don Bustos, he picked a quarrel with his sweetheart's brother and killed him in a duel. Afterward he stubbornly refused to give any explanation of his deed and was taken, under arrest, to the Triana prison.

Estrella, awaiting the arrival of Don Sancho, received instead the body of her dead brother. When she learned the name of his murderer, she decided to go at once to the king to demand vengeance. Before her arrival at the palace, the king had already been assured that Don Sancho was loyally keeping silent about the king's part in the death of the don. Since justice would be expected, however, the king was forced to order the beheading of Don Sancho. To Arias he marveled at the honor and dignity of the citizens of Seville.

When Estrella appeared, the king delegated to her the power to pass sentence on the murderer of her brother and sent her, with his ring, to the Triana prison. Alone, he soliloquized on the tragic results of his unbridled passion. Meanwhile, in the prison, loyal Clarindo was trying to amuse Don Sancho, who seemed to be out of his mind. The alcaldes could not understand his ravings or his refusal to explain his crime. He kept telling them that he had acted as a king, and that it was the duty of someone else to confess. As they were about to order his execution, Estrella appeared, veiled. By now her love had conquered her anger, and she ordered the release of the prisoner.

At the palace, Arias kept insisting that Don Sancho deserved to be saved. On the other hand, if the king were to confess, his action might cost him his throne. At last he sent Arias to smooth things over, and in private he urged each alcalde to spare Don Sancho's life. But they considered a pardon incompatible with their concepts of honor and royal dignity, and in spite of both Estrella and the king they ordered Don Sancho's execution.

With such examples of honor confronting him, the king was moved by his own conscience to confess that he had instigated the assassination. Since a king could do no wrong, he was unpunished, and Don Sancho was set free. However, both he and Estrella refused to obey the king's order that they marry. The blood of Estrella's slain brother separated them forever.

STATE FAIR

Type of work: Novel
Author: Phil Stong (1899-1957)
Type of plot: Regional romance
Time of plot: Early 1930's
Locale: Iowa
First published: 1932

Principal characters:
ABEL FRAKE, a prosperous farmer
MELISSA FRAKE, his wife
WAYNE, his son
MARGY, his daughter
ELEANOR, Wayne's friend
HARRY WARE, Margy's friend
EMILY, a girl Wayne met at the fair
PAT GILBERT, a newspaperman
THE STOREKEEPER, a local philosopher
BLUE BOY, a prize boar

Critique:

In *State Fair* Phil Stong has accurately and sympathetically shown us the reactions of a typical Midwestern family to that most important event of the year, the state fair. The members of the Frake family might be any of our neighbors, and the storekeeper the cracker-barrel sage at whom all small towns smile indulgently. *State Fair* has no lesson to teach or moral to point up. It is interesting in characterization and entertaining in story and therefore achieves the purpose for which it was written.

The Story:

Abel Frake knew that this year Blue Boy would be judged the finest boar at the state fair. As he discussed his hog with the men loafing in the store one Saturday night, he found the storekeeper as pessimistic as usual.

The storekeeper believed that something intangible was always working to see that things did not go too well for most people. What it was he could not exactly say, but he was willing to bet Abel five dollars that it would either keep him from winning the blue ribbon or let him win because some other catastrophe would occur later. Abel, accustomed to the storekeeper's gloom, went home with his confidence in Blue Boy unshaken.

As Abel and his wife Melissa made plans for the next day's start for the fair, their son and daughter were not so carefree. Wayne was with Eleanor, home from her first year in college. But she was changed. Before she went away she had always been his girl; now she did not want to be committed to any promises for the future. Wayne drove home in gloomy silence. When he pulled into the farmyard, he found his sister Margy and Harry Ware sitting in his convertible. Harry was begging Margy to marry him as soon as she came home from the fair. But Margy, like Eleanor, did not know whether it was Harry she wanted.

Sunday was spent in making last-minute preparations for their departure. Melissa checked the jars of pickles she intended to exhibit at the fair. Abel could do nothing except groom Blue Boy.

That evening they started out in the farm truck. The pickles and Blue Boy were given most consideration in the packing, for they were to win honors for the family. Abel drove all night and reached the fairgrounds in Des Moines on Monday morning. Blue Boy was

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taken at once to the stock pavilion, and the family set up their tent in an area reserved for fair visitors.

As soon as Wayne could get away, he went to the fairgrounds to look for a barker who had cheated him the year before. During the past year Wayne had practiced throwing hoops, and he almost cleaned out the barker before he stopped throwing. When the barker threatened to call the police, a girl who had been watching called his bluff and walked away with Wayne. Her name was Emily; she was the daughter of a stock-show manager. She and Wayne visited other booths together. In the afternoon they went to the horse races and Emily won some money for them to spend.

While Wayne was busy with Emily, Margy strolled around the fairgrounds and looked at the exhibits. That night she and Wayne planned to visit the midway, but they became separated and Margy went on alone. On the roller coaster she met Pat Gilbert, a reporter for a Des Moines paper. Margy found that she could talk easily with Pat.

On Wednesday Melissa's pickles won three blue ribbons. A photographer who was with Pat took pictures of Melissa and Margy. Neither Wayne nor Margy had told their family about their new friends, and Margy had to pretend that she did not see Pat at the exhibit. As soon as she could get away, she and Pat went again to the roller coaster. As they walked back to the tent grounds that night, they stopped in a grassy spot that was hidden from the walks and paths. Pat took Margy in his arms and kissed her, and she gave herself to him willingly.

On Thursday the most important event was the judging of the hogs. Although Abel was nervous and at times had doubts of his victory, he was not really much surprised when Blue Boy had the blue ribbon pinned on his stall. The judges declared him the finest boar they had ever seen, and from then on the fair was over for Abel. In fact, the judging over, he and Melissa had little interest in the remainder of the week.

That evening Wayne and Emily went to a stage show in the city, and Wayne thought it the most wonderful show he had ever seen. Afterward Emily took Wayne to her hotel room and gave him a drink of whiskey. He had never tasted liquor before; it gave him a wonderful, warm feeling inside. Emily went into another room to change from her evening gown. Wayne was not surprised when she returned wearing only a thin kimona. He had known what to expect when he had gone to the hotel with her.

On Friday evening Pat asked Margy to marry him right away. He loved her and wanted to keep her with him. But she knew that a marriage between them would never work out. Pat was restless and wanted to see the world. He thought now that he would gladly settle down in Des Moines for the rest of his life if he could have Margy with him, but she knew that he would grow restless again and be unhappy with her. When she told him goodbye, she knew she would not see him again.

That same night Wayne told Emily that he loved her and asked her to marry him and go back to the farm with him. Emily also refused. She, like Pat, could never stand quiet life on the farm. She was not a wild girl, but she still wanted to enjoy the pleasures of youth.

The next morning the family packed their truck and went back home. On Sunday Eleanor and Harry came to dinner as though nothing had happened that made this Sunday different from any other. The storekeeper drove out and paid his five dollars to Abel, conceding that nothing would happen in the next two months to make him win the bet. But as he looked at Wayne and Margy, he smiled, as if he saw that something had already happened.

STEPPENWOLF

Type of work: Novel
Author: Hermann Hesse (1877-1962)
Type of plot: Psychological romance
Time of plot: The 1920's
Locale: Germany
First published: 1927

Principal characters:
HARRY HALLER, the steppenwolf
HERMINE, a friend
PABLO, a saxophonist
MARIA, a demi-mondaine

Critique:

Steppenwolf is an important work by an important German novelist and poet who won the Nobel prize in 1946. This novel is an unusual combination of smooth, compelling narrative and deep insight into the conflict between nature and spirit. In a way, this conflict is an allegory of Germany, buffeted and anchorless, after her defeat in 1918. In Haller, Hesse has given us an understanding of the German renascence which was aborted into Nazism. In a larger way the conflict is that of the roaring twenties when the lost generation sought a path out of the maze. The solution is as inevitable as it is unappealing.

The Story:

The aunt, who kept a spotless bourgeois house, was attracted to Harry Haller, the new lodger who had rented her attic. Her nephew, however, was suspicious of Haller. His suspicions were first aroused when the lodger asked them not to report his domicile to the police; he explained that he had a repugnance for official contacts. His room was always in disorder; cigar ends and ashes, wine and brandy, pictures and books littered the apartment.

Haller was about fifty, sometimes in poor health and addicted to pain killers. He arose very late and became active only at night. He was invariably polite, but remote. Once the nephew found him sitting on the stairs near a landing. Haller explained that the landing, redolent of wax and turpentine and decorated with washed plants, seemed to him the epitome of bourgeois order. Occasionally a pretty girl came to see Haller for a short time; her final visit ended in a bitter quarrel.

One day Haller disappeared, after meticulously paying his accounts. He left behind a manuscript, written during his stay, which told the story of a steppenwolf. The nephew, sure that Haller was not dead, made the account public.

Haller, nearing fifty, had suffered a series of blows. His wife, becoming mad, chased him from the house. His profession was closed to him. Living a solitary life, he became a divided personality. On the one side he was a neat, calm bourgeois; on the other, he was a wolf from the steppes. When he acted politely and genteelly, the gaunt world mocked his respectability. When he snarled and withdrew from society, his bourgeois self was shocked. It seemed that he was a true steppenwolf.

On a solitary night ramble, he thought he saw an electric sign over a Gothic door in an old wall. The words, which he could barely make out, told of a magic show only for madmen. A little later he saw a peddler with a similar sign. Eagerly he bought from a hawker a treatise on the steppenwolf which he avidly read.

STEPPENWOLF by Hermann Hesse. Translated by Basil Creighton. By permission of the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., Inc. Copyright, 1929, by Henry Holt & Co., Inc.

The treatise explained the popular concept of a steppenwolf, half-wolf and half-man through mischance or spell. But this concept was oversimplified. Every one was composed not of two selves, but of many selves. The great bulk of the populace was held to one self through the rigid patterns of the sheep-like bourgeoisie; but here and there a few men, ostensibly complying, were not really part of the pattern. They acted like the lone wolf. They were the leaders in all fields.

Meditating on this philosophy, Haller understood his own nature a little more clearly, but he could scarcely think of himself as containing many selves.

An old acquaintance, a professor, met him and insisted on inviting him to dinner. The occasion was not a happy one. The professor and his wife were naïvely jingoistic and approved a vicious newspaper attack on a Haller who had written that perhaps the Germans shared the war guilt of 1914 to 1918. The professor, of course, did not realize that the writer was his guest, for Haller was a common name. Then Haller ridiculed a pompous painting of Goethe which was greatly prized by the professor's wife.

Feeling the wolf in him dominant, he dropped in at the Black Eagle Tavern, where merriment reigned riotous. At the bar he encountered a young girl who was sympathetic. He told her his long tale of woe: the professor's dinner; his mad wife; Erica, whom he saw only every few months and with whom he quarreled. The girl, who refused to give her name, good-naturedly ridiculed his preoccupations with Mozart and Indian myths when he did not even know how to dance. She seemed almost motherly in her concern for him; and when he confessed he was afraid to go back to his lodging, she sent him upstairs to sleep. Before they parted, Haller made a dinner date with her.

At their next meeting the girl, who gave her name as Hermine, set out to make Haller a different person. She would help him for friendship's sake, so that in the end Haller would love her enough to kill her. Haller himself had thought of death; in fact, he was seriously contemplating suicide on his fiftieth birthday. Perhaps that was why he thought so little of Hermine's strange plan.

Hermine began her campaign. First she took him shopping for a gramaphone, and in his cluttered room he took dancing lessons. Although he was stiff, he learned the steps of the foxtrot. Then she took him to a tavern to dance. At her urging he asked the most beautiful girl there, Maria, to be his partner. To his amazement, she accepted, and they danced well together. Hermine complimented him on his progress.

Late one night, as Haller returned quietly to his bedroom, he found Maria in his bed. Thinking himself too old for her, Haller was hesitant; but Maria was so sympathetic that he lost his reluctance. He met Maria frequently in another room he rented nearby. Haller was grateful to Hermine, who had arranged it all. She kept track of his progress in love. After some time Haller realized that only through a lesbian relation could Hermine have known Maria's technique so well.

Another new acquaintance was Pablo, a gentle, accommodating saxophonist. He agreed readily with Haller's criticisms of modern jazz and his preference for Mozart. But music, to Pablo, was not something to criticize; it was something to enjoy, and dancers enjoyed his music. Part of Pablo's great popularity came from his ability to provide drugs for jaded profligates. One night Pablo invited Haller and Maria to his room and proposed a love episode for three. Haller refused abruptly, but Maria would have liked to accept.

Hermine several times hinted that she was more unhappy than Haller. He was learning other sides of life, but she knew only a life of pleasure and the senses. She was hoping that Haller would come to love her, because at the coming masquerade ball she would give her last

command.

At the big dance, Hermine was dressed as a man, reminding Haller of his friend Hermann. They danced with many different women. When Hermine finally changed to women's clothes, Haller knew he loved her.

After the ball Pablo took them up to his peep show. There in a hall of mirrors Haller saw his many selves and in the various booths he lived his many lives. In one booth he killed automobile-drivers recklessly. In another he met all the girls he had ever loved. Toward the end he was with Mozart, a laughing, reckless Mozart who played Handel on a radio.

The whirling came to an end. In the last booth he saw Hermine and Pablo naked on a rug. They were asleep, satiated with love. Haller stabbed Hermine under the breast. In the court Mozart was his friend and comforted him when the judges sentenced him to eternal life; he was to be laughed out of court. Mozart turned into Pablo, who picked up Hermine's body, shrank it to figurine size, and put it in his pocket.

THE STOIC

Type of work: Novel
Author: Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945)
Type of plot: Naturalism
Time of plot: Early twentieth century
Locale: Chicago, New York, London, Paris
First published: 1947

Principal characters:
FRANK A. COWPERWOOD, a financier
AILEEN COWPERWOOD, his second wife
BERENICE FLEMING, his mistress
PHILIP HENSHAW, and
MONTAGUE GREAVES, English engineers
BRUCE TOLLIFER, a Southern artist
LORD STANE, an English financier
LORNA MARIS, a dancer in Baltimore
MARIGOLD BRAINERD, Tollifer's friend
DR. JEFFERSON JAMES, Cowperwood's friend and doctor

Critique:

The Stoic, the third novel of the trilogy that includes *The Financier* and *The Titan,* completes the story of Frank Algernon Cowperwood. As in the other two novels, Cowperwood, a man of great force and vitality, is interested only in material things—making money, having attractive mistresses, and building monuments to perpetuate his name. Dreiser does not condemn this attitude morally, but he does point out that none of Cowperwood's relationships is lasting, none of his projects achieves permanence. For all his power and strength, he is simply another man whose best efforts are cut down by time and the forces around him. Ironically, his cherished dream of founding a hospital is realized through Berenice, his former mistress turned Eastern philosopher, after his death; but the money Cowperwood left for the project is dissipated in endless lawsuits as shady as the deals by which Cowperwood got the money in the first place. Man, even the ruthless man of business, cannot, in Dreiser's world, impose his will on events for very long, and Cowperwood's ultimate ineffectuality, the difference between his desires and his real accomplishments, gives him a certain amount of sympathy. Dreiser never quite finished *The Stoic;* his wife wrote the final chapter, from his notes, before the novel was published posthumously in 1947. As a novel, it is not generally regarded as Dreiser's best, for the details of finance overwhelm the concept of Cowperwood's character and the writing becomes more repetitious and uneven as it moves along. The nature of Dreiser's concept of human experience also made the struggles of his characters more interesting to most readers than the inevitable long conclusions concerning the worthlessness of the struggle.

The Story:

Frank Cowperwood, nearing sixty, had just lost his long struggle to gain a fifty-year franchise to control the transportation system in Chicago. In addition, he and Aileen, his second wife, had failed to achieve the social prominence to which they felt their wealth entitled them. At the time of Cowperwood's defeat, Berenice Fleming, an attractive young woman whom he had loved for eight years, quite unexpectedly agreed to become his mistress. Berenice knew that Cowperwood intended to stay married to Aileen; Cow-

THE STOIC by Theodore Dreiser. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday & Co., Inc. Copyright, 1947, by Helen Dreiser.

perwood agreed to continue to support Berenice and her mother.

Cowperwood, a vital man impatient for something to do, was interested in the proposition of two English engineers, Philip Henshaw and Montague Greaves, that he help in financing the construction of the London underground. Henshaw and Greaves were interested in the line that ran from Charing Cross to Hampstead (each of the lines was originally planned by different organizations). Cowperwood, hoping to coördinate the separate lines, planned to go to England, with Berenice, to organize the financing and attempt to gain the controlling interest in the project.

On his way to England Cowperwood stopped in New York to see Aileen in the palatial mansion he had built for her. First he invited her to go to Europe; then he decided that he needed to keep her occupied socially so that he would have time for Berenice, and so he found an improvident artist, Bruce Tollifer, whom he hired to pursue and amuse his wife. Tollifer was to receive two hundred dollars a week plus expenses and was to meet Aileen in London. Not knowing of the arrangement and thinking of Tollifer as a friend, Aileen felt that, by asking her to come to Europe, her husband was finally settling down to one woman. The party left for Europe.

In London, Cowperwood discovered that he also needed control of the Central Loop line in order to solidify his interests. He met Lord Stane, a British financier, who helped him in both his business dealings and personal arrangements. Berenice rented a country house from Lord Stane. In the meantime Tollifer persuaded Aileen to take a trip to Paris with him. He tried to make her more attractive (once pretty, Aileen had become middle-aged and overweight) by renewing her interest in clothes and exercise.

While Tollifer and Aileen were in Paris, Cowperwood and Berenice were free to live at Berenice's country house and tour the cathedral and university towns of England.

As Cowperwood's business interests expanded, he found it necessary to return to the United States to find more capital. He took Aileen and left her in New York while he toured the country raising money. In Baltimore, a beautiful young dancer named Lorna Maris came to his hotel room claiming that she was a distant Cowperwood relation. Lorna and Cowperwood began an affair, and he stayed in the United States longer than he had planned. Aileen, hearing of the affair through a newspaper item, sent the clipping on to Berenice; she had discovered the affair between Berenice and her husband before leaving Europe. Berenice was furious when she heard that Cowperwood and Lorna were having an open affair. Although she and Lord Stane, beginning to spend a great deal of time together, were finding that they had much in common, Berenice decided to remain faithful to Cowperwood; she found his vitality irresistible. Cowperwood broke off the affair with Lorna, returned to England, and was reunited with Berenice.

Cowperwood's trip was financially successful. Along with Lord Stane and several others, he now controlled the underground and the connected construction company. He had bought out Henshaw and Greaves. Aileen returned to Tollifer in Paris. However, while she had been in the United States, the artist had become friendly with Marigold Brainerd. At a party Marigold, partly to protect her interest in Tollifer and partly because she was drunk, told Aileen that her husband had simply hired Tollifer to keep her occupied. Hurt and angry, Aileen returned to New York. Cowperwood, following her, announced that he planned to enlarge the New York house, fill it with more art treasures, and have it converted into a museum after they died. He wanted Aileen to supervise the new construction and to do it immediately, for after his death much of his money was to

go toward founding a hospital. He left Aileen in New York after promising to return as soon as he had completed his business in London.

Back in London, and ill, Cowperwood decided to hire a yacht and sail on a holiday to Norway with Berenice. Soon after he returned to work, constantly driving himself, he became ill once again and the doctors told him he had Bright's disease. He decided to erect a tomb for himself and to wind up his business affairs as quickly as possible. During a weekend at Lord Stane's house he suffered another attack and sent for his American physician and friend, Dr. Jefferson James. Dr. James took him on a boat trip to the Riviera, but once again the effect of the vacation was only temporary. Back at work in London, five months later, Cowperwood suffered another attack and decided to return to New York to see Aileen once more. Berenice was also to return to the United States and stay at the Waldorf-Astoria in order to be near him.

On the boat Cowperwood suffered an even more serious attack and had to be carried off the boat on a stretcher. Because Aileen's house, in the midst of renovation, had no room for him, he was taken to the Waldorf-Astoria. Aileen came to the hotel to find Berenice caring for him in his room; her bitterness had scarcely abated by the time of Cowperwood's death a short time later. He was buried in the tomb he had built.

Although his financial position had seemed secure at his death, various lawsuits, deriving from some of his unsavory deals, plagued the estate. The lawsuits continued for five years, and Aileen, seeing Cowperwood's money vanish, was forced to sell her mansion and abandon all her plans for the museum and the hospital. A year after the mansion was sold, Aileen died and was buried in the tomb beside her husband.

After Cowperwood died, Berenice, at loose ends, traveled around the world. In India she became fascinated with Hindu philosophy and stayed there for five years, regretting her past and developing a greater sense of humanity. She had her own income that Cowperwood had left her. When she returned to America, she heard that the rest of his money had been lost. She then decided to use her income to found a hospital, and she hired Dr. Jefferson James as the director.

Berenice herself began to work at the hospital, where she found enormous satisfaction in dealing with handicapped children. Recognizing her very limited function in human affairs, she realized that the power Cowperwood had sought had not brought him happiness, peace, fame, or enduring power. A person could, she now knew, express himself effectively only in limited ways, such as helping a few handicapped children in a small hospital.

STONE DESERT

Type of work: Novel
Author: Hugo Wast (Gustavo Martínez Zuviría, 1883-
Type of plot: Regional romance
Time of plot: Early twentieth century
Locale: The rocky tablelands of northern Argentina
First published: 1925

Principal characters:
DON PEDRO PABLO (PEPABLO) ONTIVEROS, an Argentine landowner
MIDAS ONTIVEROS, his nephew
MARCELA, daughter of Midas
AQUILES, and
HECTOR, her brothers
ALFONSO PUENTES, son of a neighboring farmer
ROQUE CARPIO, a gaucho murderer and outlaw
FROILÁN PALACIOS, an overseer
DOÑA SILVESTRE, his wife

Critique:

Stone Desert—Desierta de Piedra in the original—has been for Latin-American readers a favorite among the thirty-two titles written by this most prolific of Argentine novelists. Afraid that his origins in Cordoba might handicap his sales, Martínez Zuviría hid his identity under a pen name when he published his first novel in 1911. Since that time his books, written under the name of Hugo Wast, have sold almost two million copies, with three hundred editions in Spanish and seventy others in translation. In *Stone Desert,* Marcela speaks for the writer when she voices her opinion that a return to nature is the best cure for decadent city life. The novel also expresses the author's belief that the hope for Argentina lies in the toil of hard-working immigrants, combined with a change in the attitude of the country's easygoing, wasteful citizens.

The Story:

One foggy April morning a weary gaucho stopped at the house of Doña Silvestre and her husband, Froilán Palacios, an overseer on a ranch owned by old Pedro Pablo Ontiveros. The traveler's pallid face showed that he had recently been in prison. After receiving meat and bread, he betrayed his familiarity with the region around Real de San Eloy by starting out for the town of Canteros over a trail unknown to most of the natives.

Early the next morning, near the main ranch house on the Ontiveros estate, he found a girl's bare footprints in the sand by the river. A short time later a boy appeared. He was Aquiles, a great-nephew of old Pepablo. as everyone called Don Pedro. The boy said that the tracks had been made by his sister Marcela. The traveler introduced himself as Juan-without-a-Country, but when he stopped at the tavern in Canteros, old Pepablo recognized him as Roque Carpio, a gaucho exiled to the Argentine penal colony at Ushuaia for killing his unfaithful wife twenty-five years before.

With old Pepablo was his nephew Midas. A failure in Buenos Aires, he had brought his daughter Marcela, his sons Aquiles and Hector, and his mother-in-law, Dona Claudia, to live on Pepablo's run-down ranch. Marcela wished to restore the property with the help of Leopolda, the mannish wife of Overseer Difunto. Pepablo scoffed at her plan. Hard work was for *gringos* like his Spanish neighbor, Isidro Puentes, ambitious owner of a farm which had once be-

STONE DESERT by Hugo Wast. By permission of the author. Copyright, 1928, by Longmans, Green & Co., Inc.

longed to Roque Carpio.

The old man did admire Marcela, however, and gradually turned the ranch over to her management. While searching for missing cattle, she had left the footprints seen by Roque. She found her cows in Puentes' barley field. The *gringo*, hoping to arrange a match between her and his son Alfonso, had let the starving animals graze. Marcela scorned Alfonso, partly because the neatness of Puentes' farm, in contrast with Pepablo's establishment, hurt her pride. Once, however, she asked his help when she ran a thorn into her arm.

Increasing drought brought death to Pepablo's cattle. Aquiles and Hector tried to bring rain by staking out a toad in the patio. A storm came, washing out Puentes' barley fields. Pepablo was delighted. When the *gringo* took advantage of the rainwater to drown burrowing hares that had been ruining his fields, Marcela wanted to follow his example. But Pepablo was too proud to imitate a *gringo*. Besides, the hares provided food for his dogs.

Marcela then suggested that they round up the remaining cattle and drive them to higher pastures. Pepablo promised her half the calves that could be saved. The score of neighbors she invited to the roundup spent the night at the house of Froilán Palacios at Real de San Eloy. Roque Carpio joined them for a cup of *mate* before he went home through a howling storm, leaving Marcela convinced that city-dwellers were weak in contrast to rugged country people. A conversation she overheard later made her suspect that Roque was stealing and branding cattle.

Snow fell. Marcela hired Don Tertulio, a bonesetter and local treasure seeker, to make some repairs at the ranch house. At the feast of San Pedro and San Pablo, Pepablo was to carry the cross in the religious procession. When Marcela discovered that rats had eaten his best shoes, she got him a new pair. They were so stiff that Pepablo slipped them off during dinner and the dogs gnawed them.

Midas, meanwhile, had been busy with a scheme to make church candles from beeswax. Failing in that venture, he threatened to take his family back to Buenos Aires. As a bribe Pepablo unearthed some money he had hoarded and set his nephew up as an antique dealer. That project also failed. Midas' next plan was to cut down the algarrobo trees which were Pepablo's especial pride and sell the timber. By cajolery and threats he secured the old man's permission to fell the trees, but the sound of the woodsmen's axes was more than Pepablo could stand. He died, leaving the house and the trees to Midas, the rest of his property to Marcela.

Midas promptly sold his share to Puentes and moved his family to the overseer's house at Real de San Eloy. Marcela hoped that life on that rugged tableland would purge their blood of city-created decadence. After discharging Froilán, whom she suspected of conniving with Roque, she herself ran the ranch.

Froilán, with Doña Silvestre and their daughter Monica, opened a tavern and store. Roque and Midas were among his customers, and Midas discussed his grandiose schemes with the outlaw. He once asked Roque, jokingly, why he did not carry some girl away to one of his mountain caves.

The question turned Roque's thoughts to a plan to win Marcela. He killed a cow, making the death seem like the work of a mountain lion, so that Marcela would organize a lion hunt. But his plan to steal her away at that time was frustrated by the arrival of Melitón Bazán, a famous hunter who stirred Roque to rivalry by his claim that he carried only two cartridges because he never saw more than two lions at a time. During the hunt Roque and Melitón each killed a lion. Alfonso Puentes shot Roque's dog in order to protect three cubs Marcela wanted. Only Marcela's quick defense saved the young man from the gaucho's fury. Roque left, angry.

After a week of sulking Roque bribed Froilán to keep Midas late at the tavern, so that Marcela would be left unprotected. Awakened by the noise of Roque's arrival, she called Doña Claudia. When they saw the outer door opening, they threw themselves against it. Even the small boys helped. The intruder thrust a foot inside, but Marcela managed to wedge the bar tightly, trapping him. Roque argued at first; then he threatened her. With a pair of scissors, the only weapon she could find, she kept jabbing at his leg through his boot until he collapsed from loss of blood. Returning, Midas found the outlaw dead. None mourned him except Monica, with whom he had flirted.

Because of litigations in the district, Puentes could not take possession of Midas' property, and he returned it in exchange for the right to build an irrigation ditch for his alfalfa fields. Marcela, unwilling to stay at bloodstained Real de San Eloy, left the place in care of a new overseer and returned to repair Pepablo's house, more dilapidated than ever since Don Tertulio had pierced the walls while looking for hidden treasure. By the time the fig trees were in leaf she had made the old ranch house comfortable and attractive.

One day she encountered Alfonso again. With her ideas about Roque and his wild life clear to her at last, and with her false pride and irritation gone after her discovery that she could run a farm as efficiently as any foreigner, she began to realize the good qualities of the young *gringo*. Again she had a thorn in her hand, and once more she asked his help in removing it. This time she was quite happy when he kissed her.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY

Type of work: Novel
Author: Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907)
Type of plot: Regional romance
Time of plot: Nineteenth century
Locale: New Hampshire
First published: 1869

Principal characters:
TOM BAILEY ALDRICH, the narrator
CAPTAIN NUTTER, his grandfather
MISS ABIGAIL, the captain's sister
KITTY COLLINS, the Nutter maid
BILL CONWAY, and
SETH RODGERS, Tom's enemies
SAILOR BEN, Tom's friend; Kitty's missing husband
PHIL ADAMS,
PEPPER WHITCOMB, and
BINNY WALLACE, Tom's friends

Critique:

The Story of a Bad Boy is one of the most fascinating and amusing accounts of the life of an American boy in the early part of the nineteenth century. Acknowledged by the author to be largely autobiographical, it is an adult recapture of childhood experience. The fictional Rivermouth is Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the author's childhood home.

The Story:

Tom, the son of a banker, was born at Rivermouth in New England. When he was eighteen months old, however, his family moved to New Orleans, and there he lived until he was ten, growing up in almost complete ignorance of everything that was not Southern. In his tenth year, he was sent North to live with his Grandfather Nutter. Tom soon learned to admire his hale, cheery grandfather and to respect his great-aunt, Miss Abigail. The fourth member of the household was Kitty Collins, the maid, an Irish girl happily married to a sailor until he sailed away one day and failed to return.

Tom's grandfather sent him to school immediately — to keep him out of mischief. At the Temple Grammar School he made friends with many boys and incurred the enmity of two, Bill Conway and Seth Rodgers. Tom's friends decided to put on a play, *William Tell,* in Tom's barn. Pepper Whitcomb, as Walter Tell, balanced an apple on his head, while Tom played the part of William. Tom's arrow missed the apple and struck Pepper in the mouth. The theatricals ceased abruptly.

Bill Conway's tyranny finally drove Tom to make preparations to fight his tormentor, and Phil Adams tutored Tom in the manly art of self-defense. The fight did not occur, however, until after Tom had experienced several more adventures.

As the Fourth of July approached, the boys in the Temple Grammar School could not concentrate on their studies. One of the boys placed a torpedo under the cloth on the desk, at the exact spot where Mr. Grimshaw usually struck with his heavy ruler. The resultant explosion created quite a commotion and nearly caused the strangulation of Charley Marden, who was at the water pail getting a drink.

On the night before the Fourth, Tom slipped out of bed and used Kitty's clothesline to escape from his bedroom. He did not tie knots in the rope and, as a result, burned his hands in his descent. He went to the square, where a big bonfire was to be lit. When the fire burned

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. By permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co. Copyright, 1869, 1897, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 1911, by Mary Elizabeth Aldrich.

down after a while, Tom and his friends took an old stagecoach from Ezra Wingate's barn and used the vehicle as fuel. The boys were caught and put in jail, but they escaped. The next day Ezra collected three dollars from the family of each boy who had aided in the theft. Ezra made a good profit, for he had previously offered the coach to anyone who would pay seventy-five cents for it. During the celebration of the Fourth, Tom accidentally stepped on a mine and was blown into the air and knocked unconscious. As a result, he was a hero among his friends for about two weeks.

Shortly after this experience, Tom was initiated into the mysterious order of the Centipedes, an organization notorious for the pranks of its members. One of these pranks was the stealing of the druggist's gilt mortar and pestle, which the Centipedes placed over the Widow Conway's front door. On the drug store window shutters they tacked a sign advertising for a seamstress. The town laughed, because everyone except Mr. Meeks himself knew that Widow Conway had set her cap for the mild-mannered druggist.

One day after school, Tom found Bill Conway tormenting Binny Wallace. Tom lowered his head and swung right and left as he prepared to give Conway a thrashing. Tom pummeled the school pump for twenty seconds before he discovered that Conway had already retired.

Miss Abigail could not stand the odor of tobacco. When she took over as housekeeper for her brother, she restricted his smoking to the barn. One morning during a very cold winter Grandfather Nutter descended the steps with a clay pipe in his mouth. Abigail objected strenuously but the captain merely removed the pipe from his lips and blew a cloud into the hall, where the temperature was two degrees below zero. Miss Abigail fainted dead away. When she was revived, Grandfather Nutter told her that there had been no tobacco in the pipe and that she had seen only his congealed breath in the frosty hallway.

At Slatter's Hill, the North-End boys and the South-End boys met for a snowball fight at specified times during the week. But the fights became too dangerous because frozen snowballs were used, and parents and police put an end to the snow battles.

One summer Tom bought a boat called the *Dolphin,* and he and three of his friends planned a day's trip to Sandpeep Island. When the boys landed on the island, they found that they had left the lemons in the boat. Binny Wallace volunteered to get them. The boat, after he stepped into it, broke loose from its mooring-place and floated away. Binny drifted farther and farther out to sea. A rising squall developed into a full-sized storm, and the boys waited through it, hoping that Binny would be rescued. However, such was not to be. He was drowned.

One day Tom saw Sailor Ben, whom he had met during his voyage north from New Orleans. The old sailor failed to recognize Tom because he had grown so tall. When Tom took Sailor Ben home with him, Kitty at once recognized the sailor as her long-lost husband and the two were reunited. Grandfather Nutter broke out a fresh decanter of Madeira and they all celebrated the happy occasion. Deciding to quit the sea, Sailor Ben bought a small cottage near the wharf. Kitty remained as the Nutter maid, but spent her free time with her husband.

Silas Trefethen bought all the cannon available in Rivermouth because he thought that war with England was imminent. When he died, still thinking so, the cannon rusted and became unfit for any use except as monuments. Tom and his gang decided to have some fun with the cannon after they found several pieces near the wharf and cleaned them. Everything went well with their plan to set them off, except that Tom and his conspirators could not make the proper fuse. Sailor Ben, learning of their plan, told them how to prepare the fuse. When everything was in readiness, the Centi-

pedes drew lots to determine who would fire the cannon. The chance fell to Tom. That night he slipped out of bed, lit the fuse, and returned to his room before the first cannon went off. The operation succeeded as planned. Everyone was aroused from bed by the explosions. The only casualty was Sailor Ben's chimney. No one was ever able to solve the mystery of the explosions.

With Primrose Hall, a girls' school, close by, it was not surprising that Tom should fall in love, but he was unsuccessful with the girls attending the seminary. Tom finally fell in love with Nelly Glentworth, who came to visit his grandfather, but she scorned him, and so for some time Tom rather enjoyed the pangs of unrequited love.

In New Orleans the yellow fever broke out, causing the death of Tom's father. His mother came north and settled in New York, where Tom was offered a position with an uncle in his counting-house. Ready at last to make his own way in the world, Tom left Rivermouth regretfully. He felt that the happiest days of his life were over.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN

Type of work: Novel
Author: Edgar Watson Howe (1853-1937)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: Mid-nineteenth century
Locale: The Middle West
First published: 1883

Principal characters:
NED WESTLOCK, a boy on the Middle Border
REV. JOHN WESTLOCK, his father
JOE ERRING, his uncle
MATEEL SHEPHERD, Joe Erring's sweetheart
CLINTON BRAGG, Joe Erring's rival for Mateel

Critique:

This novel is the earliest of a number of books that sounded a revolt against the popular conception that the American small town was an idyllic place in which to live. In it Howe drew a deadly picture of village life — the shallowness of thought, the materialism, the ever-present sense of failure and the underlying spirit of petty and mischievous enmity. Through all of the book rings a note of sincerity which makes Howe's iconoclastic efforts valid, giving his novel depth and lasting value as a social document.

The Story:

The Westlocks had gone west to grow up with the country. They lived first on a farm near a church where the father acted as the volunteer preacher. It was a life of toil and privation on the bleak prairie. Days began early and ended soon after supper, when fatigue drove the Westlocks to bed. There were four of them, John Westlock and his wife, their son Ned, and Mrs. Westlock's younger brother, Joe Erring. The only real amusement Ned had was visiting a nearby miller with his young uncle. The miller, Mr. Barker, had been a sailor in early life and he regaled the boys with stories of his travels.

When Ned was eleven years old a minister was sent from the East to take charge of the country church where Mr. Westlock had been acting as preacher. Erring immediately fell in love with Mateel Shepherd, the daughter of the new preacher, but he found no favor in her eyes because he was uneducated and crude. With the miller's help he began to improve himself. The miller became so fond of Erring that he took him on as an apprentice who would some day take over the mill. This was a great opportunity for the seventeen-year-old boy. The only flaw in his happiness then was that Mateel Shepherd was being courted by a young lawyer named Clinton Bragg.

Shortly after Erring left the farm, Mr. Westlock sold his farm and bought the almost defunct paper in the town of Twin Mounds. When the Westlocks moved into town, Ned went to the office every day to learn the printing trade and to help his father in the newspaper office.

Twin Mounds was an unprepossessing village with a post-office, several stores, a jail, and about six hundred people. The only pleasures in which the people seemed to indulge, so far as Ned could see, were drinking, gossiping, and fighting. Although the Westlocks lived in a large stone house, the father had Ned stay at the newspaper office in the company of one of the printers, under whom he was learning the trade.

Erring, apprenticed to the miller, made such excellent progress that after a year or so the community subscribed to a fund so that he could build a mill of his own, the growing population justifying a second mill in the district. He was also successful in his suit with Mateel Shepherd, who had promised to marry him when his mill was completed and in operation.

One day the quiet life of the Westlock family was rudely shattered. Mr. Westlock left the deeds to all his property in the custody of Ned and his mother and ran away with another woman. Ned took over the newspaper, which became more profitable under his management than it had been under his father, for the people in the community had not liked Mr. Westlock. He had been too solitary and strange to suit their natures.

The family gradually began to grow out of the feeling of disgrace which had fastened itself upon them when the father disappeared. Their friends did what they could for them and rallied in support of Mrs. Westlock and her son. At times it seemed as if the disappearance of Mr. Westlock were of more benefit than harm. Ned was left with some valuable property and a chance to make a name for himself at a very early age.

The following Christmas Eve Erring married Mateel Shepherd. Just before the marriage he and Ned had a long talk, in which he told Ned that in some way he was not as anxious for the marriage as he had been when he first met Mateel. What Erring did not realize was that he had been so zealous in getting an education that he had not only reached Mateel's level but he had already passed her. It was not a happy wedding. Only a handful of guests came to the wedding supper, and those who stayed away did not bother to send their regrets. The Shepherds were not popular in the community.

After the marriage of Mateel and Erring, life in the community of Twin Mounds settled into a quiet routine for everyone. Ned was more disappointed than ever in the town. Its people seldom thought out anything for themselves, and every opinion they had was made for them, often by Ned's own editorials. Their shallowness and smugness irked him.

One cold winter night Erring appeared at the door of the Westlock home. Nervous and disheveled, he had come because he felt the need to talk to someone whom he could trust. He had found a letter which his wife had written to his rival before her marriage, a letter disclosing Mateel's belief that she could never love any man but Bragg. This idea rankled in Erring's mind. He had been thoughtful and tender with his wife, but she had always been distant and cool to him, in keeping with the vow she had made in her letter to Bragg.

Ned listened to his uncle's story and then took him back to the mill and Mateel. After Erring had confronted his wife with what he had discovered, he and Ned sat up all night, unable to sleep. Clinton Bragg disappeared from Twin Mounds within a few days, apparently afraid of Mateel's husband.

That same winter Ned's father returned to Twin Mounds and accidentally met his son on the street at a late hour. He told Ned that he had been faced with misfortune ever since he had left his wife and son. The woman with whom he had run away had not really loved him and had deserted him soon after she learned that he had left his money and property in Ned's hands. John Westlock was a pathetic and broken figure, unwilling to face the wife he had deserted. Ned gave him the little money he happened to have in his pocket, and the older man then turned away into the snowy night and was soon lost to sight. Ned knew that he had seen his father for the last time.

Meanwhile matters between Erring and his wife had gone from bad to worse. He had taken a vow never to speak to his wife or touch her again, and Mateel began to fade quickly under his harsh treatment. At last she asked Erring to let her return to her father's home. He agreed. A day later Bragg drove up in a buggy to take the girl back to her father and mother. It was a bitter experience for Erring to see another man carry his wife away from his house. Ned was with his uncle and left only when the older man had fallen asleep, exhausted.

When Ned arrived home he discovered that his mother had died in his absence.

Always quiet and subdued, she had died as she had lived, asking nothing from anyone.

In the spring Ned braved a heavy rainstorm to visit his uncle. He arrived to find the mill deserted. Suddenly the door opened and Erring walked in, carrying Mateel, who was unconscious. In a calm voice he told Ned how he had lain in wait along the road until Bragg and Mateel had come along in a buggy. He had dragged his rival from the vehicle and killed him with his bare hands while Mateel looked on. Then he had carried Mateel back to the mill. Unable to face the fact that Mateel had divorced him and married Bragg, he felt it was better to murder and then to die himself than to live with Mateel married to another.

Erring surrendered quietly to the authorities and was taken to jail. He was never tried, however, because one night he took poison. The jailer discovered him with a letter for Ned clutched in his hand.

After Erring's burial, Ned stopped at the Shepherd home to ask about Mateel. The poor girl was demented. While he was in the house she came into the room and mistook Ned for Erring. She drew a dagger from her dress and told Ned she had gone by the mill that day to have one last look at the place where she had been happy. Now she intended to kill herself. Her mother led her away. That same night she died, shortly after telling her father and mother she hoped to see Joe Erring soon.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

Type of work: Novel
Author: Olive Schreiner (1855-1920)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: 1880's
Locale: South Africa
First published: 1883

Principal characters:
TANT' SANNIE, a Boer farm woman
LYNDALL, her stepdaughter
EM, Lyndall's cousin
WALDO, son of a German overseer
BONAPARTE BLENKINS, a hypocrite
GREGORY ROSE, a young Englishman

Critique:

The Story of an African Farm was an early attempt to present realistically the problem of a woman's place in the world. The struggle of Lyndall to find power and freedom in a world of strict moral conventions and restricted social opportunities foreshadows woman suffrage struggles still to come. The novel is also noteworthy for its finely wrought passages concerning religious doubts and moral independence.

The Story:

Just before the Englishman had died he had married Tant' Sannie, so that there would be someone to take care of his farm and his motherless daughter, Lyndall. Tant' Sannie, a heavy, slow simple Boer woman, took over the farm and the care of Lyndall and her cousin, Em. Most of the hard work was done by an old German, who lived with his young son in a small house nearby. The boy, Waldo, watched over the sheep and helped his father take charge of the black natives who did the heaviest work.

The farm lay in a dreary flat plain of red sand that was sparsely dotted with pale bushes. The sun always glittered in a blinding way on the zinc roofs of the buildings and on the stone walls of the enclosures for the animals. Life was monotonous and deadly. Tant' Sannie sat in the farmhouse drinking coffee: the children played in a half-hearted way; young Waldo did his chores, and the German went about seeing that things were as they should be.

Tant' Sannie had been asked by the Englishman to see that the two girls were educated, but she, believing only in the Bible, paid no attention to their demands for books. The two girls and Waldo found some old histories, and studied them when they could. Lyndall learned rapidly, for she was a quick, serious girl, fascinated especially by the story of Napoleon. Em was more quiet and reserved.

Waldo was the strangest of the three. His father was deeply devout, with an innocent faith in the goodness of man and the mercy of God. He had filled the boy's head with ideas which were frightening and overpowering.

One day a visitor came to the farm and asked for a night's lodging. He introduced himself as Bonaparte Blenkins, but because he was English-speaking Tant' Sannie would have nothing to do with him. The old German interceded for the visitor, however, and finally won Tant' Sannie's grudging permission for him to spend the night. The German could not bear to pass up an opportunity to practice Christian charity.

Blenkins soon won the German over completely with his fantastic tales of adventure and travel, and he even conquered Tant' Sannie by the wonderful way he read and preached the service on Sunday. But the children were not fooled. Lyndall knew that the man was

lying when he talked, and that his religion was all hypocrisy. But Blenkins was soon installed on the farm as tutor to the children. After a few days, Lyndall walked out of class and refused to return.

Slowly Blenkins gained Tant' Sannie's esteem, until he felt that it was safe to try to get rid of the German and take over his job. With a trumped-up charge, he accused the overseer to his mistress, and stood by happily as the old German was ordered off the farm. Shocked the more deeply because of the support he had given Blenkins, the German went to his house to pack up and leave. It was not in his nature to argue or fight for his rights; what God sent must be accepted. In his grief he died that night.

Bonaparte Blenkins took over the farm. Like his namesake, he loved power and took advantage of his new position. He ordered Waldo about, beat him, and destroyed the model for a sheep-shearing machine the boy had made. None of these matters made any impression on Tant' Sannie. She thought that Blenkins had a wonderful sense of humor, and daily he grew more and more valuable to her. She hoped some day to be his wife.

A visit by one of Tant' Sannie's nieces disillusioned her. The niece was young, only a little overweight, and wealthy. One day Tant' Sannie climbed up to the loft to see if everything there was neat and let her maid take the ladder away. While she was there, Blenkins came into the room below with the niece and began to make love to her. Furious at Blenkins' deception, Tant' Sannie dropped a barrel of salt meat on his head, almost knocking him out, and drenching him with pickle-water. His stay on the farm was over.

When the children grew up, Lyndall had her way about going to the city to work and study. Waldo began to doubt the God he had so terribly feared in his childhood, and Em grew to attractive, if not beautiful, womanhood. Tant' Sannie rented part of the farm to a young Englishman named Gregory Rose, who soon fell in love with Em. It was the first time anyone had paid much attention to the girl, and she was enraptured at the prospect of marriage. Tant' Sannie thought she herself might as well marry again, and she sent out word to the surrounding farms that she was looking for a husband.

Waldo eagerly awaited Lyndall's return from the city. He wanted to know what she had found out about the world and to tell her of his own problems. He had learned wood carving. One day, while he was watching the sheep, a stranger had come up and talked with him. After looking at one of Waldo's carvings, the traveler told the boy a story of a man. who searched for Truth but found merely a creed until, just before his death, he caught a glimpse of his goal. The meeting was short but unforgettable. Waldo wanted to go out into the world, to find the man again, to learn more about the search for Truth.

When Lyndall returned, she was a different person. Waldo found that he could not talk with her as he had before. She had learned the problems a woman faces in the world, and she refused to be held down by the laws and restrictions which bound her. Neither Em nor Gregory Rose, her fiancé, could understand Lyndall. Gregory disliked her at first, but as time passed he became more attracted to her. At Tant' Sannie's wedding feast, for she had found a widower who wanted to marry again, Em discovered that she did not really love Gregory, and she asked him to forget the plans they had made.

When Lyndall asked him to marry her—just to give her his name—Gregory consented. It was a long time before he discovered the reason. Lyndall had made a friend in the city, a man who wanted her to marry him, but she could not stand the idea of being tied down by legal marriage. She wanted freedom, not bondage. She felt that if she could threaten her lover with marriage to another man, she could get what she wanted from him. Her plan worked. When he received a

letter telling of her plans, he set out at once to see her. Lyndall met her friend secretly at the farm and went away to live with him, but not as his wife.

Since Waldo, too, had gone off to seek his way in the world, the farm was quiet for a time. Gregory did not know what to do about Lyndall's disappearance. The longer she was away, the more he felt he loved her. At last he started out to learn what had become of her.

As Gregory tracked Lyndall from town to town, he learned the story of a slowly fading love between the two people he was following. In time he found Lyndall, lying sick in a hotel room, deserted by her lover. She had had a child, but it had died shortly after birth. Seeing her so weak and sick, Gregory wanted to be near her, to care for her. Dressed as a woman, he was hired as Lyndall's nurse. When she died, he took her body back to the farm for burial.

One night Em was startled by a knock on the door. Waldo had returned. He had traveled much, but had learned little. Once he had seen the stranger who had talked to him so wonderfully about Truth, but the man, not recognizing him, had turned away. The first thing Waldo did was to sit down and begin a letter to Lyndall. When Em learned what he was doing, she told him that Lyndall was dead.

Gregory still thought of Lyndall and kept as his greatest treasure the one letter he had received from her, a letter which advised him to marry Em. In time he asked Em again to be his wife, and she accepted. Waldo knew that Em felt she would have only half a husband, but he also knew that she had never learned to hope for much, as he had, as Lyndall had. Waldo kept one of Lyndall's dancing shoes in his blouse. He spent much of his time wandering about the farm watching the insects, looking at the flowers. He wanted to be like them, to die, to sleep in the same earth with Lyndall. One day, lying in the warm sunshine, he died.

THE STORY OF BURNT NJAL

Type of work: Saga
Author: Unknown
Type of plot: Adventure romance
Time of plot: Tenth century
Locale: Iceland
First transcribed: Thirteenth-century manuscript

Principal characters:
NJAL, a man of law
BERGTHORA, his wife
GUNNAR, Njal's friend
HALLGERDA, Gunnar's wife
FLOSI, Njal's enemy

Critique:

The Story of Burnt Njal is the most elaborate and probably the best known of the thirty-odd Icelandic sagas which have come down to us from the heroic age of the Vikings. These works belong to primitive literature, and they deal with the simple, deep passions and forthright, flaring violence of a primitive people. The sagas are never dull reading. The action is always swift and varied, the characters are real, and the style is clear and terse. Lawman Njal and his neighbors are more than figures in a tale of violence and intrigue; they stand also for a people, a society, and an age.

The Story:

In those days Harold Grayfell ruled in Norway. Hrut Heriolfsson had come out of Iceland to claim an inheritance, and he sat on the high seat of Gunnhilda, the king's mother. He was handsome and strong. He found favor with the king as well, so that he claimed his inheritance and got a great store of rich goods while sea-roving. Then he sailed back to Iceland, but not before Gunnhilda put a spell on him that he might never have pleasure living with the woman he had set his heart on.

Soon after Hrut married Unna, Fiddle Mord's daughter. Things did not go smoothly between Hrut and Unna and she soon left him. When Mord asked at the Thing for her goods to be returned, Hrut offered to fight him instead. Mord refused and got great shame by his suit.

Hrut's brother Hauskuld had a fair daughter, Hallgerda, but she was hard-hearted. She married Thorwald Oswifsson and he was killed by Thiostolf, her foster father. Then she married Glum, son of Olof the Hall, and he was murdered. Then she sent Thiostolf to Hrut to tell of Glum's death and Hrut struck him dead.

Fiddle Mord died and Unna ran through her goods. Then she asked her kinsman Gunnar Hamondsson to get back her goods from Hrut. Gunnar was the best skilled in arms of all men. His brother's name was Kolskegg.

Njal was Gunnar's friend. They swore nothing should come between them. Njal was so great a lawyer that his match was not to be found. Bergthora was his wife.

Gunnar asked Njal how to get Unna's goods and Njal advised him to trick Hrut into summoning himself to the Thing where the suit would be tried. There Gunnar challenged Hrut to single combat, but Hauskuld made Hrut pay the money. There was much ill feeling.

Gunnar and Kolskegg went sea-roving and came back with much goods. They rode to the Thing and there Gunnar saw Hallgerda and asked for her. Njal foretold ill from this but went to the wedding.

At the wedding Thrain Sigfusson put away his shrewish wife and asked for Thorgerda, Hallgerda's daughter. So there were two weddings.

Each year Gunnar and Njal had feasts for friendship's sake. Njal had it the year Bergthora insulted Hallgerda and Hall-

gerda asked Gunnar to avenge her. Gunnar refused and took her home. Then Hallgerda had Bergthora's thrall killed. Gunnar paid atonement to Njal. Bergthora retaliated and Njal paid for that death. The women urged their men on until Njal's sons were involved, but Gunnar and Njal kept their friendship.

When Otkell Skarfsson tricked Gunnar into buying a deceitful thrall, Hallgerda sent him to burn Otkell's storehouse. Gunnar offered atonement but refused Otkell friendship. Then Otkell gave Gunnar a hurt and Gunnar killed Otkell. This was the beginning of Gunnar's manslayings. Njal warned him not to kill more than one man in the same stock or he would get his death.

Then Starkad, son of Bork the Waxy-toothed Blade, challenged Gunnar to a horse fight. Thorgeir Otkellsson was hurt and wanted to be revenged against Gunnar. Starkad, his son Thorgeir, and Thorgeir Otkellsson tried to ambush Gunnar, and Thorgeir Otkellsson was killed. This was the second man slain in the same stock. Thorgeir Starkadsson swore vengeance. At the Thing the atonement was that Gunnar and Kolskegg were to go away within three years or be slain by the kinsmen of those they had killed.

They made plans to go abroad, but as they rode away Gunnar's horse threw him with his face turned toward home. When he decided not to go, Kolskegg went alone. Gunnar was outlawed. Njal warned him that Geir the Priest was getting up a band to slay him, and Gunnar asked Njal to see after his son Hogni.

When Geir the Priest and his men came to Gunnar's house, they killed his hound Sam. Sam howled loudly before he died, so that Gunnar was prepared. Gunnar put up a long fight and killed two men and wounded sixteen before his enemies pulled the roof off his house to get at him.

They built a cairn over Gunnar. Skarphedinn Njalsson and Hogni Gunnarsson saw the cairn open, and Gunnar with a merry face sang a song before the cairn closed again. Then Skarphedinn and Hogni killed Starkad and Thorgeir Starkadsson and avenged Gunnar.

Njal's sons then went abroad and wrongs piled up between them and Thrain Sigfusson in the Orkneys. Kari Solmundsson was with them. When they came back, Skarphedinn killed Thrain. Kettle of the Mark was Thrain's brother but Njal's son-in-law, and so Kettle and Njal made atonement. Njal took Hauskuld Thrainsson as his foster son. Kari asked for and got Njal's daughter Helge to wife.

Then Flosi Thordsson became involved in the feud. He was tall and bold.

There was a change of rulers in Norway. Olaf Tryggvisson made a change of faith and sent Thangbrand to Iceland to preach Christianity. He did that by challenging any man who spoke against the new faith. At the Thing Thorgeir of Lightwater challenged the men for the new law and they all made pledges. Then Njal went to Flosi to ask his daughter Hildigunna for his foster son Hauskuld. She said she would not be wedded unless they would get Hauskuld a priesthood.

Njal tried to get a priesthood for Hauskuld, but no one would sell his. At the Thing that summer, when no one could get his suit settled, Njal said it would be wiser to have a Fifth Court to take over those suits that could not be finished in the Quarter Courts. And so Skapti Thorodsson brought the Fifth Court into law. Then Njal begged a new priesthood for Hauskuld, and Hildigunna and Hauskuld were married.

Soon after Lyting, Thrain's sister's husband, took offense at Hauskuld, Njal's baseborn son, and killed him. Rodny, Hauskuld's mother laid it upon Skarphedinn to avenge that death. Skarphedinn and his brothers went after Lyting and his brothers. When Njal's foster son Hauskuld made atonement for the slaying, Aumund, Hauskuld Njalsson's baseborn and blind son, came to Lyting at the Thing and demanded his share. Lyting refused. When Aumund came to the door, he turned short around and his eyes were opened. Then he ran straight to Lyting and killed him with an ax. Aumund

turned to go out again and his eyes were sealed. Njal made the atonement.

Mord Valgardsson planned to talebear before Njal's sons so that they would kill Hauskuld the Priest. A coolness sprang up between Njal's sons and Hauskuld. Finally, Mord with them, Njal's sons slew Hauskuld. Njal said the next deaths would be his and those of his wife and sons.

Hauskuld's death brought his father-in-law Flosi Thordsson much grief and wrath. He gathered together a great band. Skarphedinn sought help, and they all went to the Thing. There the atonement fell through. Flosi gathered his men for an attack with fire and sword on Njal's sons.

Njal gathered all his sons in the house and Flosi's band tried to master them with weapons. When the attackers had got great manscathe with many wounded, Flosi took fire and made great piles before the doors. He called the women out, and Helgi Njalsson tried to escape with them but was killed. Bergthora stayed indoors with Njal and Kari's son Thord. The three lay down on the bed with an ox-hide over them. Then the fires burned hot and timbers began to fall. Kari ran along the crossbeams and beat his way out with a burning bench. He was hidden by the smoke as he ran away. Skarphedinn tried to follow but was pinned to the wall, and Grim fell dead in the fire. After Flosi's men were sure Skarphedinn was dead, they heard him sing a song. When men came to find them, Njal and Thord and Bergthora were not burned, but the oxhide was shriveled.

Flosi dreamed that many men would die. Kari set about getting his men together. They all went to the Thing. All who wished to avenge the burning shouted their war cries. Many men were killed before an atonement was reached. Since Kari would not have that atonement cover the burning, there was another award for that. The payment covered all but Thord Karisson. Flosi and his men were to go abroad.

Thorgeir Craggeir, a kinsman, went along with Kari. They came upon some of Flosi's men and killed them. Then Flosi made an atonement with Thorgeir, so that Kari would be left alone. Kari said he would take it ill if Thorgeir did not make his peace. He agreed that the burning was avenged but not his son's death.

Then Kari went to the Orkneys and killed more men who had sailed out of Iceland until he had slain fifteen. His wife died while he was sea-roving.

Then Kari and Flosi made separate pilgrimages south for absolution. When they came home, Kari went straight to Flosi's house. Flosi sprang up and kissed Kari. Then they were fully atoned, and Flosi gave to Kari his brother's daughter Hildigunna. They dwelt there a long time.

THE STORY OF GÖSTA BERLING

Type of work: Novel
Author: Selma Lagerlöf (1858-1940)
Type of plot: Picaresque romance
Time of plot: Early nineteenth century
Locale: Sweden
First published: 1894

Principal characters:
GÖSTA BERLING, formerly a minister
THE COUNTESS ELIZABETH, Gösta's wife
MARGARETA SAMZELIUS, the major's wife
MARIANNE SINCLAIR, in love with Gösta
CHRISTIAN BERGH, Gösta's crony

Critique:

The Story of Gösta Berling has remained since its publication a great favorite, and the esteem in which it is held is due to several noteworthy qualities of the novel. Selma Lagerlöf has recreated much of the warm, emotional tone of Swedish country life. The use of the almost supernatural, which can be explained reasonably, is unique. The moral theme of Gösta's redemption is a powerful one. In addition, the tale is told with a light, sure touch that adds to the delight of the reader. The novelist takes the point of view of an old resident who recalls with difficulty the tales of long ago, a process which gives an air of realism.

The Story:

Gösta Berling stood in the pulpit on what was a critical Sunday for him, for the bishop was present to make a strict investigation of his ministry. Gösta drank far too much and too often. With his crony, Christian Bergh, he spent more and more time in tavern taprooms, and brandy had become for him a necessity. The congregation had complained of his conduct to the bishop, and now Gösta felt himself on trial.

That morning he preached his sermon as if inspired by God Himself. At the end of the service, the bishop stood up and asked for complaints against the minister, but no one would say a word. In his heart Gösta felt love for his flock.

As he sat up that night, thinking of the wonder that had happened, Bergh came to his window to assure him that the bishop would never trouble him again. Thinking to help his drinking crony, Bergh had driven the bishop and his attendant priests in his carriage. He took them on a wild ride, up and down hill and over plowed fields at top speed. Then, as he drew up at the inn which was their destination, he warned the bishop not to bother Gösta thereafter. The bishop did not come to see Gösta any more on any errand, nor did any other bishop, for Gösta was dismissed from the church.

He became a beggar. In the winter he had only rags on his feet. He met the twelve-year-old daughter of the wicked clergyman of Bro. Neglected by her father, she was hauling a heavy sled with a sack of meal for her own food. Gösta took hold of the rope with her. When she left him in charge of the sled, he promptly bartered both sled and meal for brandy.

Awaking from a drunken sleep, Gösta saw Margareta Samzelius, the major's wife, looking at him; out of compassion she intended to help Gösta. Margareta, strong and rough, ruled Ekeby and six estates. She had been betrothed to a young man named Altinger, but her parents made her take the major while

THE STORY OF GÖSTA BERLING by Selma Lagerlöff. Translated by Pauline Bancroft Flach. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday & Co., Inc. Copyright, 1898, by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Renewed, 1925, by Pauline Bancroft Flach.

she was waiting the five years for Altinger to make his fortune. Then Altinger came back rich and famous and Margareta became his mistress. At his death he left his lands ostensibly to the major, but in reality to Margareta.

After great urging, Gösta became a pensioner, one of the group of merry wastrels who existed handsomely on the bounty of Margareta. On Christmas Eve the pensioners had a great party, with much to drink. Then Sintram, who was so evil that he thought himself the chosen of Satan, came in dressed as the devil. He said he was going to renew his pact with Margareta. The half-drunk pensioners thought uneasily of Margareta's great wealth and power. Surely something supernatural had helped her. It was said that she held her power by sacrificing the soul of one pensioner to the devil each year.

In a frightening bit of nonsense the pensioners made a pact with the devil; no one of their number was to die that year. Once in charge of Ekeby and the six estates, the pensioners agreed to conduct themselves as masters in a manner pleasing to Satan himself.

The next day when the grouse was passed at the Christmas feast, Bergh called the birds crows and threw them one by one against the wall. Margareta ordered him out of the house. In his wrath, Bergh accused her of having been Altinger's mistress with the compliance of her husband. Margareta proudly confessed the truth of what he said. Then, to save his honor, the major disowned his wife. All the pensioners, who owed her so much, turned their faces when she asked for help. Margareta left her home to become a beggar.

That year the pensioners were in charge at Ekeby. The major, indifferent to the estates, returned to his own farm. Gösta learned that Anna Stjärnhok, the rich and beautiful belle of the district, had broken her engagement to a timid man named Ferdinand to become engaged to a rich old man with a bald head.

Determined to bring Anna back to Ferdinand, Gösta harried her so much at a ball that she slapped his face. But that slap revealed the truth; Anna really loved Gösta. Forgetting his duty to Ferdinand, Gösta set out with Anna for Ekeby. But on the way their sleigh was followed by wolves and they were forced to stop at Ferdinand's home for protection. So Gösta involuntarily brought Anna back to Ferdinand, and so he was saved from committing a sin.

Ferdinand, however, soon died, and Anna went through a marriage ceremony with his corpse. Ever after she concealed her love for Gösta.

At a ball at Ekeby, Gösta and Marianne Sinclair took part in a tableau presenting them as lovers. Marianne, succumbing to the charm of Gösta, kissed him after the tableau. Later, at the gaming table, Gösta won all the money Marianne's father had, and then, in jest, won his consent to a betrothal with Marianne. When the father discovered that Gösta, a drunkard and an unfrocked minister, was in earnest, he was furious with his daughter.

After the ball the pensioners found Marianne locked out by her father and half-frozen. Supposedly asleep in the guest room at Ekeby that night, the girl heard Margareta, who had returned full of wrath against her pensioners, plan a riot to drive the wastrels out. Marianne ran to a bear hunter and enlisted his aid, and succeeded in breaking up the riot.

But Marianne contracted smallpox on her errand, and the scars greatly marred her beauty. Not wishing Gösta to see her, she returned to her father, and Gösta thought she had discontinued their romance. Too proud to go after her, he soon forgot her.

Countess Elizabeth Dohna, at twenty, was a gay, sympathetic girl married to a stupid husband. At a dance Gösta asked her for a polka. She refused because she had heard that Gösta had caused the death of Ebba, her husband's sister, who had died in sorrow after hearing the story of Gösta's life. Angry at her refusal, Gösta and his friends abducted the

countess and took her home. There the stupid husband sided with Gösta. The poor girl led a miserable life. Finally she ran away to live as a peasant, and the count had the marriage annulled. After she was legally a single woman again, she bore a child. Not wishing to have an unnamed baby, she asked Gösta to marry her. Gösta accepted, awed and grateful, for he loved the countess.

Gösta, helped by his wife, turned over a new leaf, and all the pensioners followed his lead. Ekeby rang with the smith's hammer; walls and docks were repaired. When Margareta came back after the death of the major, she reëntered Ekeby as mistress of a prosperous estate.

Gösta and his wife retired to a modest cottage where Gösta could earn his living as a carpenter and help all who were in trouble, and the countess could serve the sick. So Gösta became, after many years, a good man.

STORY OF THE GUITAR

Type of work: Drama
Author: Kao Tse-ch'eng (Kao Ming, c. 1305-c. 1368)
Type of plot: Tragi-comedy
Time of plot: c. 200
Locale: Honan Province, China
First presented: Fourteenth century

Principal characters:
Ts'AI JUNG, a young scholar
CHAO WU-NIANG, his wife
CHANG, a neighbor
THE HONORABLE MR. NIU, the prime minister
MISS NIU, his daughter

Critique:

Although the hero of this play, Ts'ai Jung, was a historical figure, the plot has no historical basis. Its central interest is in the character of Chao Wu-niang, whose endurance, sacrifice, and devotion to her husband and parents-in-law represent the height of Chinese feminine virtues. Her legend, popular even before the play was written, has touched the hearts of Chinese women for countless generations. Sometimes staged under the title *Lute Song*, the original Chinese title is *P'i P'a Chi*.

The Story:

Ts'ai Jung had been married for only two months when the local government recommended him as a candidate for the Imperial Examination. His father insisted on his making the trip to the capital, for the examination gave the young scholar an opportunity to distinguish himself and bring honor to his family. Ts'ai himself would rather have stayed home and fulfilled his duties as a son. However, fearing that his unwillingness to leave his parents, who were infirm with age, would be interpreted as selfish love for his wife, Ts'ai reluctantly took his departure, after entrusting his neighbor Chang, an old man, with the care of his family.

Ts'ai easily won the first place in the examination. The emperor took such a fancy to the young scholar that he ordered him to be married to the daughter of Mr. Niu, the prime minister. The imperial order came as a happy solution to the prime minister; he had a problem in his daughter, who had sworn never to marry unless the man was a genius who passed first in the Imperial Examination. Here, at last, was a young man who met the requirement; consequently, no one paid attention to Ts'ai's protestations that he already had a wife and that his only ambition was to serve his parents. He was married a second time, much against his wishes. Further restrictions were imposed on his freedom when he was ordered to live in the prime minister's house.

Ts'ai's second wife was as intelligent and sympathetic as she was beautiful, and she could see that her husband was unhappy in his new surroundings. He loved her, but he was also homesick.

He had no knowledge that Ch'en-liu, his home district, had been stricken with famine. Nor did he know what a strain was placed on his first wife, Chao Wu-niang, to support his parents during that terrible time. She sold her clothes and jewels to save the aged couple from starvation, while she herself lived on chaff. Their neighbor Chang also shared with them whatever rice he had.

No word came from Ts'ai. When the mother succumbed to sorrow, hunger, and disease, Chang lent the money to buy a coffin. When the father died a short time later, Chao Wu-niang did not like to trouble the kind neighbor for another loan. She cut her hair and tried to get a little money from its sale. Before any

buyer turned up, however, she was discovered in the street by Chang, who bought another coffin for her. Because she could not hire a grave-digger, she tried to raise a tumulus with her own hands. At last she fell asleep from fatigue, her fingers bleeding from her hard labor. While she slept, spirits came to finish the grave for her.

Carrying a pipa, an instrument like a guitar, and portraits of the deceased parents, done by herself, which she would exhibit while begging for alms, she set out for the capital in search of her husband.

Ts'ai had not for a moment forgotten his parents and first wife; he was merely duped when a swindler arrived with false news from his family. Relieved to hear that they were all well and safe, Ts'ai asked the same man to deliver a letter, together with gold and pearls, to his parents. The villain simply disappeared.

After a long period of anxious waiting, Ts'ai decided to go and see for himself how his family fared. He had wholehearted support from his second wife, who intended to go with him in order to perform daughterly duties for his parents. The prime minister refused to grant permission, however; he wanted to keep his daughter and son-in-law always close to him. When his daughter kept pestering him with supplications, he finally agreed to send a servant to Ch'en-liu to bring Ts'ai's parents and first wife to the capital, where they would live in his house as guests.

One day Chao Wu-niang came to a temple where a special mass was being celebrated. She had arrived in the capital, but she was not willing to see her husband until she was sure that he had not hardened his heart against her. She sang to the pipa a song on the virtue of filial piety, but the pilgrims and worshipers were not as generous in giving alms as she had expected. After she had hung up the portraits and begun to say prayers for the deceased parents, Ts'ai appeared to pray for his parents, whom he believed to be on their way to the capital. Chao Wu-niang immediately left the temple. Ts'ai failed to see her, but he found the picture and took it home with him.

The prime minister's daughter, in anticipation of the arrival of her parents-in-law, was looking for an intelligent woman to serve as a maid for the old couple. Chao Wu-niang, applying for the position, won the sympathy of the young mistress with her story of long suffering and the purpose of her journey to the capital. Though Chao Wu-niang used an anagram for her husband's name, the other could not fail to see who the unfortunate woman really was. She immediately addressed her as sister and together the two devised a stratagem to test Ts'ai's heart.

The picture Chao Wu-niang had left in the temple was now hanging up in Ts'ai's study. She wrote a poem on its back, criticizing in a loving tone her husband's conduct.

Ts'ai had not looked carefully at the picture, nor did he know that a man servant had hung it up. Now, returning from his office, he saw it again. The two faces bore a strange resemblance to his parents, but he was puzzled by their emaciated and ragged looks. Then he discovered the poem, apparently a satire at his expense. His first reaction was anger. He asked his wife whether she had any knowledge of the person who ventured into his study and scribbled an unjust attack on him. Chao Wu-niang was summoned, and the whole story was told.

The prime minister finally won over, Ts'ai took his two wives to Ch'en-liu to worship at his parents' graves. All three were honored by the emperor as examples of virtuous conduct. The happiest man on the scene was the neighbor Chang, who derived more satisfaction from the reunion of Ts'ai's family than he did from the material rewards he now received.

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Type of work: Drama
Author: Eugene O'Neill (1888-1953)
Type of plot: Psychological realism
Time of plot: The 1920's
Locale: New England and New York
First presented: 1928

Principal characters:
NINA LEEDS, a neurotic woman
PROFESSOR HENRY LEEDS, her father
SAM EVANS, her husband
MRS. AMOS EVANS, his mother
GORDON EVANS, Nina's son
EDMUND DARRELL, a doctor, Nina's lover
CHARLES MARSDEN, a novelist
MADELINE ARNOLD, in love with Gordon

Critique:

Strange Interlude is a frankly experimental drama in which Eugene O'Neill attempts to bring to the stage the stream of consciousness technique of the modern novel. By means of technical devices such as the soliloquy and the aside he allows his characters to reveal to the theater audience their inner thoughts and feelings. These devices, artificial in themselves, contribute, nevertheless, to the plastic and imaginative freedom of the play. The writer's concern for the inward or subconscious mentality of his people reflects the widespread interest of the 1920's in Freudian imagery and theory.

The Story:

If Nina Leeds had married her first love, Gordon Shaw, her whole life might have been different. But Gordon went off to the war in France, and when his plane burst into flames and crashed near Sedan, he left Nina with nothing to show for her life.

Before he went away Gordon had urged Nina to marry him, but her father had objected. Now Gordon was dead, and Nina had not even the memory of one night alone with him. As a consequence she threw herself indiscriminately into affairs with one soldier after another, those who like Gordon were going out to die, because she thought she could give to others what Gordon had been denied. But promiscuity failed to ease her own sorrow, and she returned to her father's house an embittered and lonely woman. She was particularly bitter toward her father, a professor in the university, for she rightly suspected that it was her father's jealousy, his irrational desire to keep her with him, which had been responsible for his opposition to her marriage with Gordon.

Nina had an admirer in Charles Marsden, the novelist, an old friend of her father. Marsden had known Nina since she was a little girl and he had often thought of marrying her. But since he was attached to his aging mother, who did not entirely approve of Nina, he never got around to proposing. Her half-serious, half-mocking fondness for him annoyed Marsden; it was a reminder of his own failure to come to grips with life.

Nina had another admirer of quite a different nature in Dr. Edmund Darrell, an ambitious young physician who had taken an interest in Nina's case when she was a nurse in the hospital of which he was a staff member. Although he found her attractive, Darrell had no intention of endangering his career by an involvement with a neurotic woman. Nevertheless he did realize that she needed help, and he

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concluded that a husband and a child would be the logical solution for her difficulties. His choice was Sam Evans, scion of a well-to-do family, who was already in love with Nina.

In the meantime Professor Leeds, Nina's father, had died, and she turned almost automatically to Marsden as a kind of surrogate. When Marsden, taking his cue from Darrell, suggested Evans as a possible husband, Nina drowsily assented. Sam Evans married Nina realizing that she was not in love with him, but he lived in the hope that a child would bring them closer together. About seven months after she came to live on the Evans homestead in northern New York State, Nina found herself pregnant, but when she confided her condition to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Evans found it necessary to reveal several family secrets which she had kept hidden even from her own son.

One was that Sam's aunt, hopelessly insane, lived on the top floor of the old house, and the other was that Sam's grandmother and her father before her had both died in an asylum. Overwhelmed by the situation in which she found herself, Nina could think of no way out except to get rid of her child through an operation and to leave Sam. Mrs. Evans protested, pointing out that Sam needed her, that he needed the confidence a child would give him, even if this child were not his own.

Pondering this idea, Nina encountered Darrell, who had just returned from Europe, and revealed to him the true circumstances of her marriage. Darrell, realizing that he was partly responsible for her predicament, considered the situation. At last he and Nina decided that it would be best for Nina to have a child, with Darrell himself as the father.

This plan worked out very well so far as Sam Evans was concerned. When he learned that his wife was to have a child, he was delighted. But, unfortunately, Nina and Darrell were unable to go on as dispassionately as they had planned. Nina fell in love with the real father of her child, and in spite of the risk to his career Darrell could not tear himself free of Nina.

Fatherhood made a startling change in Sam Evans. The old look of self-conscious inferiority disappeared from his face, and there was in its place a look of determination and confidence. Nina also had changed. She was noticeably older, but there was on her face an expression of peace and calm which had never been there before. But Marsden had changed most of all. His mother had died in the meantime, and he had aged. His hair was almost pure white.

When Darrell returned from Europe, ostensibly because of his father's death but actually because he could stay away no longer from the woman he loved, Nina for the first time in her life felt complete, surrounded as she was by her men—her spiritual father, her husband, her lover, and her son.

The next eleven years brought still more changes into these linked lives. Darrell and Marsden had backed Sam Evans in one of his enterprises, and as a result all had become wealthy men. Darrell had long ago given up his career in medicine. Marsden, on the other hand, had taken to writing genteel novels about dear old ladies and devilish bachelors, stories completely unrelated to real life.

Young Gordon Evans had no use for his real father, whom he called Uncle Ned, and quarreled with him on the slightest provocation. He identified himself completely with his mother's stories of Gordon Shaw, built up by Nina into a hero in the boy's imagination.

As time went by, Darrell managed to break the stranglehold Nina had on his soul, devoting himself as assiduously to biology as he had formerly to medicine. He became his own firm self again, impervious to all of Nina's wiles. But as she grew older, Nina's neurotic tendencies increased. She became the possessive mother in her opposition to Gordon's marriage to Madeline, a girl of good family, even going so far as to consider informing

Madeline of the strain of insanity in the Evans family. She grew to hate Sam Evans and at times actively wished for his death, a wish that was fulfilled when Sam suffered a stroke while witnessing Gordon's victory over the Navy crew.

After Sam Evans' death, Gordon somehow could not throw off the feeling that his mother had never loved his father, and he remembered a time in his boyhood when he had seen his Uncle Ned kiss his mother. This memory was repressed, but it burst out one day when Gordon slapped Darrell across the face during an argument. Gordon instantly regretted his act and apologized, and the matter ended without his realization that Sam Evans was not his real father.

At last Nina was really alone. She had finally given her consent to her son's marriage to Madeline. Her own marriage to Darrell at this late date would have been out of the question. There were too many memories of a regretful past between them. So Nina was left alone with Marsden, who had waited patiently all these years until she turned like a daughter to him at last.

STRANGE STORIES FROM A CHINESE STUDIO

Type of work: Tales and legends
Author: P'u Sung-ling (1640-1715)
First published: 1766

In spite of the rationalist tradition of Confucianism, the Chinese people before the republican era were no less superstitious and credulous than Europeans during the Middle Ages. Supernatural tales are a literary genre still cultivated today in Taiwan, though less extensively or seriously than they were under the Manchu dynasty (1644-1911), when a great number of such collections were published and enjoyed by a wide audience. Of these, *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio* (*Liao-chai Chih-i*) is the recognized classic, superior to the rest for its style, learned allusions, wonderful mixture of humanity with the preposterous, and inventiveness. Though the author claimed in his preface that he did nothing more than copy down what he had heard and edit contributions from his friends, quite a number of the stories were his creations, judging from the sophistication of sentiment and the neatness of plot. These stories, mostly supernatural in theme, rich in poetic symbolism, and deep in psychological insight, are a unique achievement in Chinese literature as studies of the feminine mind clothed in vivid imagination.

The preponderant supernatural element in these stories is far from naïve; human nature as revealed here is what is known to a wise scholar or a passionate lover rather than to an innocent blessed with great sense of wonder but little experience. But like the fairy tales of the Western world, the stories are governed by a logic of their own. Supernatural intervention is common, and men associate freely with spirits. Causes are followed by effects, but not in the same manner as in the natural or everyday human world. Spirits, demons, and human beings are all under the control of the law of causation, or just retribution; good deeds or evil bring forth rewards or punishments. Therefore, the author believed that his stories had a moral purpose in spite of their weirdness, absurdity, or even, in certain cases, obscenity.

Of the 431 pieces collected, some are short bits of curious information. For instance, the account of a chorus composed of frogs does not run to more than two lines in the original. Another account, in three lines, concerns a show with a cast of mice which performed, under masks, a puppet-like drama. Some longer ones, about a page in length, have greater human interest. An old man, revived after he had been thought dead, had his old spouse lie down by his side, and they died together ("Mr. Chu, the Considerate Husband"). A tiger, after killing a man, allowed himself to be arrested, confessed his crime to the court, and agreed to serve as a son to the destitute and lonesome old mother. He constantly brought dead animals and other valuables to her door, and he would sometimes come to her house to keep her company. After her death, he was present at the funeral. When the human mourners were all frightened off, he roared terribly to give vent to his grief ("The Tiger of Chao-ch'eng").

Short and comparatively artless pieces like these can be found in other collections of a similar nature. The fame of this book rests on the longer tales which the author narrates with an admirable delicacy and poignancy. None is truly tragic, for one essential condition of tragedy is missing here, as in many other Chinese stories. The author, and apparently his readers too, did not believe that death was final and irrevocable. He did not even take death seriously, since a dead woman (most of the stories are remembered for their heroines rather than their heroes), can always in one way

or another recover life or assume an animate shape. A man will feel little scruple about making love to a female ghost, especially when she is young and beautiful. Moreover, she is often learned, and her occupation in her ghostly loneliness is the composition of poetry, works of great self-pity and chilliness. She prefers a poetical, handsome young man for her lover. The poetical qualities seem to be important, for in one story the ghost spurns a very good-looking young man only because he is too stupid to learn ("The Young Gentleman Who Couldn't Spell"). It may be supposed that a man can love a ghost only spiritually, without bodily contact, but not so in this book where love means sexual love. When a man and a ghost sleep in the same bed, he may suffer from exposure to the ghostly air, but he can be cured with proper medical treatment. In one story the ghost absorbs so much vitality from her lover that she feels life has come back to her, and she bids him reopen her grave. The coffin is decayed but the corpse looks lifelike and feels warm. After he takes her body home, the first words she utters after her resuscitation are: "Aren't they like a dream—these ten odd years buried there!"

A great number of stories are about spirits—the spirits of rocks, trees, flowers, frogs, snakes, fish, birds, and various mammals. The most notable is the fox. A fox spirit can be vicious in the popular legends, but here he, or she, is almost invariably witty, charming, highly sophisticated, and possessed of all too human qualities in addition to magical powers. A female fox in human shape may be only plain, as in the case of The Dowdy Fox; but that was because the man she chose was a simple peasant who, according to her, deserved neither wealth nor a beautiful mistress ("The Marriage Lottery"). Or she may be middle-aged and "modestly good-looking," like the celebrated Heng-niang, who lectures on the art of feminine charm and helps a disfavored wife to win back her husband's love. But most foxes are young girls of unearthly beauty who may have the power to cast spells but who are also capable of wifely virtues and undying love. In one story ("Miss Lien-hsiang"), the fox saves her human lover from the deadly influence of a female ghost. Then the rivals, both exceedingly beautiful, are reconciled and each, in a reincarnated form, marries the lucky man.

Few Chinese writers indeed understood the woman's heart so fully and profoundly as P'u Sung-ling who, no less than the storytellers of the Western world, was fascinated by the mystery of woman. Instead of being stiff and pale paragons of virtue or negative examples of harlots, the women in this book shine with rare brilliance and charm. Freely they choose their lovers, go to bed with them, and leave them when they see that they must part. Since liberty such as they took was morally censurable and hardly conceivable as a theme of literature, P'u solved his problem of creation by adopting the form of the supernatural tale and thus won praise for his fancy and style. The modern reader, however, will recognize his ghosts and his spirits of foxes or other animals as realistic portraits of the eternal woman.

There are about twenty female characters in this book who will long be remembered as among the best creations of Chinese literature. Altogether, these tales present a full gallery of portraits of women, whether they are human, superhuman, or subhuman; women in various moods and situations, women as lovers and wives, women with all their passion, tenderness, flirtation, perseverance, and devotion. The popularity of the tales in *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio* has been due as much to their strangeness as to their appeal to common humanity. The author, as a product of his age, may have intended to be simply entertaining or didactic, or both, but his genius allowed him to probe psychological depths that were often beyond the imagination of other storytellers.

STREET SCENE

Type of work: Drama
Author: Elmer Rice (1892-
Type of plot: Social realism
Time of plot: 1929
Locale: New York
First presented: 1929

Principal characters:
ROSE MAURRANT, a young girl of twenty
ANNA, her mother
FRANK, her father
SAM KAPLAN, a frustrated young intellectual
ABE, his father
SHIRLEY, his sister
HARRY EASTER, a fairly prosperous real estate man

Critique:

In *Street Scene* we have the forerunner of the social drama of the 1930's. Before this time, what social drama America had produced criticized only indirectly. Rice presents us with a tragic situation growing out of a specific environment, the teeming tenements of New York, and he makes his presentation effectively; most of his many characters would undoubtedly be found around just such a neighborhood. Thus this play, which culminates in a lurid murder, does not fall into the category of melodrama, as its people and their environment create the main interest.

The Story:

It was a hot June evening in New York, and in front of an ancient brownstone walk-up apartment in a mean quarter of the city, residents were variously disposed, discussing the weather and the affairs of the day. Anna Maurrant and her lover, Sankey, a collector for the milk company, were the subjects of the gossip of a small group of the residents. They were shocked at Anna's behavior—after all, she had a grown-up daughter. One neighbor reported that Sankey had already been there twice this week while Anna's husband and daughter Rose were away.

The gossip ceased with the appearance of Anna and the arrival of her husband. Frank Maurrant was irritated that his daughter Rose was not yet at home and that her whereabouts was a mystery. He told Anna that he would have to be out of town the next day; as a stagehand, he was working on a show which was opening outside of New York. After the Maurrants had left, the janitor of the building quietly predicted that Frank would someday kill Sankey.

A short time later Sam Kaplan appeared. The arguments and trivial talk which passed between the occupants of the tenement bored him. Twenty, and a student in college, he was depressed over his current situation. He felt trapped by his environment, although old Abe, his father, seemed content with life in the tenement, reading his newspapers, criticizing the government, longing for a so-

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cial revolution, and arguing politics with anyone interested. Sam would have been more than happy to get out of the tenement atmosphere at the first opportunity.

After the street cleared, Rose Maurrant finally arrived, escorted by Harry Easter, manager of the real estate office where she worked. Easter wanted to set Rose up in an apartment and take her away from her twenty-five-dollar-a-week salary, but Rose refused his offer. Easter was married, in the first place, and she was not really very fond of him. Besides, she realized that there would be strings attached to his proposal. Easter left with the approach of Frank Maurrant, who lectured his daughter on her late hours. Maurrant, ironically enough, spoke up for family happiness, security, and proper behavior. Sam came out and sympathized with Rose, who knew of her mother's situation. Sam felt that neither of them belonged in this sordid atmosphere. He was even more crushed when he tried unsuccessfully to defend Rose from an amorous taxi driver who passed by; the incident added to his bitterness, which Rose tried in vain to allay. Rose left Sam sitting despondently on the curb.

Bustling tenement life went on as usual the next morning. In the middle of the hubbub, Sam's sister Shirley warned him to spend more time on his studies and less with Rose. Later she asked Rose to avoid Sam. Since he was going to be a lawyer, Shirley felt he should not be distracted from his studies. Rose pleaded innocence to the charge of taking Sam's mind from his work. They possibly seemed slightly drawn to each other, Rose did admit.

Sam's appearance led to another conversation with Rose concerning life and death. Though Rose, unlike Sam, admitted there was joy to be found in life, certainly it was not to be found in their environment. They talked of running away; it was clear that Sam was interested in Rose romantically. Rose, however, was simply interested in getting away from her surroundings.

Although Frank Maurrant had left his wife with a less than subtle hint that he knew what was going on in his absence, soon after his departure Anna informed Sankey that no one was at home, Rose having left for a funeral. For a few minutes life monotonously continued in the neighborhood; then Frank reappeared, dashed inside, and killed both his wife and her lover. He emerged, torn and bloody, and escaped. Rose arrived in time to see her mother being carried through the crowd on a stretcher.

Later that afternoon the tabloids contained full accounts of the bloody murders. Everyone in the neighborhood was talking about the killings and speculating on the whereabouts of Frank Maurrant, who was still at large. Rose, returning from a grim shopping trip, declined sincere offers of help from Easter and others. She simply did not wish to feel obligated to anyone; she and her twelve-year-old brother would soon be leaving New York. For the present, they were moving away from the tenement immediately.

An excited crowd surged down the street, heralding the appearance of two policemen and a battered Frank Maurrant. Frank tearfully cried that he was out of his head when he committed murder. He had tried to be a good father, but this was just the way things turned out.

Rose and Sam Kaplan eventually found themselves alone in the street. Sam, renewing his plea that he and Rose go away together, spoke of their belonging to each other. Rose, however, felt that people should never belong to anyone. If her mother had not depended on someone else for what she should have had inside her, Rose said, the tragedy might have been averted.

She tenderly explained that loving and belonging were different emotions; a person should believe in himself, but she told Sam that perhaps something would work out for them when they were older and wiser. After Sam had gone into the house, a now sympathetic Shirley appeared to say goodbye before Rose left

for what she hoped would be a new and better life. As she was leaving, a shabby-looking couple had spotted the vacancy notice on the building and were ringing for the janitor. From the wreath on the door, they decided that someone had died; it was probably the reason why the apartment was being vacated.

STRIFE

Type of work: Drama
Author: John Galsworthy (1867-1933)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: Early twentieth century
Locale: Industrial town near London
First presented: 1909

Principal characters:
JOHN ANTHONY, chairman of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works
EDGAR ANTHONY, his son
FRANCIS UNDERWOOD, manager of the plant
ENID UNDERWOOD, his wife, and John Anthony's daughter
SIMON HARNESS, a Trades Union official
DAVID ROBERTS, leader of the strike
ANNIE ROBERTS, David's wife

Critique:

Galsworthy wrote this play at a time when the rights of laborers were only beginning to be asserted. *Strife* presents a picture of both sides of the strike question, for Galsworthy was always an impartial realist. Aside from its social implications, the play is also notable for several very real and forceful characters, Roberts and old Anthony among them.

The Story:

The strike at the Trenartha Tin Plate Works had lasted so long without any sign of a settlement that the directors had begun to fear for their dividends. They had all gathered at the Underwood home at the request of the workers, and at first there was some talk of compromise. Facing them, however, was the stern figure of the chairman of the board, seventy-five-year-old John Anthony, who refused to consider any plan for compromise.

Anthony belonged to the old school of businessmen who refused to move with the times. For him there could be only one master at the plant, and that was John Anthony himself. He had defeated four strikes in his thirty-two years as chairman of the board, and he was certain that a little more perseverance would defeat the strikers once more.

The other directors were a little uneasy under his stern refusal. In his report Underwood, the plant manager, had made no attempt to disguise the terrible suffering of the striking workers and their families. The directors were also aware that if the strike lasted much longer their stockholders would begin to protest strongly.

Although the union had withdrawn support from the strikers because two of their conditions exceeded the prevailing standards, Simon Harness, a Trades Union official, had been sent to attempt mediation between the board and the workers. His interview with the directors accomplished nothing because of Anthony's obstinacy. The meeting between the representatives of the workers and the directors was equally unhappy. Roberts, the leader of the striking workmen, was just as unyielding on his side as Anthony was on his. Both sides faced a deadlock.

Conditions among the workers were so terrible that many of them were ready to give in, but Roberts remained adamant. Mrs. Roberts was dying; her weak heart could not stand the cold and hunger which the strike imposed upon them all. At one time she had been the maid in Underwood's home, and one afternoon Enid Underwood went to visit her. Mrs. Underwood had tried to send food to Mrs. Roberts, but the strike leader was too proud and too

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stubborn to accept help from the daughter of John Anthony. Mrs. Underwood tried to plead with Roberts, asking him, for his wife's sake, to give in and end the strike. But he was fanatic in his certainty that in the end the workmen could bring their employers to terms.

At a meeting of the men and Harness, the Trades Union official, it became evident that most of the strikers were willing to compromise, to accept the union suggestions. A few were willing to give in completely. When Roberts appeared at the meeting, the men did not wish to hear him speak. But Roberts was a powerful orator, and as he talked to them again about the eventual victory which they could win if they refused to give in now, they were once more moved and convinced by his oratory. As he was speaking, a young woman approached the platform and told him that his wife had died. With this tragedy as an example of what they must expect if they continued to resist, the men decided to accept the terms of the union compromise.

The news of Mrs. Roberts' death was a blow to the directors. Edgar Anthony, in spite of the respect which he had for his father, now faced his colleagues and accused them of responsibility for the woman's condition and death. They felt uncomfortably that what he said was very close to the truth. Old Anthony, weak and unwell as he was, still insisted that the company should not yield. But the directors had decided to act in spite of him, although they knew that should they decide to accept the union terms, Anthony would resign.

That evening the meeting between the workers, Harness, and the directors was painful in the extreme. Anthony found himself outvoted by his colleagues. Wearily, with an acknowledgement of his defeat, he resigned. Roberts, who knew nothing of the action which his men had decided to take after he had left the meeting, arrived at the Underwood home in time to watch Harness complete the settlement. The terms agreed upon were those which the union had suggested to both sides before the strike began, but it had needed months of suffering to bring agreement in the dispute. The two leaders stared at each other, both deserted by their supporters, both defeated by the compromise. As they recognized the courageous battle which each had put up, their expression of hate turned to one of grudging admiration and mutual respect.

Type of work: Novel
Author: James T. Farrell (1904-)
Time: 1916-1931
Locale: Chicago
First published: Studs Lonigan: A Trilogy, 1935 (*Young Lonigan,* 1932; *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan,* 1934; *Judgment Day,* 1935)

Principal characters:
WILLIAM "STUDS" LONIGAN, a lower middle-class Irish-American
OLD LONIGAN, his father
MRS. LONIGAN, his mother
FRANCES LONIGAN, his sister
LUCY SCANLON, loved by Studs Lonigan
CATHERINE BANAHAN, Stud Lonigan's mistress and fiancée
PAULIE HAGGERTY, and
WEARY REILLEY, friends of Studs Lonigan

Studs Lonigan: A Trilogy, first published in separate volumes from 1932 to 1935, still appears to be James T. Farrell's major work, despite the long list of books—novels, collections of short stories, essays, and literary criticism—which have followed. Every significant critical work on the American novel published since 1935 has mentioned the trilogy. While critics have not always agreed on the merit of Farrell's work, the purposes behind it, or even the nature of the author's craft, they have all admitted that Farrell has contributed something of apparent but still unproved value to American fiction written in this century.

The three volumes about Studs Lonigan portray the disintegration, physical and moral, of a young Chicago Irishman during the period from 1916 to 1931, beginning with the protagonist's graduation from a parochial school on Chicago's South Side and ending with his death. Farrell himself has been explicit in pointing out that *Studs Lonigan* is not a story of the slums, that the tragedy of Studs Lonigan is not rooted in the economics of the community or nation. The trilogy was not intended to illustrate an economic thesis, nor does it. The downfall of Studs Lonigan is portrayed as the result of spiritual poverty in an Irish-American, lower middle-class neighborhood of Chicago. The elder Lonigan was a painting contractor who was successful enough that his family was not in want. The failure in the world of the Lonigans is a failure of moral sanctions. As Farrell himself has stated of that social milieu, there were important institutions which should have played a part in the education of Studs Lonigan and his friends; those institutions were the home, the family, the church, the school, the playground. When they failed, the streets and the poolroom took their place. Under these influences young Lonigan, not an evil young man or a moral cripple, drifted into grim and dismal circumstances. To such an extent is the character of Studs Lonigan a social manifestation, as well as a fictional character.

The story of the growth of the trilogy has been told by its creator. While a student at the University of Chicago, Farrell took a course in advanced composition, apparently the only college course which he liked and in which he worked. In that course he wrote a story entitled "Studs," which, shown to Professors James Weber Linn and Robert Morss Lovett, won encouragement for its author. Farrell then proceeded to construct a novel, which grew into a trilogy about the character of Studs, who came to be a symbol of the spiritual poverty of his neighborhood, his class, and his times. In a wider social sense, the tragedy of Studs may be also the tragedy of countless young Americans whose drifting, shattered lives have been, and still are, centered about too much sex, too much alcohol, too many

automobiles, too many empty platitudes, too many empty social dogmas, and too little faith in themselves and human nature, lives ending in increasing numbers in alcoholism, drug addiction, delinquency, and crime. Farrell's portrayal of Studs Lonigan, ugly as it is in some respects, may have hit closer to artistic and social truth than the author dreamed of at the time.

Farrell's technique in the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy has been termed both realistic and naturalistic. Neither term, as it is traditionally used, fits Farrell's work, for he has gone beyond conventional categories. The primary reason for not regarding the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy as naturalistic or realistic is that Farrell has used determinism in a different fashion from that of earlier authors like Norris and Dreiser. Thus, the character of Studs Lonigan is not molded entirely by his environment; he knows, at least at times, where he is drifting. Farrell intimates in the novel that it was in his character's power not to have failed so entirely. Certainly Danny O'Neill, the hero of a later series of Farrell novels, and Farrell himself in real life, did not drift into the tragedy which becomes Studs Lonigan's lot. Unlike the earlier naturalistic novelists, Farrell did not hold himself aloof, hold himself to an amoral view of his creations. To some extent he asked for reform and improvement, as the traditional naturalistic writer does not.

Another aspect of Farrell's work that has drawn comment, perhaps too much, is the selection of details and language in *Studs Lonigan*. The story is told in an idiom close enough to the original to be embarrassingly accurate for a person familiar with it, and yet the language is changed sufficiently to admit the expression of wider and deeper concepts than its culturally starved users normally can express or wish to express. Readers who have never experienced this strata of society, however, may honestly feel shocked. Farrell has called his overall technique "social realism"; and certainly his language is part of that technique. Part of the objectivity, the realistic portrayal of both character and setting in the trilogy, would have been lost if the writer had employed any other style or selected his details differently. Farrell has chosen not to sentimentalize the world, not to romanticize it, nor to hide its real character in any other way. It should be noted, too, that from early in his career, which he has taken as seriously as his fictional Danny O'Neill takes his, James T. Farrell has had confidence in his materials and in his methods. Many another writer of the same period became the victim of adherence to left wing brands of determinism in his art. Those who did either changed or failed. Farrell did not fail, nor did he have to change, having evaded the trap from the beginning.

To sum up the total significance of the trilogy is not yet possible. Many readers still misunderstand the purposes and the techniques, preferring comfort of illusion to pain of truth. Farrell himself has recognized this tendency. In *A Note on Literary Criticism* (1936), he said that art must flow from the reality of the writer's experience and that it cannot be better than life. The story of Studs Lonigan shows Farrell practicing what he expressed as his theory. Some critics and others who have admired Farrell's writings have defended the volumes by calling them sociological documents and making of Farrell a student of sociology rather than an artist in fiction. Farrell himself has not stooped to such subterfuge, deeming any such defense unwarranted and unnecessary.

A STUDY IN SCARLET

Type of work: Novel
Author: Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930)
Type of plot: Mystery romance
Time of plot: Nineteenth century
Locale: London
First published: 1887

Principal characters:
SHERLOCK HOLMES, the detective
DR. JOHN WATSON, his friend
JEFFERSON HOPE, an American cab driver
TOBIAS GREGSON, of Scotland Yard
LESTRADE, of Scotland Yard

Critique:

A Study in Scarlet was the first of the many adventures of Sherlock Holmes, the most delightful as well as the most durable of fictional detectives. No ordinary criticism can apply to the canon of Sherlock Holmes. From 1887 until Doyle's death in 1930 the amazing Holmes appeared in a total of sixty novels and short stories. Many of the plots are incredible; many of the deductions are improbable; all of Doyle's Americans are people from another planet. Dr. Watson's bullet wound was sometimes in his shoulder, sometimes in his leg, and he was married and widowed at Doyle's convenience. These matters are irrelevant. Let us have a puzzle, let us have Holmes to solve it, let us have Watson for a foil, and we are all content.

The Story:

To many the Afghan wars brought fame and promotion, but to John H. Watson, M.D., they brought only misfortune. He was wounded by a Jezail bullet, and during his convalescence was struck down with enteric. After months of suffering he was invalided home on eleven shillings and sixpence a day.

At first Watson lived in a hotel, but his pension scarcely covered his bills. By chance he met Stamford, an old friend, and confided his difficulties. Through him he learned of an amateur scientist, Sherlock Holmes, who had rooms at 221B Baker Street and was looking for some one to share them. On the spot Watson arranged to have Stamford bring them together. Stamford warned that Sherlock Holmes pursued no orthodox studies; one day Stamford had found him beating a cadaver to see if bruises could be produced after death. Holmes had a queer habit of making deductions from trifling, often personal things. Watson grew curious about Sherlock Holmes. Soon after their first meeting Watson went to share Holmes' rooms in Baker Street.

Watson never went out; consequently he spent much time studying his new friend. He found Holmes an amazingly contradictory man who knew nothing at all of literature, philosophy, or astronomy, but who had a profound knowledge of chemistry, anatomy, and sensational crime stories. He also played the violin. From time to time Holmes had visitors, but Watson never knew why they came.

One day at breakfast Watson learned a good deal more about his friend. Holmes showed Watson a letter from Tobias Gregson, a Scotland Yard investigator, who asked help in a case of murder. A gentleman identified by his visiting cards as Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A., had been found murdered in a deserted house in Lauriston Gardens. Holmes then explained his profession; he was a consulting detective. Whenever an unusual case, outside police jurisdiction or too difficult for Scotland Yard, came up, Holmes was asked to step in and help solve the mystery.

Holmes and Watson took a cab to

Lauriston Gardens to look into the affair. Holmes spent a long time outside in the road and in the yard. Watson was impatient at the delay, but Holmes examined everything carefully. Inside the house Gregson and Lestrade, another detective from Scotland Yard, greeted them and pointed out the body of Drebber, surrounded by spatters of blood. Holmes went over the body painstakingly.

As the orderlies were carrying out the corpse, a woman's wedding ring fell to the floor. The Scotland Yard men were sure a woman was involved, and Lestrade was triumphant when he found the word *Rache* printed in letters of blood on the wall. As Sherlock Holmes left the room, he announced his findings to the detectives. The murderer was over six feet in height and florid; he wore square-toed boots; and he smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He had long nails on his right hand. He had driven up to the house in a four-wheeler drawn by a horse with a new shoe on his off forefoot. The murder was done by poison, and *Rache* was not short for Rachel but was rather the German word for revenge.

The cigar ashes, the tracks, the height of the writing, and the scratches during the writing on the wall had told their story to Holmes. The blood on the floor came from a nosebleed, indicating the ruddy coloring of the murderer. But after uncovering these initial clues Holmes was balked for a time. He advertised the wedding ring as lost, and an old woman came to claim it. When the old woman eluded him, he knew that he was searching for a clever opponent.

The trail of Drebber led to his secretary, Stangerson. Gregson was sure that if Stangerson could be found, he would have the murderer. But a short time later Stangerson was found dead, stabbed through the heart, in his hotel room. The case seemed impenetrable, at least to Scotland Yard.

Gregson and Lestrade came to Holmes one night, and the three detectives and Watson went over their difficulties. Holmes was tying up a trunk preparatory to sending it away. He called a cab to deliver it, and when the bell rang he asked the cabbie up to help with the ropes. As the man bent down, Holmes quickly slipped handcuffs over the cabbie's wrists. The cabbie was a large, vigorous man who fought as if possessed, but finally the four men subdued him. With a theatrical flourish, Holmes presented him—Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Drebber and Stangerson!

Hope calmed down. He told the men he had nothing to fear and he asked Watson to feel his pulse. Watson detected an aneurism immediately. He agreed that Hope had not long to live. Indeed, Hope never came to trial, for he died in less than a week; but from him the English officers learned his strange story.

On the great alkali plain in Utah, John Ferrier and little Lucy were the only survivors of a wagon train. But the two were providentially picked up by Mormons, who under the leadership of Brigham Young were on their way to a new settlement in the wilderness. Ferrier had to agree to adopt the Mormon faith, and in return he and Lucy were taken along.

Ferrier prospered as a Mormon and soon became a rich man; Lucy grew up to be a beautiful woman. But Ferrier, although a Mormon, refused to take wives, and he made a vow that Lucy should never marry a Mormon. When a traveler named Jefferson Hope stopped at their house on his way to the silver mines, an attraction soon developed between him and Lucy. After Hope left, the blow fell. The Mormon elders decreed that before thirty days should elapse, Lucy must choose a husband. She could marry either Drebber or Stangerson, who already had several wives, but she must marry.

In his dilemma, Ferrier sent word to Hope, who returned on the last day of grace. At night Hope, Ferrier, and Lucy

stole out of the Mormon village and rode furiously toward the mountains.

When he judged that they were safely away, Hope left Ferrier and Lucy in camp while he went hunting. On his return, he saw his error. Ferrier had been murdered, and Lucy was gone. Hope hid near the Mormon village in the hope of rescuing Lucy, but he was balked by the strong, watchful Latter-day Saints. Lucy was given in marriage to Drebber. She survived only a month. While the women watched at night over her coffin, Hope stormed in, kissed his dead love, and took the wedding ring from her finger. Then he vanished.

Shortly afterward both Drebber and Stangerson renounced Mormonism and moved to Cleveland. When Hope took up the trail again, he became a nemesis. Drebber and Stangerson were wealthy and afraid, for they knew Hope was after them. They fled to Russia and Germany, and finally ended up in London. Hope followed them from place to place.

To exist, Hope took a job as cab driver, and as such he could follow his prey conveniently. Drebber engaged him one night when he was drunk, and Hope drove him to the deserted house. There he showed Drebber the wedding ring. Taking from his pocket a small box containing two pills, one harmless and one deadly, he forced Drebber to choose one and swallow it. Hope put the other in his own mouth. Hope felt that Lucy's spirit guided the choice; it was Drebber who died. On impulse, Hope had scribbled *Rache* on the wall with the blood which had gushed from his nose in his excitement. Later, finding Stangerson in his hotel room, Hope offered him the fatal choice. When Stangerson had attacked him, Hope had killed him with a knife. He refused to give the name of the old woman who had appeared to claim the ring.

On the day he was to appear in court Hope died from the bursting of the aneurism in his heart. His work was done; Lucy was avenged.

A STUDY OF HISTORY

Type of work: Philosophy of history
Author: Arnold Toynbee (1889-
First published: 1934-1954

Not every monumental work, monumental because of its size, is monumental in character. But Arnold J. Toynbee's *A Study of History*, a ten-volume work, compels the continuing critical attention of historians, philosophers, and other students of civilizations rising and falling in the long course of time. Despite its scope, this book is not superficial; and despite its author's ambition—to account for the death of civilizations—it shows no sign of a confusion between modesty and unoriginality: considered as a theory, it is daring and illuminating.

But is it true? Most readers hesitate to enter upon a ten-volume pilgrimage if the only reward is acquaintance with a scholar's laborious fancies. In the sense in which Toynbee is a philosopher of history, a philosopher of history is a man, generally a historian, who tries to make sense out of the mass of events presumed to have occurred. He proceeds from records and signs, or what he supposes are records and signs, and constructs a story of the presumed past: that is history. He then surveys the story he has written, or which other men have written, in the attempt to find the theme of that story, the moral of the tale: his account of his reflections is his study of history. Since the task is so complicated, since history itself is tentative, dependent on the evidence, how can a study of history hope to show the patterns hidden within the histories of civilizations? How can a study of history be true?

Of course, such a study *could* be true; a historian who was at the same time a genius and something of a seer might discover or create an explanation of history that would show that the fortunes and accidents of history are fortunes and accidents only relative to men's ignorance; considered in the new light, history is inevitable.

But although a study of history could be true, it is more likely that, strictly speaking, it is false—that at best it approximates the truth and makes some sense to men with something of the author's intelligence and perspective.

In any case, the truth of such a study is unimportant. A theory with the pretensions of Toynbee's can never be verified because more would be demanded in the way of evidence than scholars could ever give. Not the truth of the theory but its plausibility is what counts; not its conformity to undiscoverable facts, but its organizing power in the face of evidence. Finally, even if a reader rejects a study of history because of its failure to make sense out of the evidence, it is still possible that the work will have had the value of showing a creative mind in its response to the greatest of historical problems.

That Toynbee's study has this latter value is beyond question. To some his theory is plausible; to others it is as clearly false; but to all it is exciting and worthy of respect.

Toynbee's study of history has led him to present and defend the thesis that "societies," not nations, are the proper concern of the historian, and that civilized societies—civilizations—*arise* in response to difficult conditions which present a challenge; *grow*, in response to further challenges; *break down*, i.e., cease to respond creatively, because of some idolization of a past self, institution, or technique; and *disintegrate* into a dominant minority, an internal proletariat (*in* the society, but not *of* it), and an external proletariat (formerly, but no longer, *of* the society) as a result of the failure to respond in such a way as to meet a challenge repeatedly presented.

The answer to the central question, "Why do civilizations die?" is that they die as a result of an inability to determine themselves creatively. The failure of self-

determination results, if petrifaction does not set in instead, in a schism of the society which is paralleled by a schism in the soul of civilized man.

The thesis, and each point in its defense, is illustrated historically in Toynbee's work. Indeed, one of the values of the work comes from its ability to charm the reader into a reëxamination and reappraisal of the content of history and, of course, from its introducing the reader to many historical findings with which he was not previously acquainted.

Dispassionately considered at some distance from the wealth of historical material which gives the thesis great persuasive force, Toynbee's central claim is perhaps not as remarkable as in the reading of *A Study of History* it seems to be. It may be that in his use of the term "civilization" Toynbee has employed a criterion by reference to which he dismisses certain societies as primitive. The analysis, then, reveals what his use of the term "civilization" indicates: societies which grew not from favorable, but from unfavorable and challenging conditions.

Similarly, it might be argued that his account of disintegration is a truism handsomely and historically disguised. Of course, civilizations decline before they fall; they fall because they fall apart, and they fall apart because they can no longer hang together creatively.

Even if Toynbee's claim is not as remarkable as in the reading it seems to be, the value of the study is not a function of the remarkableness of the claim. Perhaps for the first time a historian has made the reader see civilizations as, to a considerable extent, they are—not as living organisms, not as accidents, not as the fruits of fortune—but as societies of men, achieving their characters as civilizations from the mode and quality of their responses to challenges, and falling apart when either because of the absence of challenge or because of the presence of challenges too strong to be met, the society and the individuals composing it divide into irreconcilable parts. This, then, is another case of coming to realize what, in a sense, we knew all along—but not in this way. If what Toynbee presents is a truism, at least he has had the wit to see it as a truth and the historical knowledge to make it respectable. Furthermore, he has imagination and spiritual courage.

It takes spiritual courage to argue, as Toynbee does, that history is "a vision of God's creation on the move," and that the historian finds six dimensions—the three of space, then time, life, and the Spirit. He also appraises the chances that man has in Western civilization to pursue his "true" end: glorifying God. And he argues that the laws of nature do not control all of man's action, but that, within limits, man is free; Perfect Freedom, he adds, is to be under the law of God. Finally, he conducts a "survey of saviours," with the result that Jesus alone is considered to have made good his claim to be the son of God.

These beliefs are not unpopular; indeed, they are shared by millions. But what is odd and therefore demanding of courage is the expression of these beliefs in a study of history, not merely as token reminders of Western man's faith, but as necessary to both the understanding and the existence of Western civilization.

Even though it may seem strange and unhistorical to explain history by a declaration of religious faith, it is possible, even for the unbeliever, to appreciate the historical point of Toynbee's declaration of religious faith. In the first place, as Toynbee clearly shows, Western civilization is for the most part a Christian civilization. Secondly, if Toynbee is right in arguing that civilizations rise and grow as they make creative responses, break down and disintegrate as they fail to determine themselves, then to be born and to grow through an exercise of the proper spirit is the special business of any individual or civilization that values life and the special quality of life which creative activity provides. It is certainly excusable for a Christian scholar to make these points in Christian terms:

A particular benefit of Toynbee's spirit-

ual approach to historical problems is his analysis of "schism in the soul" in a disintegrating society. In a growing society men are creative or mimetic; i.e., they are leaders or imitators. But in a disintegrating society there is an increasing tendency to substitute for creativity and mimesis. There are passive and active substitutions. For example, instead of being creative, an individual might be inclined either to live with abandon, to follow his impulses (the passive substitute) or to live with self-control, keeping his passions in check (the active substitute). Truancy (desertion) and martyrdom (action above and beyond the call of duty) are considered as the passive and active substitutes, respectively, for mimesis. Toynbee also considers "the sense of drift" and the "sense of sin" as alternative substitutes for the feeling of creative advance which accompanies the growth of a civilization. His discussion of other spiritual attitudes and characteristics is intelligent and illuminating.

Toynbee refuses to be either pessimistic or optimistic about the possibility of the survival of Western civilization. Of the twenty-eight civilizations which Toynbee finds in history, only the Western civilization is not clearly disintegrating or already dead. Nine of the remaining ten civilizations have already broken down. There are some signs of breakdown in the West, but they are not conclusive. Toynbee considers that the extreme destructiveness of the atomic bomb together with the continued effort of the Christian spirit might finally bring about a world order that will allow Western civilization to continue to grow. But he likens our present situation to that of the crew of the *Kon-Tiki* approaching a reef which might, or might not, destroy them.

A Study of History is a ten-volume work, and for a full appreciation of the author's style and his depth of historical reference one should go to the work in that form. But a splendid abridgment is available written by D. C. Somervell and worked over by Toynbee in collaboration with Mr. Somervell. The abridgment itself is two volumes in length, but it contains a helpful thirty-eight-page outline of the argument Toynbee presents in his major study.

SUMMA THEOLOGICA

Type of work: Theological treatise
Author: Thomas Aquinas (c. 1225-1274)
First transcribed: c. 1265-1274

This towering edifice of thought, often called simply the *Summa,* stands as a bulwark against the forces of doubt and skepticism which invaded the Western world during the late Middle Ages, toward the close of which St. Thomas created this great summation of philosophical and theological knowledge. In it two of the mightiest forces in the realm of human thought met: Hellenism and Christianity. It was their first real encounter.

Simply stated, what St. Thomas did was to collect and synthesize the philosophical knowledge and thinking of previous eras and apply them to the Christian theology. This was, of course, an immensely ambitious task, and the wonder is that St. Thomas did so well with it. Though unfinished, because of the divine doctor's sudden death from illness, the *Summa* unites, or at least joins elements of thought from the Greek, Arabian, and Oriental traditions in a highly detailed fashion. St. Thomas thus became a historian of philosophy; but he was a critical historian, carefully weighing and evaluating each premise and conclusion.

The largest part of this previous thought is, as might be expected, that of the Greeks. St. Thomas is usually given the credit for having reinterpreted the philosophy of Aristotle on a Christian basis. This statement is, however, something of an oversimplification, for the reading of Aristotle and other great Greek thinkers, including Plato, was a very special one. St. Thomas was himself a magnificent philosopher, and the *Summa* is unquestionably *his* book. What he did, in essence, was to organize the thought of Aristotle along Christian lines, to apply it to the problems and principles of religion. For example, some philosophers had interpreted Aristotle's *Physics* as a denial of Creation; St. Thomas saw it as merely falling short of this fundamental concept.

The *Summa* is an exceedingly long work, running into several volumes, a necessary length in order to approach the achievement of applying Scholasticism, certainly the prevailing philosophical influence in the thirteenth century, to religion. In doing so, St. Thomas gave credit for ideas and lines of thought to many earlier thinkers, and he found the seeds of much thirteenth-century belief in the works of previous philosophers. His work, then, is in the nature of a summary of past thinking on the highest subjects and a setting forth of the essential principles of Christian theology as he was able to formulate them from this past material and from his own conviction and thinking.

There are three main divisions of the *Summa:* the first dealing with God and the divine nature of the creation of man and the universe; the second, often called the *Moral Philosophy of St. Thomas,* treating man and the goal of his life and the ways of reaching that goal; the third devoted to Christ and His role as Saviour. Within this general framework virtually every possible subject pertaining to theology is discussed: good and evil, pleasure, knowledge, duty, property. The list is almost endless.

The method of attacking these questions is the Socratic one. A basic question is asked and the negative side of it is enforced by a fictitious opponent; then St. Thomas undertakes to resolve the problem and explain the positive side of the contrived argument. This method, besides making for more interesting reading, tends to create an atmosphere giving fairer treatment to opposing beliefs.

The opening of the *Summa* presents a good example. Here St. Thomas poses the question of "Whether, Besides the Philosophical Sciences, Any Further Doctrine Is Required?" How fundamental is

the divine doctor's approach can easily be seen: even before beginning his book, he wishes first to convince the reader of the necessity for any sacred doctrine at all. Following the question there are listed two chief objections to the writing of sacred doctrine; then St. Thomas explains the need for it and refutes each objection in turn. This tightly organized discussion is maintained throughout; in a book that is so closely reasoned it is essential.

Part of the reason for this clear organization was the fact that the *Summa* was not primarily intended for learned divines. Instead, it was written for people whom St. Thomas called beginners, the common man in search of the truth. Also, such an intention probably had much to do with the style of the writing. Although the *Summa* is extremely long, it is praised for its economy of language, with no wasted words, no useless introduction of extraneous points of logic, and no pursuit of attenuated lines of reasoning past the point of common sense.

Although much of what St. Thomas has written in the *Summa* has long been accepted doctrine in the Roman Catholic Church, there is for the average current reader considerable material that may strike him as remarkably up to date, for, theology aside, this book is pivotal in the history of Western philosophy.

Possibly most interesting to the modern reader will be, not the ethical elements which are fairly familiar and do not seem to mark such a sharp break with earlier Greek views, but the metaphysical and epistemological aspects of the treatise. Two particularly important issues are raised by St. Thomas in these areas, and both are in opposition to Greek thought, especially that of Plato.

The first of these concerns the very nature of reality, which is the main point of inquiry in metaphysics. While Plato saw reality as made up of essences, largely perceived as abstractions in the mind (here the "way of knowing," the central question of epistemology, enters in), St. Thomas maintained that the basic statement was that something had *being;* that is, it had existence. This is, of course, the basis for an argument that has raged ever since among philosophers: Which is the supreme reality, essence or existence? Which is the more fundamental statement, *what* it is or *that* it is?

In his defense of the latter statement, St. Thomas propounded principles that might be called Thomistic Existentialism, an expression that may well arouse a reader's interest in view of the present vogue of Existentialist belief and practice. Certainly the conflict created in the *Summa* over this question in the thirteenth century was of vital importance. Equally so was St. Thomas' disagreement with the Platonic belief that man is really two separate things, a soul and a body. To St. Thomas man was a composite, a unity composed of soul and body, both essential to his nature as man.

This conflict connects with St. Thomas' convictions about the "way of knowing" that is basic to his epistemology. Since reality is fundamentally existence rather than essence, in order to *know* this reality man must have a body—he must be able to perceive reality through the senses. Certainly St. Thomas' statements in this area would meet with much warmer approval by most readers today than would the Greek notions concerning reality as essences, known only by abstractions in the mind. The practicality of the Thomistic viewpoint makes it appeal to scientifically minded thinkers of today.

In building this great philosophical and theological structure, St. Thomas dealt with three of the most pressing problems in the thinking of the thirteenth century—the nature of being, of man, and of knowledge—and these three subjects parallel the divisions of philosophy as it is generally studied today: metaphysics, ethics, and epistemology. In approaching this skillful and subtle blending of theology and philosophy, the reader must be willing to do what nearly every philosophical writer demands: he must be agreeable to accepting certain general premises or principles. Without

these. few philosophers can operate, and St. Thomas is no exception. He assumes certain beliefs in his reader (the prevailing beliefs toward the close of the Middle Ages) concerning theology and religion. Granting these convictions, the reader will find in the *Summa* well-documented (quotations are frequent) and carefully reasoned statements on both sides of every issue involved in the Christian doctrine.

This work, which death ended as St Thomas was working on the article about the sacrament of Penance, has been widely translated into most modern languages and continues to be assiduously studied by all who wish to grasp the moment when, in the opinion of many, modern Christian theology began.

THE SUN ALSO RISES

Type of work: Novel
Author: Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961)
Type of plot: Social criticism
Time of plot: 1920's
Locale: Paris and Pamplona, Spain
First published: 1926

Principal characters:
JAKE BARNES, an American newspaper man
LADY BRETT ASHLEY, one of the lost generation
ROBERT COHN, a young writer
MICHAEL CAMPBELL (MIKE), Brett's fiancé
BILL GORTON, Jake's friend
PEDRO ROMERO, a Spanish bullfighter

Critique:

This early Hemingway novel reflects the period following the first World War, a period of maladjustment and despair on the part of a war-weary generation for whom life had lost its significance. The opening quotation from Gertrude Stein and the quotation from *Ecclesiastes*, from which the title of the novel is taken, clearly point to this theme. Such reference is not necessary, however, once the reader has started the book. *The Sun Also Rises* describes realistically life among American expatriates on the Left Bank in Paris and the color and excitement of a Spanish fiesta. Above all, the skillful character analysis, sketched in so rapidly by Hemingway, will make the reader feel that he has really lived with the disillusioned people who appear in the novel.

The Story:

Jake Barnes knew Robert Cohn in Paris shortly after the first World War. Somehow Jake always thought that Cohn was typical of the place and the time. Cohn, the son of wealthy Jewish parents, had once been the middleweight boxing champion of Princeton. He never wanted anyone to forget that fact. After leaving college, he had married and had lived incompatibly with his wife until she ran off with another man. Then in California he met some writers and decided to start a little, arty review of his own. He also met Frances Clyne, who became his mistress, and when Jake knew Cohn the two were living unhappily in Paris, where Cohn was writing his first novel. Cohn wrote and boxed and played tennis, and he was always careful not to mix his friendships. A man named Braddocks was his literary friend. Jake Barnes was his tennis friend.

Jake Barnes was an American newspaperman who had fought with the Italians during the war. His own private tragedy was a war wound which had emasculated him so that he could never marry Lady Brett Ashley, a young English war-widow with whom he was in love. In order not to think too much about himself, Jake spent a lot of time listening to the troubles of his friends and drinking heavily. When he grew tired of Paris, he went on fishing trips to the Basque country or to Spain for the bullfights.

One night, feeling lonely, Jake asked Georgette, a girl of the streets, to join him in a drink at the Café Napolitain. They dined on the Left Bank, where Jake met a party of his friends, including Robert Cohn and Frances Clyne. Later Brett Ashley came in with a group of young men. It was evident that Cohn was attracted to her, and Frances was jealous. Brett refused to dance with Cohn, however, saying that she had a date with Jake in Montmartre. Leaving

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a fifty-franc note with the café proprietor for Georgette, Jake left in a taxi with Brett for a ride to the Parc Montsouris. They talked for a time about themselves without mentioning what was in both their minds, Jake's injury. At last Brett asked Jake to drive her back to the Café Select.

The next day Cohn cornered Jake and asked him questions about Brett. Later, after drinking with Harvey Stone, another expatriate, on the terrace of the Café Select, Jake met Cohn and Frances, who announced that her lover was dismissing her by sending her off to London. She abused Cohn scornfully and taunted him with his inferiority complex while he sat quietly without replying. Jake was embarrassed. The same day Jake received a telegram from his old friend, Bill Gorton, announcing his arrival on the *France*. Brett went on a trip to San Sebastian with Robert Cohn. She thought the excursion would be good for him.

Jake and Bill Gorton had planned to go to Spain for the trout fishing and the bullfights at Pamplona. Michael Campbell, an Englishman whom Brett was to marry, had also arrived in Paris. He and Brett arranged to join Jake and Bill at Pamplona later. Because Cohn had gone to San Sebastian with Brett and because she was staying now with Mike Campbell, everyone felt that it would be awkward if Cohn accompanied Jake and Bill on their trip. Nevertheless, he decided to join them at Bayonne. The agreement was that Jake and Bill would first go trout fishing at Burguete in the mountains. Later the whole party would meet at the Montoya Hotel in Pamplona for the fiesta.

When Jake and Bill arrived in Bayonne, they found Cohn awaiting them. Hiring a car, they drove on to Pamplona. Montoya, the proprietor of the hotel, was an old friend of Jake's because he recognized Jake as a true *aficionado*—one who is passionate about the bullfight. The next morning Bill and Jake left by bus for Burguete, both riding atop the ancient vehicle with several bottles of wine and an assortment of Basque passengers. At Burguete they enjoyed good fishing in the company of an Englishman named Wilson-Harris.

Once back in Pamplona, the whole party had gathered for the festival of San Fermin. The first night they went to see the bulls come in, to watch the men let the savage bulls out of the cages one at a time. Much wine made Mike Campbell loquacious and freed his tongue so that he harped constantly on the fact that Cohn had joined the group, although he knew he was not wanted. At noon on Sunday the fiesta exploded. The carnival continued for seven days. Dances, parades, religious processions, the bullfights—these and much wine furnished the excitement of that hectic week. Also staying at the Montoya Hotel was Pedro Romero, a bullfighter about twenty years old, who was extremely handsome. At the fights Romero acquitted himself well, and Brett fell in love with him, a fact she admitted with embarrassment to Jake. Brett and the young man met at the hotel; Romero soon became interested in her.

Besides the bullfights, the main diversion of the group was drunken progress from one drinking spot to another. While they were in the Café Suizo, Jake told Cohn that Brett had gone off with the bullfighter to his room. Cohn swung at both Mike and Jake and knocked them down. After the fight Cohn apologized, crying all the while. He could not understand how Brett could go off with him to San Sebastian one week and then treat him like a stranger when they met again. He planned to leave Pamplona the next morning.

The next morning Jake learned that after the fight Cohn had gone to Pedro Romero's room, where he found Brett and the bullfighter together. Cohn had beaten Romero badly. But that day, in spite of his swollen face and battered body, Romero performed beautifully in the ring, dispatching a bull which had

recently killed another torero. That night, after the fights, Brett left Pamplona with Romero. Jake got very drunk.

The fiesta over, the party dispersed. Bill Gorton went back to Paris, Mike Campbell to Saint Jean de Luz. Jake was in San Sebastian when he received a wire from Brett asking him to come to the Hotel Montana in Madrid. Taking the express, Jake met her the next day. Brett was alone. She had sent Pedro Romero away, she said, because she thought she was not good for him. Then, without funds, she had sent for Jake. She had decided to go back to Mike, she told Jake, because the Englishman was her own sort.

After dinner Jake and Brett rode around in a taxi, seeing the sights of Madrid. This, Jake reflected wryly, was one of the few ways they could ever be alone together—in bars and cafés and taxis. Both knew the ride was as purposeless as the war-wrecked world in which they lived, as aimless as the drifting generation to which they belonged.

THE SUNKEN BELL

Type of work: Drama
Author: Gerhart Hauptmann (1862-1946)
Type of plot: Poetic fantasy
Time of plot: Indefinite, timeless
Locale: A mountain, a valley, and the paths between
First presented: 1897

Principal characters:
HEINRICH, a bell-founder
MAGDA, his wife
THEIR CHILDREN
RAUTENDELEIN, an elfin mountain sprite
OLD WITTIKIN, her grandmother, a sorceress
THE NICKELMANN, an elemental water spirit
THE VICAR,
THE SCHOOLMASTER, and
THE BARBER, representatives of the world

Critique:

This play is the most autobiographical yet poetic of all the great Silesian playwright's efforts in that he symbolically discusses the problem of the artist against the world, the creative spirit against reality. The problem of living a personal life while maintaining standards of idealism, of making a living by artistic means, is his own very real problem—one which Hauptmann himself did not solve, having outlived his creative power. The play remains as a strange sort of masterpiece, however, expressive of the revolt from naturalism, a discarding of the "slice of life" technique for which the playwright is most famous.

The Story:

In a mountain forest glade Rautendelein, a beautiful elf-child, sat singing and combing her long, golden hair while calling to a water spirit, the Nickelmann. She made fun of the croaking froglike monster who came out of a nearby well. Into that setting skipped a faun who seemed enamored of the lovely sprite and who invited her to be his love. She refused, as if this were not her destiny. When she left, the wood and water sprites discussed the intrusion of man in their hallowed realms, the former having that day forced off the road and into a valley lake a bell meant for a mountaintop church. The bell-founder himself appeared, quite exhausted and badly injured from his fall. He collapsed before the cottage of Wittikin, a witch whom mortals in the region greatly feared. Her granddaughter, Rautendelein, strangely drawn to the thirty-year-old Heinrich, made him a bed of straw and gave him milk to drink.

Heinrich was also drawn to this beautiful creature whose speech was song and who made him glad to leave the life-death below. He had tried to match the musical note of her voice in his supreme creation, the bell even then in the lake. He called her his sweet fantasy and the glade his real home. He begged for a dying kiss. Wittikin told the child all mortals die while they, the mountain folk, Thor's children, must go about their immortal business.

When voices interrupted a merry troll dance, Rautendelein feared she would lose this strange man. A wood sprite answered the rescue party, which consisted of a clergyman, a teacher, and a barber —envoys of the outer world of spirit,

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mind, and body. The Vicar, spirit-weak, could not go on, though the Barber urged them all to leave the bewitched area and the Schoolmaster declared such an attitude mere superstition. Frightened, each addressed Wittikin, who in turn ridiculed their master-worker and his trade as well as their respective callings, for she and her kind hated clanging bells and all human enterprise. The villagers carried Heinrich away as a group of elves and sprites danced furiously. Rautendelein also danced, though she told the Nickelmann her spirit was not in it. They examined in wonder a tear from her eye, a globe of human pain. Thor flashed out and mocked her with raindrops. The Nickelmann warned her not to live with this half-man who belonged partly in their world, but she turned to the world of men.

In the meantime, the bad news had reached the bell-maker's home. Magda, Heinrich's wife, told a neighbor what labor the task had cost her husband and then went off to meet her husband's body, terribly disconcerted by the pallbearer appearance of the rescuers. Heinrich revived and, speaking as one already dead to his anxious wife, begged her pardon for hurts done. He renounced his great work as a misshapen thing providentially destroyed—a work for the valley rather than for the mountain tops. Saying that he now wanted no part of this world of flesh, he refused all aid and became unconscious. The Vicar would not seek aid from Wittikin; but Rautendelein, thought to be deaf-mute Anna from the wayside inn nearby, breathed life into the body while the villagers sought other help. Heinrich, recovering, recognized her as nature, essential life, beauty; he would go with her onto the mountain. He declared to the returning Magda that he would live, though he was unaware of her joyful embrace.

Heinrich's presence in the mountains irritated all the supernatural folk. Taking up quarters in an abandoned glassworks, he mined ore, cut trees, and worst of all, made Rautendelein his bride. The Nickelmann was jealous, though the wood sprite said she would never love a water spirit, at least not as long as Wittikin remained the bell-founder's friend. When these creatures teased Rautendelein about her earthly lover, she replied that their accursed race could by his industry and strength become renewed.

The Vicar, now dressed in mountain costume and determined on his course, interrupted this argument. He accused the sprite of bewitching and holding Heinrich without his consent. This charge she denied. At that moment the master craftsman appeared. Misled by flattery, Heinrich declared by occult signs that he was a new man, and he drank to the Vicar's health while explaining his exuberant yet fundamental new life.

The bell-founder's vision was a chime of the finest metals which would ring by itself, through God's will and for no earthly church. The Vicar, denouncing this ecstasy, recounted Heinrich's earthly obligations to the Church and especially to his bereaved wife and children. He said it would be better if Heinrich were dead than to see him sustained by supernatural and sacrilegious beliefs. When Heinrich defended Rautendelein and his new life, the minister declared that both the people and God would crush him, that the arrow of rue would pierce though not kill him. This arrow could not pierce him any more than his great bell could ever toll again, Heinrich declared.

Some time later Heinrich, desperately working his forge, drove his dwarf helpers to exhaustion in an attempt to create his beatific vision, to mold the ideal. As one dwarf whispered in his ear, another angrily shattered the piece on which they worked so furiously; it was imperfect. Heinrich gave them a holiday and declared all could go to the devil and he would garden, eat, drink, sleep, and die. Exhausted, he dreamed that the Nickelmann ridiculed his mortality, his weakness, and his uncompleted works. He thought his old bell longed to ring out, though choked with blood and sunk so

deep. He awoke in terror and called Rautendelein for comfort: she responded by calling him her God and caressing him into illusions of immortality.

Incompleteness and imperfection goaded him still, however, and he struck out pridefully for work. He was warned not only by her but by the spirit of the wood, the faun of sensuality, and by distant voices which cried out from below. Though he thought himself triumphant, a half-remembered tolling unsettled him as the phantom forms of his two children brought him a pitcher of Magda's tears and the news that her dead hand rang the sunken bell. Heinrich renounced Rautendelein and tore himself from her.

At midnight, near the well, the weary Rautendelein met her fate as the bride of the Nickelmann and sank into the water. Wood and water spirits discussed the matter, and the former prophesied that a man child would soon fill a watery cradle. Meanwhile, defiant Heinrich called out for his loved one, ready to throw a stone at parson, barber, teacher, or sexton. Wittikin barred his way and pointed to a flaming, incomplete cathedral-castle. Determined to go on and yet exhausted, he drank from the well before he attempted to reach the flaming ruins. A beloved voice sang a goodbye, though the sound was only half remembered.

Wittikin comforted Heinrich in his final minutes, told him he was a hardy one, and granted him a boon. He drank first a goblet of the white wine of life, which he drained to the last drop. Then he drank a second of red, of the questing spirit. Just then Rautendelein appeared, though urged back into the well by the Nickelmann. Heinrich called for the final goblet of yellow wine, which was brought by Rautendelein. This he felt was all aspiration, sun wine poured into his veins now by the evanescent one. Only now, in death, did the master bell-founder, embraced and kissed by his great love, hear the chimes of the sun break through the night of life into the dawn of eternity.